LINCOLN'S MARY
AND THE BABIES

BERNIE BABCOCK

Lincoln's Mary and the Babies

By the same Author

The Soul of Ann Rutledge
The Soul of Abe Lincoln
Booth and The Spirit of Lincoln

Little Abe Lincoln

LINCOLN'S MARY AND THE BABIES

BY BERNIE BABCOCK

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In Memory
of a Home Circle,
for a time broken
but long since re-
united

Foreword

Of the 50,000 books and pamphlets comprising the Lincolniana of the Congressional Library, there is not one presenting Abraham Lincoln's home life as a patient husband and wise and indulgent father.

Research for this work has been happily productive and enough material has been uncovered, not for one, but for many volumes.

In presenting the story of Abraham Lincoln's lost love in "The Soul of Ann Rutledge" it was the author's purpose to introduce sweet Ann Rutledge, for a long time unknown, as a real and living personality no less than to set forth the part played by his master passion and tragic loss in the development of the Lincoln character.

If the present work in a new revelation of the intimate life of a world character shall share the enthusiastic and continued favor the reading public has given "The Soul of Ann Rutledge," its author will consider her work well done.

Part I

Springfield

I

"'Lincoln's Mary and the babies!' Do tell!" and the apple-green eyes of Miss Almyra Spear took on a yellow glow of interest as she spoke the words.

"'Lincoln's Mary!' Do you know what kind of a woman she is?" and Miss Spear moistened her thin lips with the tip of her tongue. "She's a cat and if I were as irreligious and profane as old Peter Watson, I'd name the kind of cat she is. But there's nothing dirty mouthed about me and all I can say is, 'She's that kind of a cat.'"

"Cat! O Miry!"

"Don't act so shocked. 'Lincoln's Mary and the babies!' The babies! If I wasn't of a charitable disposition I'd say all they lacked of being imps is tails and horns, and you know it, Betty Bradley."

"I don't know anything about the little Lincoln boys. Never heard a bad word about them nor their mother."

"No? I thought you must know something about the Lincolns the way you set out to talk."

"You asked me if my visitors from Menard County told anything of any kind about anybody living in Springfield. I said they talked about 'Lincoln's Mary and the babies.' Squire Green and his wife both knew Mr. Lincoln when he was young. Naturally they were interested in the girl he married—and the children. Back in those other days folks in the little town of New Salem, where he lived, used to talk of 'Lincoln's Ann.' Getty Green says she was one of the sweetest girls God ever put breath in. Mr. Lincoln was engaged to marry her. She died."

"Died?"

"Yes. Henry Rankin's mother—he's the boy in Herndon and Lincoln's office you know—his mother knew all

about it. She helped Ann hem her linens and sew her wedding clothes."

"Do tell! The poor thing died and he got out and found him another one. He looks as if he would do a scurvy trick like that. But he's getting his pay for forgetting a poor dead girl—getting his pay from the Tartar he tied himself to—his 'Mary.' What he ever married her for is more than I have ever been able to explain unless that duel she got him into had something to do with it. You know about the duel don't you?"

"What duel?"

"Never heard of it? Well you haven't lived here so awful long. I got it straight from a woman. Her husband was there. Nobody dare mention this duel to Mr. Lincoln. It makes him too fighting mad."

"Mr. Lincoln did not fight a duel, did he?"

"Yes—well the same thing. I'll tell you about it. I would tell right now but my teakettle is on the stove and nearly dry. It's just like the one Molly Saunders bought and the snout melted off hers. Molly said it was the fault of the snout. If I wasn't of a charitable disposition I'd say she is a fool. Martha Webster's aunt, Jane Smith, said a woman that visited her ten years ago told her that Molly Saunders' father was a pick-up. This would account for Molly's lack of wits. You never heard this about Molly's father? No? Well you stay in so close taking care of your old father you don't hear anything. Half of Springfield might be wood colts and you'd not know it. But let me run on and take the kettle off so I can tell about the duel. Lincoln's 'Mary' was the cause of the whole thing. Her name was Mary Todd then and she lived with her sister, Mrs. Edwards. She has three sisters living in Springfield, every one stuck-up pieces. Mary Todd had a friend named Julia Jayne, another stuck-up. These two wrote some letters to the newspaper

about a man named Shields—a bachelor man he was and full-blooded Irish. Mary Todd calling herself 'Rebecca,' made out through the paper that he had proposed to her and she had accepted him. This immodest young woman went so far as to refer to hand-squeezing, Betty Bradley, to refer in broad daylight in the newspaper to *hand-squeezing*. Mr. Shields got mad—hopping, cussing mad. Springfield laughed, and the madder Mr. Shields got and the more he fussed and cussed, the more Springfield laughed. Finally he demanded of the editor to know who wrote the newspaper letters. Mr. Lincoln said he did. It was a lie but he told it to shield Mary Todd. He was going to see her at that time. Anyway, the Shields man challenged him to a duel. They had to go outside Illinois to fight so they went to Missouri—went to a sand bar out across the river. It was a great show, this duel."

"Did you see it?"

"Me? *Me,* a lady go chasing after a bloody duel? No indeed! But a man—I knew his wife—he went, and I picked the story out of her. When I run home and put some water in the kettle I'll come back and tell you all about it. There was quite a lot of people on the Illinois side and all of them wanted to get to the sand bar and see the duel—think of human beings having a desire to see a bloody duel! Fortunately the man who told about it got over to the sand bar. He didn't go on the old horse ferry that took most of the men, but in a skiff. The weapons to be used were cavalry broadsides, the longest to be had. Can you imagine how far that long armed Lincoln could reach with one of those swords? And to think the man Shields he was going to fight could stand under his arm—Mr. Lincoln's arm.

"Over on the sand bar Mr. Lincoln sat on a log and Mr. Shields on another waiting for the time to come. While he sat, Mr. Lincoln took his sword out of its scab-

bard and felt its edge. He arose. He lifted his arm and chopped a tree branch from over his head. The man who told about it said there wasn't another human on that sand bar that could have reached that limb and chopped it off. After Mr. Lincoln chopped the high limb, he rubbed the edge of the sword, slipped it back in the scabbard and sat down to wait until he should use it on poor Mr. Shields. There was some delay. The folks waiting on the river bank—and there was a crowd watching to see the bloody duel—couldn't see what was going on. The man who was there told his wife, and she told me that after a while they saw a skiff coming to shore with the dead body in it, all lying flat in the bottom and covered with blood. I got awful excited while she was telling it. But when the skiff landed the body turned out to be a log and the blood an old flannel shirt somebody used to fool the people on the bank. When the old horse ferry pulled in Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Shields came off together talking and laughing just as if they had always been friends. I'm not in favor of duels but I do say that when a man has worked the public up the way Mr. Lincoln did that time, he ought to have manhood enough to carry out his threats and not turn coward. I've never thought so much of him since, and all about a girl—that Mary Todd. There's a lot I'll tell you when I get my kettle off. Land, I hope the snout is on it yet! I'll be right back," and with a quick turn Miss Almyra Spear set her face toward her home across the street and hurried.

II

Beside the low front window in Miss Betty Bradley's sitting-room there was a wide, splint-bottom oak chair in which an old man sat all day. Near the big chair was a little table painted green, its top covered with a clean

towel. On one end of the little green table, the end nearest the chair, lay a Bible. On the other end was a thrifty rose geranium and against the lacy green of its live foliage the white hair of the chair dweller shone like silver when the sun fell on it. Beard, like his hair, fell clean and soft over his bosom. His eyes were bright but the pink of their rims suggested the weakness and weariness of old age. His feet—useless, swollen feet—rested on a cushioned stool.

"Snout!" the old man exclaimed in a tone of disgust as he turned to the window to watch Miss Almyra cross the road. "Snout! I hope hers melts off and burns up! Snout! I hate her!"

"No, no, father, you don't hate Miry. You don't hate anybody. There's just some things you don't like about her."

"It's her tongue. She's tongue-tied, she is. Her tongue's tied in the middle. One half's always trying to ferret out something and the other half spreading it about. She's a snake. She's a snoop—she tiptoes around trying to hear something and I'm going to make faces at her when she comes back, horrid faces."

"No, no, father! She does talk a lot but I don't think she means it as bad as it sounds. She's our neighbor. You mustn't make faces at her."

"You won't let me do anything I want to. It makes me mad to hear her nasty gossip and you won't let me make faces at her. When her tongue gets going it fills the air with something—something like poison. It cuts my wind off and I could make faces at her just as well as not and you won't let me," and with the words the old man gave a deep sigh which ended in a sob and easy tears overflowed his pink rimmed eyes and dropped across his cheeks.

"Don't cry, father, don't cry," and Betty Bradley wiped

the tears from the wrinkled cheek. "You don't want to make your nice, good face all ugly just because she says unkind things. Don't listen to her."

"Don't listen? How can I help it with her tongue buzzing and flapping and sticking thorns in people and smearing them up. How can I help but listen?"

"I know a good way," and the daughter of gentle voice patted the withered cheek tenderly. "Listen, the new almanac has come and it has some of the funniest jokes you ever heard. You'll forget all about Miry and her small talk if you read them while she is here. And if the air should bother you when she talks too long, pinch this nice, big geranium leaf and hold your fingers under your nose. The rose geranium is always sweet. Here's a branch of it right at your hand; your glasses are on the window-sill and I'll get the almanac and find the joke page. You'll have a splendid time." And again the woman's fingers touched the withered cheek kindly.

"Can I laugh out loud at the jokes?"

"Yes, father."

"As loud as I want to?"

"I wouldn't try to strain myself if I were you, but you can laugh. And don't pay any attention to what Miry says."

"Tongue-tied Miry," the old man muttered under his breath as he adjusted his spectacles.

"The first thing I want to know," said Miss Almyra Spear as she hurriedly returned and settled her shoulders squarely against the tidy on the back of Miss Betty Bradley's spare rocker, "is, whether these people down in the country who are so interested in 'Lincoln's Mary' really know what kind of a woman she is. It sounds very smooth and nice to say 'Lincoln's Mary and the babies,' not a bit like they were talking about a stingy, scratch cat and a couple of wild Indians."

"Wild Indians," Miss Betty repeated. "Some way it don't seem right to call nice, decent, little boys wild Indians."

"Nice? Decent?" and the words were pushed out rather than spoken. "You don't know them."

"Do you?"

"They've never visited me to be sure. But I've heard things, and fifteen minutes of those little Lincolns would be the death of me. You know how nervous I've been since pa's death—haven't had a cat on the place for five years. And those Lincolns—the tongued-tied one—there's no doubt it's a punishment either on Mary Lincoln for being so stuck-up, or on the little one they call Tad, for being so sassy, that he's afflicted as he is. It's terrible. I was at the store one day when he came rushing in as if chased by a bear. He said, 'Mamma thent me for thome thoap, thweet thmelling thoap, and thome thoda in a thack.' How Mr. Diller knew he wanted sweet smelling soap and soda in a sack is more than I can tell. This I do know, somebody sinned to call down such punishment. It's a disgrace to be tongue-tied."

"Haw—haw. Haw—haw."

The voice came in quite childish mirth from the splint-bottomed chair by the window and the white-framed head moved up and down keeping time with the "haw haw's" that bubbled up from beneath the snowy beard.

"What's the matter with your father?" Miss Almyra asked turning her attention for the moment to him.

"He's reading a joke."

"What's it about?" and there was interest in Miss Spear's question.

"An old sister with a tongue so long it's tied in the middle so both ends can work at once, one end digging up scandal, the other peddling it out."

"Where's there any joke about that?" Miss Almyra asked snappishly. "I don't see any joke."

"Haw! Haw! Haw-haw! *That's the joke,*" and the old man laughed gleefully.

"Your father is losing his mind, Betty Bradley. If you can get him quieted down I'll go on with my story. You must remember I've been in Springfield ever since the fourth house was built here and what I don't know about Springfield folks and their past for many a long year, nobody knows. I saw Mary Todd the second day she arrived here. She had on a purple sprigged dress and a bonnet with pink roses. The way she flirted herself down the street was a sight. I thought at the time she was a stuck up little piece with not much sense, and time has proved all I thought and more. Two weeks after her arrival every young man in Springfield was trying to visit her. They serenaded her too, sang like fools under her window. Among her beaux was Mr. Douglas. Why she didn't marry him instead of Abraham Lincoln is more than I know. Douglas looked like something. Can you imagine what she married the man she did for?"

"I suppose Mrs. Lincoln married Mr. Lincoln because she loved him better than she did Mr. Douglas. So far as looks goes, Mr. Lincoln looks like something too."

"Something—yes, but *what?*"

"What does he look like? Like himself and I've never seen any human being I'd rather look at than Mr. Abraham Lincoln. I don't often see him to be sure, once in a while in the winter with his big shawl hanging over his shoulders, once in a while in summer with his thin coat or, maybe no coat at all. I always let my eyes follow him as long as they can. To me he is a good looking man."

"Tall as he is and with such big feet and big hands and big ears and enormous nose? How can you call him good-looking?"

"It seems to me God never put the stamp of real human good looks on a plain man more than on our fellow citizen Abraham Lincoln."

"That's good, Betty! That's good! Tell it to her!"

The voice came in enthusiastic tones from the chair by the window. "Tell her some more about him. Tell her about the time I heard him make that speech down below Havana. Tell how he shook hands with me. Tell her just how that great, big, good, honest hand felt wrapped around mine and how good his voice sounded. And say, Betty—*Betty,* tell her that story about the way the bull that tried to chase him got chased! Haw-haw! Tell it, Betty!"

"Bull!" and there was outraged feminine modesty in Miss Almyra's exclamation. "A story about a bull? No—no indeed and I'm surprised that you introduce such a subject."

"What's the matter with her now?" the old man asked his daughter. "This story is one of the best I ever heard on anybody and the man that told it said he saw what happened with his own eyes."

"I don't want to know what happened—not about a—a—bull. The word itself is indecent let alone the animal."

"Indecent! Betty, what's she talking about? Whoever heard of such a thing as any kind of critter God made being indecent? Go ahead and tell the story. If she don't want to hear it she has plenty of fingers to poke in her ears. It's good," and the old man laughed in anticipation. "Tell it, Betty. Tell how Mr. Lincoln—they call him 'Abe' down in the country—got hold of the bull's tail and what happened next."

"Tail—tail! Mercy! Why can't you tell a story about a cow and about her head end? I like stories as well as the next one but my modesty forbids my ears to hear about bulls and their tails and the only reason I'm going to stay

in the room while you tell it is to hear what the brute did to 'Abe Lincoln' as he was called."

"What the bull did to 'Abe Lincoln as he was called,'" the old man repeated in mock tones. "Tell, Betty, tell her what the bull did to Abe Lincoln."

"Mr. Lincoln was out surveying, the man said, when he came to a field he wanted to cross. There was a hay stack in it and a bull. Mr. Lincoln climbed the rail fence and had nearly reached the hay stack when the bellow of the bull told him he was getting chased. So he ran around the hay stack—around and around, the bull after him. But pretty soon he had run so fast Mr. Lincoln was chasing the bull and the first thing the bull knew something had him by the tail. It was Mr. Lincoln and to save his life the bull couldn't break away from the hold. So he ran and ran until he was so scared when Mr. Lincoln let go of his tail he kept running."

"Nice story I call that," Miss Almyra said straightening her thin lips to their thinnest. "Nice story but it's about what might be expected from a man like Mr. Lincoln. That man ——"

"Tell her not to start anything on Abraham Lincoln—none of her dirty remarks or I'll chunk her in the nose with this glass of water. Go on—tell her!" the old man exclaimed, his laughter turning to anger.

"Your father's going crazy, Betty Bradley. He babbles like an idiot. I was about to tell you when I was thrown off the track by your father's childish chatter and that indecent story, why Mary Todd took Lincoln instead of Douglas. You want to hear it don't you?"

"If you know."

"Of course I know why Mary Todd took Lincoln. It wasn't that she loved him better. She said so out of her own mouth and my cousin who used to help in the kitchen when the Edwardses had company, heard her say it. More,

she heard Mary Todd tell her sister, Mrs. Edwards, that she was going to take Lincoln instead of Douglas because the tall ugly man in cheap clothes worn sideways had a better political future than the gentleman of culture and refinement that Douglas was. That's just the kind she is. And do you know anything meaner, dirtier, nastier for a woman to do than drag a man into matrimony when he don't want to be dragged? I never have thought Abraham Lincoln was overstocked with sense since he married Mary Todd. Still he had sense enough to try to keep out of it and God knows he ought to be given credit for that —he tried hard enough, just this hard, Betty Bradley, he wasn't at his own wedding. Mary Todd was dressed in white and all the fixings the high-toned set in this town try to put on. The wedding cake, all iced with leaves and little fluted vines around the edge, was ready to be cut. My cousin was there to help pass it around. The preacher was there too and the folks that had been invited and no Mr. Lincoln came. Just here I want to tell you, Betty Bradley, if you haven't heard it before, that Mrs. Lincoln considers herself too good to have anything to do with her husband's people. I can't say that I blame her so much though for if there's any poor, white trash in Sangamon County, it's the kinfolks of Abraham Lincoln. There wasn't a one of them invited to the wedding except a sort of step-cousin named Hanks and Mary Todd and the Edwardses were scared to death for fear he'd be there. I've never seen the scriptures where it says 'pride goeth before a fall,' more fulfilled than in the case of Mary Todd. Stuck-up and sharp tongued and haughty as she is, it was good enough for her—just what happened. I'm not blaming Mr. Lincoln for staying away from his own wedding. What I blame him for is letting her get the noose around his neck and drag him in later. Especially

when he knew he didn't love her any more than she did him."

"I don't see how anybody knows so much about the love affairs of Mr. Lincoln and his wife. Seems to me it's an awful thing to say a man of his kind would marry a woman unless he loved her. Nobody *made* him marry her."

Miss Almyra leaned her head over against Miss Betty's best tidy and laughed as she said, "Nobody *made* him marry her. You don't know 'Lincoln's Mary.' Besides I want to ask you this, Betty Bradley, can a man love two women? You said yourself that the Greens told you, and everybody down in their country knows it, Mr. Abraham Lincoln was in love with Miss Ann Rutledge, crazy in love with her. And when she died he came near losing what little sense the Lord gave him, moping around her grave and wandering around the woods where they used to walk together. And the very night of his wedding those who went in search of him found him, at last, shedding tears over the picture of Ann Rutledge, which he held in his hand. It was a pitiful sight."

"I don't know," was the answer to this, "how much that you have been telling of Mr. Lincoln's love affair with Miss Mary Todd is true. I do know that if it is no truer than what you tell about the picture it's not true at all for he was never found with a picture of Miss Ann Rutledge."

"Who's been in this town longer, you or me, Betty Bradley? Whose cousin worked in the Edwards' home back in those days, yours or mine?"

"I have not been here as long as you have. Nobody I know ever worked or visited at the Edwards' home but I do know that the story about the tear-stained picture of Ann Rutledge is not true for the simple reason that pictures were not made until after Mr. Lincoln's first love

was dead and buried. One of the first Daguerreotypes made in this state was made of my father's brother. That was after Ann Rutledge's death. But what's the use of spending talk on the love affairs of the Lincolns. I someway feel that love affairs are private business that outsiders shouldn't know much about. I'm sure I don't know anything about the Lincolns."

"I didn't expect you to know much. That's the reason I'm here, to tell you something about the Lincolns, especially since you seem to think he is such a wonderful man. After Mary Todd finally succeeded in tying Abraham Lincoln to her apron strings for life, she began to find out it wasn't so much fun being married to a man either too poor or too stingy to give her a decent home and put clothes on her back. They boarded at the cheapest hotel in this place, had one room. His clothes, except his wedding suit, were seedy to start with and when her wedding outfit was worn out she went just one degree better than a hired girl. I've never been sorry though for of all the hot-tempered, sharp-tongued women that ever made their homes on Illinois soil, she takes the cake. Did you ever hear her scream? Half the folks in Springfield have. The first time I ever heard her was when her baby was buried. My land! If she didn't cut the air like a butcher knife when she heard the dirt rattling in on the little coffin. Her husband tried his best to get her quieted down but there was just so much scream in her, it had to come out. That was the first born child. Robert, the big one, was second. I'll never forget how she screamed when he was bit by a dog she thought was mad. He was a little fellow then. Mr. Lincoln took him to the mad-stone at Terra Haute. She almost screamed not more than a month ago. I was crossing the vacant lot, cat-a-corner from her barnyard when I heard a voice. I couldn't tell from my distance what it was about but as soon as I

could get home and get a cup I went over to the folks that lived next door to her to borrow some salt and found out what it was all about. It was a quarrel with the butcher's boy. What she called him was terrible. She accused him of selling spoiled meat and he got mad and said he didn't sell anything but fresh killed. She said he was a liar. Then he said she was another. Next thing she was telling him to get off the place, I suppose. Her neighbors didn't say she chased him out with a broom or a poker or threw hot water on him or any of those things women do who get screaming mad. I have reasons for believing they know she does it though but being neighbors and having a regard for Mr. Lincoln they won't tell it on her. She'll never be happy though. No need to expect it. No woman that takes a warmed-over man for a husband is ever happy. I wouldn't take the best man that ever walked the earth if he had had a love affair with somebody else like Mr. Lincoln had with that girl down about New Salem. No man could tempt me."

"Haw-haw! Haw-haw!" The white-haired figure in the oak chair rocked his body back and forth laughing heartily.

"What's the matter with your father *this* time?" Miss Almyra asked.

"Found another joke I expect," was the answer. "Have you, father?"

"A joke. Haw-haw!" was his answer.

"What's it about?"

"About a real stale old sister with a tongue sharp enough to stab a man, being tempted—*being tempted.* Haw-haw! A joke!" And from one fit of laughter he went to another until his daughter succeeded in getting him to take a drink of water and quiet down.

"I think," and Betty Bradley's voice had a tone of distinct tenderness, "that any young woman who is as good

a wife, and good a mother to her children as I have heard Mary Lincoln is, deserves a great deal of credit. It may be she gets nervous and loses her temper sometimes but who of us is perfect? And I don't suppose Mr. Lincoln's income makes it possible for her to have things such as she has been used to. The Edwardses and their set have lovely homes, carriages and servants and beautiful clothes. Mrs. Lincoln does not have things so nice. She wouldn't be human if she didn't feel it a little."

"You're always taking up for somebody, Betty Bradley. I'm not saying it's not a punishment to be married to a man who looks like Abraham Lincoln. Whether he's stingy or just too no account a lawyer to make money I don't know. He's got an awful big nose for a stingy man."

"Stingy? Do you know what he did with the first big money he made after he came to Springfield to be a lawyer? Squire Green was telling it all over fresh. He gave it to his step-mother. She bought a little farm with it and now in her old age she is provided for. That don't sound stingy to me. And the Greens say that since the day he first set foot in New Salem he has given to everybody in need. He'd even take the shirt off his back to keep some child from going cold."

"Do tell! Well I don't think that is a sign of any great sense. No man that cares anything for a woman is going to give away what belongs by rights to her, especially to a step-mother. It's more likely Abraham Lincoln is just pretending to be so good hearted. He's run for office two or three times and every once in a while there is something in the paper about him being a leading citizen and a good man to run for something. Whenever a man gets the idea of running for office he begins doing all sorts of hypocritical things, especially when he don't have no more religion to hold him back than Mr. Lincoln's got."

"O Miry," and there was protest in Miss Betty's gentle

voice. "It don't seem right for us to say whether a man has religion or not. Religion—real religion is in folks' hearts and we can't see hearts like God can."

"There you go again. You'd find something good to say about the devil if I was to bring up some of his meanness."

"I've often thought," was the answer, "that if some people would tend to their own business as well as the devil does his, the world would be a happier place to live in."

"I expected something like that from you. But whether you think Mr. Abraham Lincoln's got religion or hasn't, don't change the truth. Does he go to church? No. Sunday morning he takes those two wild Indians of his to his office and there they stay until church is out."

"Isn't that so Mrs. Lincoln can attend church? I hear she goes."

"That may be his excuse but tell me this—would a man with any religion have a law partner like that William Herndon? He reads every kind of book that's printed—all sorts of strange things and don't believe in any kind of religion. On top of that he gets drunk as a boiled owl."

"I don't know much about Mr. Herndon. I've always heard him well spoken of, but Mr. Lincoln never drinks a drop. Folks who have known him for years know this. And the young man in the office, Henry Rankin, is a fine boy. His father was sheriff of Menard County."

"No—Mr. Lincoln don't drink unless he keeps it well covered up. But just because a man is too stingy to pay for a drink now and then is no sign he's got religion. I've just named two sure proofs that he has no religion. I'll tell you another. Can a man be a liar and be religious? Can a man be a lawyer and not be a liar? Isn't

Mr. Abraham Lincoln a lawyer? Well, he's a liar too and about the biggest one in Springfield."

"Haw-haw! The best joke of all. An old sister with a tongue tied in the middle and both its barbed ends dipped in poison, calls a man that never told a lie in his *whole* life, a liar. Joke! Why don't you laugh Miss Miry Spear?"

"Betty Bradley," said Miss Almyra. "Your father's loony as a bat. If it wasn't that he is empty in the top of his head where his sense used to be, I'd think he was vicious. All I have to say is somebody's got to perform the duty of letting newcomers know just what sort some of these stuck-up Springfield folks are. So long as it's done in a Christian spirit—and who's more regular at prayer meeting than I am—a person should be thanked for airing the Lincolns or anybody else and I haven't started yet. Have you heard——?"

III

The speech taking shape on the lips of Miss Almyra Spear was cut short by a piercing screech that came from somewhere close outside. Running to the front door she looked out.

"Land of liberty!" and there was asperity in the exclamation. "It's those two Lincoln Indians."

"Are they hurt?" and Betty Bradley followed Miss Almyra to the door. As she stepped onto the porch another keen shriek greeted her ears and the next moment there dashed into view from behind the group of lilacs in the fence corner, two small boys going at breakneck speed, one straddling a broom, the other closely following with a whip made of a stick with a bit of rope tied on the end. The broom rider wore a straw hat banded with red calico which held in place half a dozen speckled hen feathers.

His pursuer galloped in the afternoon sun with uncovered head. Both boys were barefoot.

As they passed the gate of Betty Bradley's home the two boys emitted a series of snorts, and shrieks and shouts.

"What did I tell you?" said Miss Almyra pressing her thin lips together. "Did you ever hear such uncivilized noises coming out of a human being? If they're not savages, what are they?"

A rather pleased laugh suggested the nature of the answer. "Savages? I wouldn't call two little live boys, playing horse or Indian or whatever they are playing, savages, just because they make a noise. All little boys make noises. They have all outdoors to make it in and it doesn't hurt anything."

"There you go again making excuses. Where did they go so quick?" and turning she craned her neck toward the corner of her neighbor's garden where a thick growth of raspberry bushes cut off the street view. "Listen! Betty Bradley, I believe on my soul they are stealing your raspberries," and running down the steps she made her way quickly to the front gate from where she could see the length of the sidewalk. "Betty Bradley," she screamed back, "they're at it! Dirty little thieves. I'll fix them!" and swinging the gate open she made a hasty exit.

Almost before they were aware of her approach, the two little boys were pounced upon, one of Miss Almyra's long arms seizing the shoulder of the bareheaded boy and the other reaching for his brother. "Now I have caught you," she shouted shaking the one and pulling eagerly toward the other. "You're stealing! You're *stealing!*"

Moving beyond reach of her eager fingers the boy in the hat turned on her a pair of startled, questioning blue eyes. "We're not stealing," he answered with frightened voice. "We don't steal. Let go of my brother you're hurting him."

"No, I won't let go of your brother. I'm going to take him with me. He'll be sorry he is such a thief before Betty Bradley gets done with him."

"Break away, Tad," said the blue-eyed boy. "Get away and let's run home."

"I can't. I can't," wailed Miss Almyra's victim. "I can't get away. Run, Willie, run home fast and tell mamma."

Deserting his broom horse and losing his feather hat in his flight, Willie Lincoln, moved to desperate speed by the wails of his brother, hastened for help.

"Dirty little coward!" Miss Almyra Spear said as her eye for a moment followed the fleeting form. "Little good it will do him to run to 'mamma.' Now you come with me," and pulling Tad along she returned to the gate just outside of which she found Betty Bradley.

"Here he is," Miss Almyra exclaimed triumphantly. "I caught him stealing your raspberries."

"I didn't," wailed the frightened little boy. "The rathberries I picked wath all outthide."

"You did steal."

"I didn't."

"You did," and the words were emphasized by a jerking of the boy's ear.

"I didn't. You tell lieth."

"'Lieth, lieth'—Betty Bradley, do you suppose this tongue-tied little imp is trying to say I tell lies? If I thought he was I'd box his ears till he'd see stars."

"Don't cry, little boy."

The kind voice of Miss Betty was in such contrast to the tones of little Tad's captor that he turned to her, his face lighting up as he said, "You're not tho nathty."

"'Nathty—nathty?' Is his dirty little tongue trying to say 'nasty'? What are you going to do to him," and Miss Almyra pushed the child roughly toward Miss Betty.

"Which one is he? What is your name?" to the child.

"I'm Tad. Tad Lincoln."

"And so you like raspberries, little Tad?"

"Yeth—yeth ma'am," and a smile broke through the tear marks that crossed his red-stained face.

"Did you have enough?"

"No, ma'am."

"You shall have some more. I am going to pick raspberries for supper," and stepping inside the gate she said, "Come in."

"Did I ever!" and there was honest surprise in Miss Almyra's voice. "Take him on in. Coddle him, baby him, pat him on the head, call him a little angel. When he murders somebody to steal their money and gets hanged by the neck just let your mind run back to this time, and if you don't realize your responsibility it will be because old age has set in your brain. I'm done with the whole thing."

Before crossing the street to her own home the keen eye of Miss Spear caught sight of the abandoned broom horse. "I wonder what kind of a house-keeper 'Lincoln's Mary' is? It won't take long to find out."

Her scrutiny was brief. "Fine housekeeper that woman is," she said as she stood the broom on its handle and reached her forearm across the worn straw edge. "One side is a full inch longer than the other. Huh!" and a thin smile played across her face. "More than one way to find out things."

IV

When they entered her sitting-room, little Tad's fingers were clasped around those of Miss Betty and the tears, that had been making tracks on the child's raspberry-stained face, were dry.

"Look, father, I have brought a little boy to see you. His name is Tad. He's Mr. Lincoln's little boy."

"Goody!" exclaimed the old man clapping his hands. "Come here, little boy. Stand straight in front of me. I want to see what Mr. Lincoln's little boy looks like."

"Do you know my papa-day?" little Tad inquired after the old man had looked him over.

"Papa-day? Is that what you call him? What for?"

"Becauth he'th my own dear papa-day. That ith why."

"'Ith,'" the old man repeated. "'Ith'—haven't you learned to talk yet?"

"Yeth."

"'Yeth,' well why don't you then?"

"Becauth I do."

"Don't bother about the way he talks," said Miss Betty. "You'll soon understand him. He says everything except 's' and it's a crooked letter you know."

"You are a thweet lady," said little Tad turning to Miss Betty.

"God bless your little heart," she said. "You're a sweet little boy. May I wash the raspberries and tears off your face before I go into the garden? And would you mind if I kiss you? It must be nice to have a little boy."

"Have you got one?"

"Only this one," she answered and she rested her hand on the white-crowned head in the oak chair. "He will tell you what he can make while I pick the berries. Does your mother like raspberries?"

"My mamma doth love raspberries."

"I am going to give you some to take home with you. Stay here now and visit."

"What ith hith name?" and Tad pointed at the old man.

"Mr. Timothy Bradley. Some folks call him 'grandpa Timothy.'"

"Do you know what I can make?" the old man said to the child when Miss Betty had gone out. "I can make a basket out of a peach seed, handle and all."

"What elth?"

"I can make a bird. A big, fat, round bird out of a corn cob."

"With featherth in hith tail?"

"Yes, feathers that wiggle when you blow them."

"Can you make a goat?"

"Goat—goat. How?"

"With hornth on hith head."

"Hornth—do you mean horns?"

"Yeth—hornth."

After a moment of grave deliberation, grandpa Timothy said, "Yes, I can make a goat. I'll whittle some horns and stick them on his head."

"Will you give him to me?"

"I'll *make* him for you. I'd do anything for Mr. Lincoln's little boy."

"Don't I have to pay?"

"No, unless you could get your father to come by and see me some day. I'd love to see him again."

"Why don't you come to our houth? Our houth ith right over there," and moving to the window he pointed. "You can walk there in a minute."

"I can't walk at all. That's the reason I sit in this chair all day right here."

"Won't your feet work?" and Tad glanced at the swollen feet resting on the stool.

"Not any more."

After a moment of consideration Tad said, "Did something bite you?"

"Not that, the Lord laid his hand in affliction on me."

"What for?" was the question.

Before the old man made answer a step was heard on the porch followed by a knock against the side of the open door.

"Papa-day! Papa-day!" shouted little Tad, as turning

he recognized his father. "Mith Rathberry'th in the garden getting uth berries for our thupper. Thith is her grandpa Timothy. He can make bathkets and birdth and a goat with hornth."

"Mr. Lincoln. Oh, it's Mr. Lincoln! Come right in Mr. Lincoln. The Lord has laid his hand of affliction on my feet and I can't get up to shake hands. When I was getting around on my feet I went to all the meetings and I voted for you every time you ever ran for anything. You've shaken hands with me before now, the feel of that shake has stayed with me through the years and I've been hungry to feel it again. Do you remember me?"

"Wouldn't wonder if I do. What's your name?"

"Bradley—Timothy Bradley. I lived out southwest of Petersburg down toward Turtle Hollow."

"Timothy Bradley. Howdy, howdy, Timothy," and with a couple of long strides, Abraham Lincoln reached the side of the old man and held out his hand. "Shake, Timothy, shake. Do you think I can ever forget my good and true friends of those early days?"

"I knew it—I knew it," spoke the old man with beaming face. "I knew you'd remember me. I'm proud that I knew enough to vote for a man like you and I'm asking God to let me stay right here in Springfield till I see you rise to the place the Almighty made you fit to take. I don't know what it is going to be but the papers keep talking about you and the citizens keep having rallies and something is going to come of it, Mr. Lincoln, something big. I'm praying for your success."

"Thank you, Mr. Bradley. There's lots of talk and plenty of politicians. We'll wait and see." Then turning to the child he said, "Tadpole, what got you? Willie came screaming in home a little while ago with a story that frightened your mother half to death. Was it a goblin or a giant?"

"It wath a nathty lady with handth like a big rat trap. But Mith Rathberry ith a thweet lady."

"The sweet lady he's talking about, the one he calls 'Raspberry' is my daughter, Betty," the old man said proudly. "The rat trap that caught him is that long-tongued Miry Spear that lives across the street. She called this boy a thief and believe me, Mr. Lincoln, she'll peddle the news all around town that your little boy is a thief and every time she tells it it will be something bigger and more of it the little fellow stole. I'm telling you this so that if you should ever hear a dirty tale about this boy you'll know just where it started. I don't want you to think, Mr. Lincoln, because we live neighbors to that long-tongued Miry Spear and she comes over here and talks to my daughter, Betty, that my good girl ever hatched up a tale or peddled a bit of gossip. We're not that kind."

Five minutes later Miss Almyra Spear, who had kept close watch of the house since Betty Bradley took little Tad in, saw something that amply repaid her for the time spent. An unusually tall man, loosely knit, and slightly stoop shouldered, passed her house, carrying on one shoulder a dark-eyed, dark-haired boy who carefully held a shining tin pail. From under the free arm of the tall, ungainly man, a worn broom extended.

"My land of liberty! Who ever saw such a sight. I'll wager Betty Bradley filled that pail with her best raspberries. Nice way to reward a thief!"

V

"Good-morning, Mrs. Lincoln."

Miss Betty Bradley, who was in Diller's Drug Store waiting for the clerk to cut her a block of castile soap, turned at sound of Mr. Diller's voice, to see a young woman and a small boy.

"What can I do for you this morning?"

"I want some darning needles. I had several but they have disappeared. I suppose the boys got them. They get everything."

"All right, Mrs. Lincoln, we always carry a good supply of darning needles. Pick out what you need," and he placed a box on the counter before her.

While she was selecting her needles, Miss Betty Bradley's eyes were upon her and her interested study came to an end, only when the clerk said, "Here's your soap."

As she hurried home she smiled, and said to herself, "I don't wonder that half the young men in Springfield were in love with her."

"Father," she said as she put her package in his outstretched hand, "here's the soap for your hair. Guess who I saw at the store."

"I can't guess and don't keep me waiting. Who was it you saw at the store?"

"Mrs. Lincoln and one of the little boys."

"Did you tell him to come over and see me?" and the face of the old man lit up with pleasure.

"It wasn't the one you know, father. It was the other one. You've never seen him."

"His name wasn't Tad?"

"No, it was Willie."

"I want Tad to come and see me."

"He will some day I am sure. Do you want me to tell you about Mrs. Lincoln?"

"Yes. But if Miry Spear comes in, quit talking. Don't speak the name of Lincoln. I've heard her give the Lincolns fits till I've got enough of it."

"I don't think she saw me coming in so she won't be over to find out who I saw or what I heard. I surely was surprised to see what kind of a woman Mrs. Lincoln is after what Miry said about her. She's one of the nicest

looking young women I know of. Her face is round and with a lovely color in her cheeks. Her eyes are bright and she has the cunningest dimples I ever saw in a grown-up person. They came in her cheeks just like dimples do in a baby's face when she laughed. I don't know what kind of hair she had because her bonnet came close to her forehead. I left the store before she did but I walked slow so I could watch her when she came out and see how she carries herself. She's as full of life as some wild young creature that lives in the woods. I hadn't seen her walk half a block before I could understand how easy it would be for her sometimes to get impatient with her husband. She's quick, he's slow, that is judging by the way they get around. I'm glad I saw her, glad I heard her voice and the next time Miry Spear gets talking about Mrs. Lincoln, I'm going to tell her I think she is one of the nicest women in Springfield and I am sure she is one of the lovingest mothers. Anybody would know that by the way she looked at her little boy, Willie."

"Yes, and if you tell Miry Spear you think Mrs. Lincoln or anybody else is nice she will be mad at you and like enough make up some nasty thing to tell on you."

A short, low laugh peculiar to Miss Betty was her answer with the words, "So few people in Springfield know me that it doesn't matter much what Miry might tell."

VI

While Betty Bradley and her father were talking about their gossipy neighbor and her various victims, Mrs. Lincoln was on her way to the home of her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards.

"Lizzie," she said as she settled herself with her basket of darning, "I'm going to do something."

"I can't remember the time," her sister answered, "when you were not doing something. What is it now?"

"I'm going to live in a two story house. When Mr. Lincoln bought our home and paid fifteen hundred dollars for it he got a bargain for it was at that time and is yet one of the best houses in Springfield. Every inch of timber in it is hard wood, the clapboards, all hand-made, are of walnut and the laths of hickory. The floors are all of walnut and so is all the moulding and all the woodwork and it was put together to stay a hundred years but it's too little. Other people in Springfield have two story houses and I've made up my mind I'll have one. I've asked Mr. Lincoln a dozen times to have a top put on our house. I've told him if we're going to have a standing with the best people in Springfield we ought to have just as good a house as any of them. He always says, 'It isn't the house in which you live that determines your standing. It's what you are. Besides I need the money for other things.' You know how long it takes Mr. Lincoln to make up his mind to anything that he doesn't want to. Now I'm going to have a big house. I have already made plans with the carpenter who is going to begin work right away."

"Will Mr. Lincoln let him?" Mrs. Edwards asked.

Mary Lincoln laughed, laughed until the dimples came in pink cheeks, as she said, "Mr. Lincoln won't know anything about it until it's all done and it will be too late then to object. He has gone on his long circuit. Before he gets back our home will be entirely made over. I'm going to have a dining-room at the end of the hall from which the stairway will go to the upstairs rooms. On either side of the hall will be doors leading into front rooms. One I will have for a parlor and one for a sitting-room. Back of the sitting-room I'll have an extra room which I can use for a dining-room on extraordinary occa-

sions. And I'm going to have a summer kitchen built on. The plans are all made and I think the lumber is ordered. My, but won't it be splendid to have plenty of room and a tall pretentious looking house instead of the squatty little place we have been living in!"

"I wonder what Mr. Lincoln will say."

"I wonder too," and again Mrs. Lincoln laughed and the dimples came and went. "But he's not dangerous. He is, after all's said, one of the best men God ever fashioned."

"I'm glad you think so. To hear you talk sometimes a body would think you see nothing but faults in him."

"I'm not denying he has his faults. He's enough to try the patience of a saint at times. When he gets turning something over in his mind it is as hard to make him hear as if he were dead. I call and shout and he dreams on. I've often thought if I would land square on him sometime and jerk some of his hair out it might be a good thing. And the way he dresses. Dear me—I can actually keep Tad and Willie looking nicer than I can him. He doesn't seem to care whether his clothes are smooth or brushed and his necktie is everlastingly on crooked. Besides he seems lacking in ambition. I'm not sure that he is, but when I talk to him about his political possibilities I sometimes get the impression that he doesn't care, that if people sometime want him for some office they will come after him. When I try to prod him on he says,

> 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will.'

I believe just as much as he does in a divinity that shapes man's ends but I also believe in helping along."

"Is it because you are trying to help him along politically that you are putting the new top on the house?"

"Really it is one reason. I've always noticed that people

who seem successful are taking the surest way to be successful. This is especially true of a lawyer. A seedy, lopsided, disreputable specimen may be a good lawyer but the average person wouldn't think so. A lawyer who can't make enough to live in a decent house is a poor advertisement of the profitable income that marks success. When it comes to politics the same rule in some degree holds good. There may be poor white trash who think an honest politician should live in a shack but these are not the voters that bring success in political life. I do not deny I am ambitious for my husband. In spite of his aggravating ways that no woman could possibly like, there is something big and splendid about him and sometimes the impression comes to me terribly strong that he will be a man among men."

"You make a good argument for a two story house, Mary. Will your husband agree with you?"

"I don't suppose so. Men are peculiar creatures. Nine times out of ten they don't know what is for their own good. I've hesitated about doing this but now that I have decided I am comfortable in my own mind and as happy as I can be. I'll have all the furniture in place, the pictures hung, and everything clean and lovely by the time he gets back. And the first time I go to Chicago I'm going to buy a new what-not to put my trinkets on. I can just see that house now—two stories high, all painted white. Won't Mr. Lincoln be surprised?"

VII

THREE months after Mary Lincoln gave the contract for rebuilding her cottage home, Mr. Lincoln returned from a long trip on the circuit where he had been attending court in various counties in central and southern Illinois. After visiting his office he started for his home only a few blocks

away. In an absent-minded way after glancing at his house he hurried on past the place and half way into the next block before he stopped. Here he looked around as if he were in some strange place. To a boy who chanced to pass he said, "Buddy, can you tell me where Abraham Lincoln lives?"

After staring a minute the boy said, "Don't you know? He lives back in the next block. That great big, fine new white house right there," and he pointed.

Mr. Lincoln turned about and retraced his way until he came to a point opposite his house. For several moments he gazed. Then he called as he caught sight of his next door neighbor, "Tom, for goodness sake where does Abraham Lincoln live?"

Mrs. Lincoln who had been waiting with feverish interest her husband's home coming, hidden behind a large vine in the front yard was listening. Before the neighbor had a chance to give directions as to where Abraham Lincoln lived, Mrs. Lincoln came out from her hiding place and cried, "Come right over here, mister. I'll show you where Abraham Lincoln lives."

With his old satchel in one hand and his cotton umbrella in the other Mr. Lincoln mounted the steps leading to the gate, pushed it open and inside his own yard lifted his eyes again to the shining front of his own house, saying in somewhat bewildered way, "And so this is where Abraham Lincoln lives?"

"Yes," was the answer as Mrs. Lincoln ran to him.

He stooped so that she could reach her arms around his neck, and as she pressed her lips to his sun-burned cheeks she said, "Yes, this is the home of Abraham Lincoln and I am the lady of this house. It's perfectly lovely, father, perfectly lovely. Come right in. Hurry! Hurry!" for he seemed to stand spellbound.

Taking the umbrella from a grasp that relaxed mechan-

ically, she tucked it under her arm and clasping her fingers around her husband's hand she pulled him up the walk and through the shining doors of the new two story white house.

VIII

In its village days the several stores fronting on Capital Square in Springfield provided popular gathering points for a group of lawyers and their friends who enjoyed discussing news in general and politics in particular. One of the most popular of these small town news centers was Diller's Drug Store, especially handy to the law office of Herndon and Lincoln, Judge Treat, and other legal lights of the town.

"When's Lincoln coming in?" Judge Treat asked of William Herndon as he seated himself in one of Diller's wide armchairs and took out his pocket knife.

"He came home late yesterday. Worked at the office last night. Among other things he did was write a letter which he left for me to read and mail this morning," and, smiling, Mr. Herndon took a letter from his pocket. "It's in answer to the inquiry of a New York firm who applied to him for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. 'Financial standing,' he said to me. 'Billy, he hasn't any. But why should he be pestered? I'll fix things up.' And here is what he wrote. 'I am well acquainted with Mr.—— and know his circumstances. First of all he has a wife and baby. Together they ought to be worth fifty thousand dollars to any man. Secondly he has an office in which there is a table worth, say a dollar and a half and three chairs worth, say a dollar. Last of all there is in one corner a large rat hole which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln.'"

A laugh followed the reading of the letter but before

any discussion arose concerning its writer Mr. Lincoln himself was seen coming.

"Howdy—howdy," he exclaimed eagerly, his long homely face lighting up as he approached the group. "Howdy, Judge Treat," and he extended his hand. "Howdy, Tom. Howdy, Diller. How's everything coming? Business brisk?"

"Not to hurt," was Diller's answer. "Fact is business is slow—slow."

"Slow is it? I'll bet it's not as slow as a horse I rode this last trip out. I hired it to go back into the country a piece to find a witness. I thought court would be over before I'd ever get back. 'Is this a funeral horse?' I asked the owner when I took the snail pacer back. 'No,' he answered. 'That ain't no funeral horse,' his face as solemn as the subject. 'Glad to hear it,' was my answer. 'That horse would never get the corpse to the graveyard in time for the Resurrection.' "

A general laugh followed this observation in which Lincoln himself joined with the relish of a pleased schoolboy.

"Sit down, sit down," and Judge Treat pushed a chair toward him.

"Can't do it. The little woman I do errands for when I'm in town, sent me over to the store for some butter. Company dropped in for dinner and I was warned to hurry."

"A minute or so won't be missed. There's two or three interesting points about that Menard County scandal case, the one the woman was in, your client. Last week's paper had something in about it—not much."

Dropping himself into the wide chair, Mr. Lincoln turned slightly sideways, hung one leg over the chair arm, took off his hat, answered a few questions and then entered into a discussion of the points raised.

While they talked several customers came in, were

leisurely waited on by the clerk, and went out. One who came in, as Mr. Lincoln was talking, and waited for a bottle of liniment, the ingredients of which had to be mixed, was not the least interested of his listeners.

"At any rate," Mr. Lincoln said after a bit of discussion, "I won the case for my client."

"You always win for the ladies, don't you, Lincoln?" Judge Treat asked.

"I'd hate to lose an honest case for a woman."

"Note," said Mr. Herndon, "he uses the words 'honest case' not 'honest woman.' He's helped out a few soiled turtle doves. Did he ever tell you the nature of the first law case he ever tried?"

"Was it a woman case?"

"Yes. Do you mind telling it, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Not a bit, Billy, not a bit. I often thought the speech that day was one of the best I ever made. Where it came from I don't know. Certainly I never thought of making it or any other speech the morning when I started out to do a bit of surveying for a farmer living about a mile off the old Salem road. Before I ever got started at the job I overtook some fellows on their way to a trial in a justice court in Petersburg. Inquiry brought out the fact that the trial was one of bastardy, that the man had a representative at law but the woman, who was described as a young and ignorant creature, had no man to say a good word for her. At this time the extent of my law practice had been drawing up a contract or two yet I determined to the best of my ability to defend the young woman if she so desired. When I saw her I saw that they had spoken truly of her youth and ignorance. Scarce more than a child herself she was the mother of a healthy infant. When the old woman with whom she was staying found that I had come to befriend her she thanked me with tears in her eyes and told me a story which confirmed

the belief I already had that the man in the case had taken advantage of youth and ignorance to serve his own base desires. In addition to what the first old woman told me I was directed to a second woman who told a story which would be taken as straight evidence in any court. When, however, I suggested that these two women tell before the justice what they had told me, they were smitten with such fear they grew dumb as sheep and it was not until I had assured them with all honesty of a son and brother that no harm would come to them of what they told they agreed and I had a job explaining to the girl the child should be saved from the odium of illegitimacy.

"I'll never forget the case, the two old women, Aunt Polly and Aunt Jane and the child mother, as they tagged me into the room where the man with his lawyer and witnesses was already waiting before the justice, a grizzled old fellow with a heart as big as a water bucket, whose eyes ran over when the girl told her story and whose hand I noticed drawing itself into fist shape as I made my speech. Poor girl! Don't women seem to get a dirty deal all the way through at the hands of men?"

"What was it you said? What was the speech?" and Judge Treat snapped the knife he had been whittling the arm chair with and slipped it into his pocket.

"I don't recall the trimmings," Mr. Lincoln answered after a moment of reflection. "In substance what I said was that a man's character is like a piece of cloth, tough enough in fibre to stand the washing out and the bleaching of a good many stains. But a woman's character is like a fragile bit of glass which once broken can never be rid of the marks of its fall."

"Papa-day! Papa-day!" the words shrilly called by a child's voice had a magnetizing effect on Mr. Lincoln.

"Gentlemen," he said hastily arising, "behold, a con-

sistent exponent of the belief that womenkind seem to get a dirty deal all the way through at the hands of men. While I have been loafing in your midst, company at the house on Eighth Street has been famishing for butter. My orders were to lose no time."

"Papa-day! Papa-day!" The childish voice was calling closer.

"Billy," Mr. Lincoln said to Mr. Herndon, "if Tadpole comes in here before he finds me, tell him to hurry home and inform his mother I'm on my way with the butter." And with rapid strides the tall, loose-jointed Lincoln left the drug store.

IX

Miss Betty Bradley returned with news to her waiting father from her errand to the drug store.

"Guess who I saw?" she asked unwrapping her bottle of liniment. "I saw Mr. Lincoln and—oh, father, I know now why you feel toward him as you do. I don't believe God ever put breath into a finer man. To know him as a friend must be a blessing."

"Friend," the old man repeated. "That's it—that's him. The friend of all mankind, he is."

"It's because he's the friend of womankind I could love him most. I wish you could have heard him tell about the time he helped a young girl out of trouble. My eyes filled rimful of tears just to hear him telling it as he sat there all scrunched down in the chair with one leg hanging over the arm and him talking just as if he was talking about some other man and not himself at all. I'll tell you every word he said when I'm rubbing you with this nice new liniment."

"Goody! I hope Miry Spear don't take a notion to come over here."

"She hasn't been here for a week. I wonder why."

"She's been off snooping around trying to find out something. If she don't stop her habit of soft-footing under people's windows and prowling around their yards she'll get shot for a thief or scalded and I hope she does."

"Oh no, father, you don't wish Miry would get shot or scalded."

"Yes I do. I *do*."

The slamming of the door at the house across the road drew the attention of the old man who exclaimed, "There she is now. Knock on wood—knock on wood, Betty, she's headed this way." Then in a somewhat subdued tone he said, "She's got something. Maybe it's good to eat."

Grandpa Timothy's surmise was correct. His objectionable neighbor was bringing him a pie.

"For your father," she said handing it to Betty Bradley, and to the old man, "It's fat and juicy and I hope it's seasoned just the way you like it."

"Thank you—thank you, Miry," said Betty. "Father'll enjoy it so much. I was just saying, you haven't been in for a week. But I knew you were not sick because we have seen you going out every day."

"Yes," Miss Almyra replied settling her stiff body in the spare chair with the tidy, "I've been on the go. Have had quite a job on my hands. You know the empty house setting back from the road in the second block on the back street next to Tucker's. No? Well, some new folks from down somewhere in Indiana moved in last week—right next to the Tuckers. Now, Betty, you know about the Tuckers don't you? Don't know them? Well I'll declare. I thought everybody in Springfield, even those that's been here a short time like you, knew the Tuckers. Mr. Tucker has *two* living wives."

"Why, Miry," Miss Betty gasped. "He's been running

loose ever since I've been here. How does he keep out of jail?"

"He's divorced from one of them—the first one. I've tried my best to get hold of somebody that came from where Tuckers did to find out about it. The only one that's told anything said he treated her like a dog before he got the papers which give him the right to marry the second woman. No living man's got a right to two wives even if the Bible wasn't against it. Of course some of the decent folks in Springfield go with the Tuckers but I want you to know I've never crossed their threshold and never will. The nearest I came to it was listening at the window one night. And I don't believe the new folks that's moved next to them will even speak to the Tuckers after what I've told them. As soon as they moved in I went over just to show I wanted to be neighborly and when the conversation turned to the Tuckers I made clean of the whole thing and told them just what kind the Tuckers are.

"And then there was old man Peter Watson's funeral, I had to go to it. Too bad he didn't go to church more. You know religion shows in the countenance, especially when a body's dead. One glance at old man Peter Watson was enough to tell any person with wits that he was an ungodly old soul. His eyes bulged as if he saw spirits. His eyelids wasn't tied down tight enough and they wouldn't stay shut. And his mouth, land sakes, Betty Bradley, his mouth was sunk till it looked like a caved in well and his skin that brown it looked like a tobacco leaf dried down. But I mustn't let my mind dwell on the dead. I saw you coming in from the store this morning. Did you pick up any news?"

"Not much but I saw Mr. Lincoln at Diller's and heard him tell about the way he helped a woman in trouble long years ago. I think it was down where Squire Green lives

and next time the Greens come to see us I intend to ask them about it. One thing I know about Mr. Lincoln, he is a friend of womankind."

"'Friend of womankind.' Do tell! He's not the kind of man I'd want for a friend. I'd hesitate to step in my own back yard after dark if that man was there and nobody else. I have reasons for believing he's just about as dirty minded as men get to be. I never told you, Betty Bradley, because I never peddle gossip, something I know on Mr. Lincoln. It happened several years ago, long enough before you came to Springfield. It was hot weather. One day after dinner while I was standing on the porch shaking the table cloth I saw something coming down the street that nearly knocked me over—the sight of it I mean. It was a perfectly stark naked child—you might call it a baby—running as if the devil was after it. Right past my house it went, straight in front of my two eyes and down to the cornfield across the corner. Lying flat on its stomach it wiggled under the fence like a snake, was up and gone. A minute later here comes that long-legged, long-armed Mr. Lincoln. When he got to the field fence he jumped over instead of crawling under it and after chasing that stark naked creature up and down and round and round for a while he caught it. What next? Putting it on his shoulder he started back home, straight past my house he went right in front of my two eyes with that naked child perched up in full view. And Betty Bradley, you may not believe it, in fact I don't see how you can believe it, but it's God's truth or you can pull my tongue out by the roots, that child sitting up there on that tall man's shoulder in the bright sunlight in the middle of the day was a *he* child—a young male—Betty Bradley. Can you imagine a greater insult being offered to the respectable ladies along our street than to have a naked male child paraded in front of their eyes this way? I

wouldn't have told you this on Mr. Lincoln only you seem to be all gobbled up with him some way or other. But I've got to go, Betty, there's a woman visiting on the other side that came from down about Cairo where the Tuckers came from, who may know something about them. I'm going to see."

There was a moment of silence in Betty Bradley's home after her neighbor left. Then the old man said, "Nasty back biter. I wish she'd choke."

"Father—father," Betty Bradley said. "Don't say such unkind things. Didn't she bring you a lovely pie? And haven't you eaten two pieces of it while she's been sitting here?"

"Pie? Yes, I ate the pie but she didn't make it with her tongue did she? If she had I wouldn't eat a bite. It would have pizened me. And right now, Betty, I want to tell you when I die, keep her out if you can. Maybe you can't. Green flies always get in where they are not wanted. But cover my face with a clean white cloth. If she raises it she'll say my mouth is caved in like a well and my skin is dried like a tobacco leaf. That's the way her tongue works. Now, Betty, hear what I say and don't tell me I can't do it. If she raises up that clean cloth, I'm going to snap in her face, snap my teeth and growl. I guess that will fix her," and the old man laughed.

"All right, father, after you're dead snap at her if you want to. But you're not going to die for a long, long time."

"Not till I see Mr. Lincoln elected."

"To what office?"

"How do I know? Ask God, Betty. God knows.

X

Mrs. Lincoln was putting the finishing touches to the supper table, closely followed as she made her way from

kitchen to dining-room by little Tad whose interest was centered in a berry pie with delicious sticky juice oozing out the little holes on its top.

Astride his knee, Willie was pulling his father's dark hair over his forehead, arranging it in little points, pushing it back and rearranging it in other designs and under the touch of the soft fingers on his forehead Mr. Lincoln leaned back and with half closed eyes seemed enjoying supreme rest. Perhaps he was enjoying the bits of song that came to him with Mrs. Lincoln's several entries into the room.

"Your mother is singing tonight," Mr. Lincoln said to the child.

"Yes, and isn't she sweet when she sings?"

"Indeed she is sweet when she sings. People are always sweet when they are happy. I wonder what makes her so happy tonight."

"You want to know? I'll ask her," and brushing back the fringe of the hair the little boy slipped from his father's knee and ran to the kitchen. "Mamma," he exclaimed, "you're so sweet."

"You darling child," she said. "Do you think your mamma is sweet?"

"Yes, yes, really truly, and papa thinks so too."

"Papa? What makes you think papa thinks mamma is sweet?"

"He said so. Just now."

"Well, I'll declare. How did he happen to say that?"

"Because you are so happy. What makes you so happy tonight?"

"Did papa ask this too?"

"Yes. What makes you so happy tonight, my sweet mamma?"

Stopping long enough to kiss the fair little face she said, "Perhaps because I am going to have a new dress.

I haven't had one in a long time and it's going to be a lovely dress. I am going to wear it to church. It will be silk, Willie boy, a new silk dress."

Without comment the child ran back to his father and climbing onto his lap said, "I know. She's happy because she's going to have a new dress—a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l new dress—a silk dress."

Mr. Lincoln laid his head back against the chair and laughed. "I wonder if it's getting their new dresses in the spring time that makes birds sing," he said. "Well women are like birds in a way. If it takes a dress to make her happy I am sorry she can't have more of them. I'd be glad ——"

The sentence was interrupted by the excited shouts of Tad, "Papa-day, the pie ith coming! The pie! The pie! Ith's got holeth on top with thweet juice coming out!"

Mr. Lincoln arose, stretched his long legs and arms, wrapped his fingers around the little hand held toward him and went to the table around which Tad was galloping shouting, "The pie! The pie!"

"Where is Bob tonight?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"He's at dinner with his Aunt Elizabeth. She has a guest with a son about his age. I am always glad to have Robert dine with my sister's guests. I am rather proud of him and his manners. He is like the Todds. It's natural for him to fit in to social affairs. It's his aristocratic ancestry. I don't see it quite so much in Willie and none in Tad. But no telling what they'll develop before they're as old as their big brother."

After an informal frolic, following supper, in which Mr. Lincoln played the usual rôle of horse, the boys riding him turn about, Mrs. Lincoln said, "You put the boys to bed tonight, father. Robert is going to a party tomorrow night and there is a snag in his best coat which I must mend. I'll be so glad if the time ever comes when

I can do more buying and less mending. Hear them say their prayers. Come now boys, you have played enough. Kiss mamma good-night."

Throwing his arms around her neck Willie said, "Good-night, my sweet mamma. I love you."

"God bless your dear little heart," she said looking into the clear blue eyes. "What would I do without Willie? You're going to be my stay and support in my old age."

"I'm going to be your thay and thupport too," and little Tad hugged her until she pushed him aside to get breath.

"You're a fierce little lover," she said laughing. "Run on now and don't tickle your brother after papa gets you covered nor do anything else but lie still and go to sleep," and she kissed him on his rosy cheek.

With Willie leading and pulling vigorously at one of his father's long arms and Tad boosting in the rear, Mr. Lincoln made his way upstairs and soon had the two little boys in bed.

"Tell us a story now," said Willie.

"Not tonight. I am going away you know in the morning and I must have a visit with mamma. Some other time I'll tell the story. Say your prayers."

Willie, already sleepy, folded his hands, repeated his prayer, turned on the pillow and was soon asleep. But to Tad sleep did not come so easily. There were questions in his mind.

"Doth God give uth what we pray for?" he asked his father.

"Sometimes. Go on now, say your prayers. 'Now I lay me,' " and pressing two dimpled hands together his father folded his hand over them. "Go on, Tad, 'Now I lay me.' "

" 'Now I lay me down to thleep, I pray thee, Lord, my thoul to keep—my thoul—my thoul—to keep.' Where

doth God keep every bodieth thouls when they are athleep? Hath he a big barn?"

"I never heard that God keeps souls in barns."

"Where *doth* he keep them? Where ith my brother'th thoul right now?" and rising he looked at the sleeping face beside him. "Ith it out or in?"

"I don't know much about souls, Tad, but God can take care of them wherever they are."

"Can thouls talk when they get out? Can they run? And what color ith my brother'th thoul?"

Mr. Lincoln glanced at the sweet face of the sleeping child and said, "Your brother's soul is white. I am sure of that. Go on now, Tad, finish your prayers. I must go downstairs."

Tad's hands had fallen against his breast as his father spoke. "Keep thtill," he whispered excitedly. "I feel mine. Put your hand right here." And pulling his father's hand against his breast he said, "Feel it jump. That'th my thoul. It'th getting ready to get out when I go to thleep. Let me feel yourth," and wide awake he sprang to a sitting posture and a moment later was feeling the throb of his father's heart beat. "Yourth ith trying hard to get out and it'th big, your thoul ith awful big. Ith it white like my brother'th?"

Again Mr. Lincoln glanced at the child face on the pillow, "I don't think it is as white as your brother's. But finish your prayers, Tad, I must go downstairs. You've said half of it. Go on now, 'If I should die before I wake.' "

" 'If I thould die'—I don't want to die. I want a goat. I'm going to tell God to thend me a goat. Will he do it?"

"Not if your mother can help it," and a smile came for a moment to Mr. Lincoln's face. "You really don't want a goat, Tad. Go on 'If I should die.' "

"'If I should die' take me to heaven and give me one goat and little wagon."

"Tad, Tad, finish your prayer. I've got to go."

Tad yawned. "You thay it for me," and he slipped his hands inside his father's and closed his eyes. "Go on."

His father bent over him and said quite softly:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray thee, Lord,
My soul to take'

Good-night, Tad."

There was no answer.

A moment Mr. Lincoln stood by the bedside looking at the fair head and the dark one on the pillow. Then bending he pressed his lips on first one forehead and then another saying, "God bless them."

Returning downstairs Mr. Lincoln found Mrs. Lincoln impatiently waiting. "What in the world kept you so long?"

"Tad wanted to talk. Asked questions suggested to his mind by the words of his evening prayer. Tad wants to know where God keeps the souls of men when they sleep. Then he lay before the Lord the matter of a goat. I wish the child could have a goat. He wants it more than anything else on earth."

"I hope you didn't encourage him. The boys are bad enough without any such dirty, destructive creature as a goat and if you let Tad talk you into getting a goat I'll leave the place for as long a time as the mischievous beast stays. I mean it."

"I am quite sure you do, mother. Let's talk about my trip to Cincinnati. Are my things together?"

Mr. Lincoln was going away in the morning on a most

important case. With wifely interest Mary Lincoln had been getting him ready and before bedtime the last article for travel had been put in place.

"Everything is in your valise. Your linen ulster is done up beautifully and, father, when you get on the train hang it up so it will not get wrinkled. You are not the handsomest man on earth when your clothes are in good shape. You cannot afford to go careless. There are plenty of clean collars. You do not need to wear a wilted, dusty one. Do look nice when you get to Cincinnati. I am so happy about this trip. Just think of having a thousand dollars in the bank already paid ahead of time."

"Have you picked out the pattern of the new dress yet?"

Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"Yes, indeed," she answered. "It is picked out and I hear the rustle of it as I walk up the aisle to our church pew."

Mr. Lincoln let his eyes rest for a moment on the smiling face of his wife. Her dimples were in evidence, her bright eyes glad with the joy of anticipation and her lips curved into an agreeable smile.

"It's funny," he said reflectively, "how a few fine feathers can bring joy to womankind. I wonder why it is."

"What a silly question! But then, how could you know? You're not a woman for one thing—for another you have no appreciation of fine clothes."

"I have never been in a position to have fine clothes. How can I know their value? But you, Mary, you don't know anything else, or didn't until you cast your lot with mine, and I wish I were able to gratify your desire for beautiful clothes to your heart's limit. That you are to get a new silk dress out of this fee gives me as much pleasure as it does you, and I will be proud of you when you wear it. The case is a big one. The array of legal talent is

brilliant—Hon. Reverdy Johnson for the McCormacks. Mr. George Harding is with me for the defense. He is to make the mechanical argument—tell about the machinery you know. It means something to me to be called in on this case and especially to make the leading speech."

"You have it ready?"

"Yes, and even at the risk of seeming to blow my own horn, I tell you it is an able one. One of the best I have ever made."

"And you have made some good ones, father. Perhaps, if so generous a fee could be paid in advance on some of your other cases, the effect would show in your arguments."

"I don't know about that. I give as much of myself to the poorest that need my help as I do for the best fee."

"That's the trouble with you. Every poor scrabbin in Sangamon County knows if they get into trouble you'll get them out, with sometimes less than a 'thank you' for your fee."

"There'll be more big fees after I make this speech in Cincinnati. It really is a good legal effort."

"I can't buy the silk till you come back, can I? The money's in the bank."

"Better not. I'll only be gone a few days. You can wait that much longer, can't you, mother?"

"I don't know. Now that the time is so close for a new silk dress I am getting all excited as if it were the first I ever had. I feel like spinning around and jumping up and down on my toes as I did in my school-girl days when my father sent me something lovely."

"I'm going to the stable. I think I forgot the cow's hay. If I find you standing on your head when I come in I'll know the reason, mother," and patting his wife's plump shoulder as he passed her chair, Mr. Lincoln passed out

smiling. As he went down the back walk he heard her singing.

XI

Mr. Lincoln returned from Cincinnati on an early morning train. A light shining from a window of his home into the grey of the breaking morn, told him his wife was up.

"She's waiting," he said to himself with a sigh. "I'm sorry."

He took his way slowly up the walk to the front porch, lifted his feet heavily, and entered the house like an aged man.

"Is it you?" came a cheerful call from the kitchen. "I've fixed a nice breakfast. The coffee is hot. Come right out."

As Mr. Lincoln made no haste to join his wife in the kitchen she came with brisk step into the hall to meet him.

"What's the matter, father?"

"Nothing," he replied.

"You're tired. A cup of coffee will make you feel better. Come on. And clasping her arm in his she led the way to the kitchen where a breakfast was neatly set on the table.

Casting his eye over it he said, "I wish you hadn't done it. I had rather have come home in the dark for it's dark I feel. This," and his eye took in the steaming breakfast, "was done for the silk dress, Mary, the silk dress, and there won't be any—not now, anyway."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed.

"Just what I say," was his answer wearily given. "My visit to Cincinnati was without results—save hurt and loss. Stanton, Edward M. Stanton, was called into the case without any consultation with me or my knowledge. As the original counsel employed I should have had pre-

cedence over Mr. Stanton in making the speech. He was on the same side I was you know, for some reason he didn't want me to be heard. Had I known Stanton's feeling toward me, and that he would be called in, I should have never have gone to Cincinnati, never gotten in on the case at all." A deep sigh followed the words and the homely face of the tall, dark man was pathetically sad.

"What in the world are you talking about? What did he do to you? How could he keep you out? He didn't hire you."

"I overheard what he said about me. Said I was unlearned, ungainly, unknown and uncouth. He positively must refuse to stay in the case if I took any active part. I heard it, heard him say it. I saw his bitterness repeated in the glances he cast at me and heard his scorn repeated in the sarcasm of his tones. It hurt. It made me numb. And when it came time for the speech, that good speech that was to have meant so much to me in my legal progress I said in answer to the call 'Nothing to say.' Nobody was surprised but Stanton himself. The rest of them, perhaps, did not expect me to make a speech. Humiliated to the marrow of my bones and hurt beyond power of expression, yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that Stanton got what *he* wanted."

"Satisfaction! Satisfaction in seeing this bully—this brutal man Stanton get credit and glory that should have come to you? Are you losing your mind, father?"

"Maybe so, I am sure I can't tell," and again the sigh.

"But the thousand dollars! You have that. You wrote the speech."

"I did not make the speech. The money goes back to my clients."

"Back to your clients?" The question was almost screamed.

"I did not make the speech," he repeated quietly.

There was a painful silent moment during which Mrs. Lincoln's face was like that of one struck. Then the fire came to her eye and a flush to her cheek.

"Give it back?" she cried with scorn. "Give the thousand dollars back? Fine honesty! But it is always to your clients never to your wife you owe this fine honesty. I can have nothing. Why didn't you make that speech? Why did you let yourself be shamed or cowed by that low-bred brute of a Stanton? Have you no sense of duty to yourself, your wife, your children? Maybe we didn't need the money!" The sarcasm was cutting. "Stanton made fun of you. Was your collar clean? Did you keep your ulster smooth as I cautioned you?"

"I'm afraid not, mother. According to Mr. Stanton, 'the long, lank creature from Illinois was wearing a dirty linen ulster for a coat, on the back of which the perspiration had splotched wide stains resembling the map of the continent.' "

"Oh, father! I told you about that! You're none too good looking at best. Dirty and slouchy you are horrid. First impressions are made by looks. If you came trailing in before those Eastern lawyers, those high-toned gentlemen, in a creased and dirty ulster, sweated across the back, with a wet and dingy collar hanging around your long neck like a string, if you came before them looking *this* way I don't wonder Stanton called you uncouth and the rest of them saw no signs of ability to make a speech. It's your own fault. And now we must do without and be humiliated, and ——" Her voice broke.

Without waiting to hear or replying by as much as a syllable, Mr. Lincoln turned and quietly left the room. The closing of a side door told his wife he was no longer in the house. Sinking in a chair she burst into tears swear-

ing eternal hatred of Stanton in one breath and sobbing out her disappointment in another.

XII

Early in the forenoon Mrs. Lincoln took her way to the home of her sister.

"What in the world is the matter?" Mrs. Edwards exclaimed, noting her sister's tear-swollen eyes. "You haven't had bad news from Mr. Lincoln have you?"

"Mr. Lincoln is his own bad news. He reached home with his body sound if that's what you mean. But I think he's losing his mind. Every once in a while he does something that makes me believe it."

"What in the world is it now?" and there was anxiety in the tone of the question. "I'll do whatever I can for you, Mary, but you know I never did feel that you and Mr. Lincoln were suited for each other. You are too entirely different and to this day I find myself asking why you married him when there was Mr. Douglas, a man of your own kind, yours for the taking."

"I didn't come here to discuss by-gones. I married Mr. Lincoln because I wanted to and if there's a better man in the State of Illinois than Abraham Lincoln, or if God ever made a better one I'd like to see what he looks like. The trouble is, he is *too* good, *too* honest, *too* considerate of other people's feelings—all other people except me. To be brief I'll tell you his last crazy act. He's back from Cincinnati but with his coming no thousand dollars for us to pay bills. No little portion of it for me, a new silk dress."

"I thought the fee was paid some days ago. I understood the money was in the bank in Springfield."

"It was but I guess it's gone now. He left the house for his office at daylight this morning and as soon as he can

get that thousand dollars out of the bank and back to his client, the better he will be pleased."

"What do you mean, Mary Lincoln? Is he going to give it back?"

"Give it back."

"What for?"

"His conscience won't let him accept it."

"Why not?"

"He didn't make the speech at Cincinnati."

"Didn't deliver the speech he worked so carefully on?"

"Not a word of it."

"Why?"

"An ill-bred bully named Stanton who was brought into the case at the eleventh hour and who wanted to make the speech, made fun of Mr. Lincoln. Called him all sorts of insulting names. Mr. Lincoln heard him and was so hurt, or for some other reason, when his speech was called he refused to give it. And Stanton had the joy of making a speech I am sure wasn't one half as good as Abraham Lincoln's would have been."

Mrs. Edwards looked at her younger sister a moment thoughtfully, then she smiled as she said, "You're the funniest girl I ever saw. With one breath you blame Mr. Lincoln for everything, almost for being alive. With the next you breathe out praise of him in a way that shows inordinate pride in your lawyer husband. I firmly believe what's hurting you now is more the fact that your husband didn't get to show off over there among those brilliant legal men as you believe he could have done, than the loss of the new silk dress. You've always been possessed of the notion that he'll some day climb high. A legal light of the first magnitude, you expect him to be."

"I don't expect him to be anything. Not after this last affair. I've given up hope. I've planned and planned and done without to help him on. I've stayed at home and

looked after the children and the house while he's been on the circuit, I've watched the comings and goings of politicians and lawyers, I've done everything within my power but what's to be done with a man, what hope is there of any kind of success for a man that's as terribly, rigidly, narrowly honest as Mr. Lincoln is? It wasn't his fault if the counsel on his own side refused to stay in with him. What he should have done was to have told Stanton to get out. What he *should* have done when he found what kind of a creature he had to deal with, the real creature beneath the semblance of a decent lawyer, was to have *kicked* him out. If I ever run across this man Stanton I'll tell him what Mr. Lincoln left unsaid. At any rate, Mr. Lincoln used a lot of his best thought and best time on the case and should have accepted some compensation for it. But no indeed, back goes the whole thousand dollars because he didn't make the speech—the speech he says this thousand dollars was to pay for."

"Where is Mr. Lincoln now?" Mrs. Lincoln's sister asked.

"At the office I suppose. That's where he takes refuge when the lid blows off over home. Sometimes I'm sorry when I lose my temper and say the things I do to him. Sometimes the patient way in which he takes it all makes me ashamed. Then again his patience angers me. It don't seem to be patience at all but a kind of lazy indifference and I'm glad of every sharp word I say. They are necessary. Just as a prod is necessary to a slow-moving animal that would never get anywhere unless somebody goaded it on."

"Your husband is a very unusual man, Mary. In fact I've never known anybody anything like him. The way he has of making friends is a marvel. I wonder sometimes if he hasn't shaken hands twice over with every man and half the women on the circuit he rides."

"I suppose he has," Mary Lincoln replied wearily. "It's his way. I've always thought it would get him something. I've had the impression since the first time I saw him that he is destined for something big just as I used to have the impression when I was small that I would some day be a princess and wear a purple velvet dress. How often have I seen myself in that purple dress! Dreams. Fancies. Do they ever come true?"

"I have yet to hear of the first little Kentucky orphan girl who became a princess and wore a purple velvet dress."

"It's not always purple," Mrs. Lincoln said half to herself. "Sometimes it's white, shimmering like satin. I have it on. I almost feel the rustle of the skirt and on my arms and neck are pearls and in my hair a wreath. But what's the use of dreaming about purple velvet and white satin when I haven't had a real decent new silk dress since I've been married, and now my last prospects are gone. What's the good of dreaming anyway? Like as not Tad's eaten all the tea cakes I had baked for supper and Willie's feet are wet wading in the wash tub while I've been sitting here complaining, or maybe they've both run away. They are good at that, especially Tad who seems to have more adventure and make more acquaintances than his brother. He is like his father in his friendly ways. Quite recently on a runaway trip he made two new acquaintances. Funny ones! 'Miss Raspberry' because she gave him a pail of berries. The other he looks upon as a mortal enemy and calls 'the rat-trap lady.'"

"'The rat-trap lady!' What a child Tad is for naming folks. But why this one?"

"I suppose because she succeeded in holding him with rat-trap cruelty in spite of his struggles to get away. From Willie, who escaped, I was informed she caught

his brother picking berries on the outside of the fence, captured and held him in spite of his energetic kicking."

A smile that brought a girlish expression to Mrs. Lincoln's face came for a moment. But it was for the moment only. Then the expression of disappointment returned as she said, "Don't mention what I've told you this afternoon. You know how Mr. Lincoln is about his business. He tells nobody but Mr. Herndon and some things I'm quite sure he never talks over with him. It's come and gone—my hopes for a new silk and with it my desire for Mr. Lincoln to score a big victory."

XIII

When Mr. Herndon reached the dingy little law office of Lincoln and Herndon on the morning of his partner's return from Cincinnati and found Mr. Lincoln drawn up in a chair with his face in his hands, he was not without some idea of the trouble.

More than an answer to Mr. Herndon's cheery good morning Mr. Lincoln did not make and after looking over a few papers Mr. Herndon left the office taking care to pull the green curtain that hung across the glass door panel.

When several hours later he returned he found Mr. Lincoln talking with a couple of clients, one of them a man who had formerly lived in Indiana. Several stories were exchanged at which Mr. Lincoln laughed in a seemingly natural way. Mr. Herndon wondered. Had the melancholy of the morning really gone or was this temporary forgetfulness only?

The dinner of crackers and cheese which Mr. Lincoln ate alone in the office at noon answered Mr. Herndon's question. His much loved partner had not yet pulled himself out of the slough of despond into which for some

reason connected with his trip to Cincinnati, he had fallen. When he went home after his day's work, Mr. Herndon left Mr. Lincoln in the office. For how long he did not know.

After working until dusk closed in on him, Mr. Lincoln stretched himself on the old flat couch by the window and fell asleep. When he awoke the world was wrapped in shadows and the stillness of the night. Through the window a patch of indigo sky could be seen, a square patch strewn so thickly with stars as to seem spattered with gold. As his eye rested on the seemingly quiet view his mind took up the thought of the immensity of the star forms that looked so small and the incredible speed with which they were making their way somewhere though they looked so fixed and eternal in the heavens and with the thought of the infinitude of time and space, words came to him followed by a train of thought.

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." The words were in his mother's voice, a voice that had been hushed so many years. With their coming he was a child again behind his mother on a horse on the way home from his first camp meeting. The exhorter had frightened him and his sister Sarah half to death preaching the torments of the lost. His mother, though not arguing the matter, knew a better way to put the God impress on a child's heart and after the tumult and shouting of the camp was over and they were on their way toward home, on the brow of a hill, in the calm of midnight, she had stopped her horse and showing the children the field of stars stretched above them told them of One greater than the greatest, One wiser than earth's wisest, One more loving than a mother, the good God himself. Then it was she said in a way that impressed the children that each shining point piercing the

blue was a living tongue saying to them, "The heavens declare the glory of God."

From the stars and the silence and past memories, there came a strange inpouring of calm and strength to the soul of the figure stretched on the flat couch. Quietly he arose, made his way to the door. Quietly he opened it and made his way down the narrow stairs, which he knew in the dark, step by step.

Reaching his home he found a light burning for him. The chimney was clear as crystal. Mary Lincoln saw that it was so when her husband was expected home.

XIV

Miss Betty Bradley had just crossed the threshold of her living-room bringing from the kitchen a pitcher of water for the rose geranium, when glancing toward the front door she thought she saw it move.

She paused.

Surely, it was moving, very, very slowly. She had heard no step on the porch nor any noise of a turned doorknob. Who could it be?

Before she had moved forward to see, a voice called through the crack that now appeared, "Mith Rathberry, ith Tim here?"

"I do declare!" she exclaimed, "I believe it's little Tad Lincoln."

A pair of bright eyes shining in the slowly widening crack told her she was not mistaken.

Hastily setting the pitcher by the geranium she turned to the door.

"Come in. Come in," she said with smiling face.

"Ith Tim here?" the small boy said as he entered, "your big little boy."

A cry of "Goody!" from the big chair was the child's

answer. "Yes I'm here. You call me 'Tim'? I don't care if you do only I'm going to call you 'Tadpole' like your father does. Did you come to see *me,* Tadpole?"

"Yeth, my mamma let me come to play with you. I muth go home in one hour."

"Play? What can I play with feet like mine that won't go anywhere nor do anything but sit here by the window and hurt? I'd play ball with you or shinny or marbles if I could get in the yard but what can we play here?"

"Maybe you can play making me a goat," Tad suggested. "And maybe my goat will have whithkerth like yourth."

"Whiskers like mine?" and the tone of the old man's voice hinted an insult.

"Yeth, I want my goat to have whithkerth like yourth all over hith head. You've got the fineth whithkerth I ever thaw and if I had my mamma'th bruth I'd play you wath my goat. Wouldn't that be fun?" and a peal of childish laughter rang out.

Miss Betty Bradley glanced at her father with some apprehension. A look of relief amounting to pleasure shone in her eyes as the old man joined in Tad's merry laughter.

"Betty," he called, "hand Tadpole the brush. We're going to play goat."

"How nice," Miss Betty said as little Tad began softly stroking the long white beard. "You're going to have a lovely time. When you get done playing goat, tell stories. Tell Tad some of the things that happened the year of the deep snow. And maybe he knows a story to tell you. Then after that, before it is time for him to go home, I'm going to let you have a party."

"Goody!" laughed the old man while Tad clapped his hands and said "A party! A party! Will we have thure enough cake?"

"Yes. I have a crock full of fresh tea-cakes with sugar all over their tops. And I have a jar of strawberry preserves and some little green pickles. I'll fix a lovely party so that you'll come another time to play. My big-little boy gets very tired and lonesome sitting by the window with nobody to talk to him but me. I wonder what else I can find for this party. I am sure there is something you would like in the cupboard. I'll go and see."

After little Tad had brushed whiskers for a time he suggested twisting some of the hair about the old man's forehead into horns. And when Miss Betty returned from the inspection of her cupboard she saw a grotesque figure in the big chair from which came the mingled laughter of the child and the old man.

When the two had grown tired of the goat game the white hair was brushed down against the forehead again by little Tad. The whiskers were given a few last strokes and the two agreed to some story telling.

"I'll tell firtht," said Tad. "I'll tell about an Indian that killed my papa-day'th antheth'r."

"An—antheth'r—what was it of your father's the Indians killed?"

"Antheth'r. I thaid it once."

"Antheth'r? What was it for? What did your father do with it? Was it alive?"

"Yeth—yeth it wath alive 'till the Indian killed it and then it wath dead."

"'Antheth'r?' Betty, did you ever hear of an 'antheth'r'? What does he mean?"

"I was just wondering. Where was this thing of your father's the Indians killed?"

"It wathn't a 'thing.' Don't *you* know what an 'antheth'r' ith? My mamma told my papa-day when he wath talking about hith kin folks that lived in the woodth a long time ago, to say 'antheth'r.'"

"O—h!" said Miss Betty drawing the word out slowly. "I know now. Mrs. Lincoln is an educated woman and uses the word 'ancestors.' It's ancestors the child is saying. Isn't it, Tad?"

"That'th what I thaid. I thaid it all the time."

"And so an Indian killed one of your ancestors? Your father's brother perhaps, or maybe it was your grandfather."

"Yeth, the Indian killed him," he replied solemnly. "A great big, wild Indian with featherth in hith hair. Killed him dead. My papa-day's antheth'r was building a fenth. The big, wild Indian wath hid in the dark woodth. He jumped out and killed my antheth'r." Little Tad recited this melancholy but interesting bit of family history with a solemnity that impressed the old man tremendously.

"Now tell yourth," Tad said after a moment of silence.

"Tell him about the man who slept under the boat the year of the deep snow. That's a good one," said Miss Betty, "and while you're telling it I'll fix the tea-party right here on this little table," and lifting the rose geranium from its stand she moved the little green table to the side of the old man's chair and set it with plates decorated with long-tailed blue and red and green birds.

"How deep wath the snow?" Tad asked.

"Everywhere four feet deep, some places eight and ten. It froze over the top and cows and horses trying to walk on it broke through and couldn't get out and they stuck there and froze."

"Dead?"

"Yes, they froze dead. Froze so stiff some of them were still standing up like they just got there after the snow was gone."

"Where wath the boat?"

"A man had it. He lived in a cabin with wide cracks

and no floor. He knew he would freeze if he didn't do something so he cut down a big, round tree, dug the insides all out of it until only a shell was left. Then he dragged it into his cabin. In the middle of his dirt floor he made a fire and when the ground was warm he lay down on it, turned his boat down tight over him and there he slept on until morning. Every night the awful storm lasted he slept under his boat nice and warm. Betty!"

The story ended suddenly as the old man spoke his daughter's name and gave out a sharp cry. "It's coming. It's coming!"

Tad looked to the door and the windows but saw nothing.

"It's coming! It's coming!" the old man screamed as if the thing he feared was closing in on him.

"Maybe not, father, maybe not!" Miss Betty said hurrying to his chair, moving the little green table away and trying to soothe him. "Maybe it's not coming."

"It *is* coming," he insisted.

Little Tad had cast his eyes hurriedly about the room. A puzzled expression came into them for there was no sight nor sound of anything.

"Pray for me! Pray for me!" the old man groaned and cried. "Do you know how to pray, you Tadpole? Surely Mr. Lincoln's little boy can pray."

"Yeth," answered the bewildered little boy. "I pray every night."

"Start then," and the command ended in a pitiful sound, half groan, half cry as the old man held out his hands appealingly to his daughter. "Pray! Hurry!"

Closing his eyes in the devotional way he had been taught, little Tad said in a hurried and agitated manner: " 'Now I lay me down to thleep. I pray thee Lord, my thoul, my thoul to keep.' "

Here he paused long enough to open his eyes. Neither the old man nor Miss Betty was listening to him. She was talking softly, almost in the ear of her father as she rubbed and patted and soothed him.

With childish curiosity to see what would happen next Tad opened his eyes wide, kept still and listened.

"Don't cry," Miss Betty was saying. "It's going away now. Isn't it?"

"Get the Book, Betty, and read. God put it there for me, didn't He, Betty?"

"Yes indeed, for you. And it helps you, always. Keep still now, forget the pain. I'll get the Book."

Little Tad's eyes with scarcely less eagerness and interest than those of the old man followed Miss Betty as she took up the Bible. Before she had reached the old man's side she had opened to the place and was reading, " 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death neither sorrow nor crying neither shall there be any more pain for the former things are passed away.' "

"And after a while I'm going there where there shall be no more pain. Pain hurts so."

"Yes, you're going, father dear. We're all going after a while."

Little Tad had quietly drawn close to Miss Betty. "Where ith it everybody'th going? Where there ith no pain?"

"Heaven, little Tad."

"Where angelth thay?"

"I suppose so. But the nicest part of heaven is that we will never be sick any more there. There's no death nor any funerals nor partings from those we love."

"Ith Tim going?"

"Of course I'm going," was the quick answer from the

old man who was listening to the conversation. "Of course I'm going. And you'll come too if you're a good boy."

"I *am* a good boy," was Tad's reply. "My papa-day sayth tho and he knowth. Do little boyth have goath in heaven?"

"Goats—goats?" the old man repeated. "Do they, Betty?" and he turned inquiring eyes on his daughter.

"I couldn't say for sure about goats. The streets of heaven are made out of gold, you know little Tad, and I don't know about goats running on them."

"Betty, it still hurts. Sing," said the old man. "Maybe I can go to sleep."

So interested were the three in Miss Betty's room they did not hear a footstep on the porch. It was a tall man who had hurriedly entered the gate but whose pace slackened as he approached the house so that by the time he had reached the step his movements were slow. Outside the partly open door he paused as if the strains of the familiar tune he heard were being sung by a mother to some fretful child who needed soothing. The voice was soft and low, its quality seeming to belong to an interpretation of the words. Familiar as they were the tall man did not remember of ever having been impressed by them before. Now they meant something, so much that without questioning why, he removed his hat and listened reverently.

"When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine!"

Desiring to see the face of the singer the tall man moved slightly and through the crack saw, as he had expected, Miss Betty Bradley.

At the time of his first meeting with her she had impressed him as a good-natured, motherly woman but he

had made no study of her face. Now he did. A face not without lines, especially around the kindly eyes, a face suggesting sunshine but sunshine flooding some far, quiet place of graves. He had no means of knowing there were in her life experience many unforgotten graves of hope. Once she had had a lover, and the hope of a home and children of her own filled her heart with song. The lover and the hope were given up, for duty no less than love gave her the care for many years of an invalid mother. Then there were younger brothers and sisters to be mothered and when they were grown and scattered, a half-witted grandfather to look after. The last of her cares was her father, the old man whom she mothered tenderly. Her hair was streaked with grey now and her hopes only memories. But though all this was unknown to those who knew her now, the tall man studying her face was conscious that its refined beauty came from self sacrifice.

"He's asleep now, little Tad," she said softly. "When he wakes up his pain will be all gone."

A very gentle rapping at the door told her of the tall man on the porch. "It's Mr. Lincoln," she said smiling. "Come in, Mr. Lincoln, I'm so glad to see you. And father would be delighted but he's asleep and I don't believe he will wake up right away. He sleeps as sound as a child after one of his bad spells."

"I haven't time to stay. I was sent by a little boy's mother to bring him home to supper. She told him to stay an hour."

"Don't blame little Tad. It's my fault, Mr. Lincoln. Your little boy and my father were having a tea-party. Father is shut in you know. Sometimes days go by without anyone coming to see him. He was enjoying little Tad so much and then the pain came."

"I will explain to Mrs. Lincoln. Before I go let me tell you how much I like your song. I listened on the porch."

"It's a grand old song, isn't it, and helpful?"

As Mr. Lincoln turned to the half open door he caught sight of a woman's figure standing well to one side of the doorway—a figure that moved aside. As he approached the door, however, the woman came in saying, "Thought I'd run over and see how your father is getting along."

"I hope," Miss Betty said to herself, "he never finds out Miry Spear was eavesdropping on my porch. I'm so ashamed of her snooping ways."

"I do declare," Miss Almyra said after watching Mr. Lincoln until his tall figure was lost behind the lilacs. "He's the homeliest human being I ever set my two eyes on and his nose—his nose," and folding her hands she dropped into a chair saying again, "his nose—his nose."

XV

Mr. Lincoln at his office had just tied a string around a package and pitched it into the dusty box of odds and ends on top of the tall back of his work desk when his partner, Mr. Herndon, entered the office.

"Good-morning, Billy. I'm cleaning up the desk," Mr. Lincoln said. "When you can't find anything anywhere else look in the box up there and tell Henry Rankin not to do any house cleaning around here."

"Did you find those magazines?" and Mr. Herndon stirred up the papers on his table. "One of them contained a story in French and knowing how Mrs. Lincoln enjoys French I thought she would like to read it, and put it aside for her."

"Thank you, Billy, thank you. Mrs. Lincoln does enjoy French and has kept up her study of it ever since our marriage. I'm always glad when she finds something to please her. She's a woman pretty much like all the rest of them. They all have to give up a good deal marry-

ing fellows like you and me, looking after our children and trying to make ends meet."

"Maybe they do have enough to put up with from fellows like me and you but the most of them are pretty well able to take care of themselves. Most women, and nobody knows it better than you, carry at their mast head as they sail, a pennant with the historic words, 'Don't tread on me.'"

"You're referring to the temper of the gentle sex now. Well, I'm not disputing they are so blessed. Generally, however, we men should remember a few things and make allowances. In my case, well you know my little woman's mother died when she was a small child. The step-mother her father afterwards brought home took a disliking to her, maybe because she was a hot-tempered, hard-headed little thing. At any rate, she never had a mother nor a home in her girlhood days. She was put in a French school first, later sent to a famous Southern academy for the extra polish daughters of the best southern families were supposed to be given. She was a young lady, as years go, when she came to Springfield to live with her sister. As a matter of fact she was no more than a child in many ways, and in many ways she's a child yet. How well I remember the first time I saw her. She seemed so young. But then she was young—is young—years younger than I. Do you remember your first meeting with her, Billy?"

"And my last for a long time," Herndon remarked dryly. "After what she said to me that night at the ball and the way she said it, I wasn't brave enough to go about her soon again."

Lincoln laughed as he said, "She's not dangerous. She doesn't control her temper very well sometimes I'll admit but Billy, I've found people, both men and women of the

positive type even though possessed of grievous faults, worth a hundred times more than negative good ones."

"I'm not criticizing your wife understand. If you can stand it nobody else has cause for complaint."

"I know you're not, Billy. You never have. She knows it too. That's one reason she has a more friendly feeling toward you though it took her a long time to forget what she thought was an open insult when you told her she danced with the grace of a serpent."

Mr. Lincoln turned back to his desk but had scarcely become engaged in his work when a stranger entered. By the expression of his face and the brusk manner of his entry he was in no happy frame of mind.

"Is this Mr. Lincoln," he asked shortly, "Mr. Lincoln that's the husband of the Mrs. Lincoln that lives on Eighth Street?"

"This is the man," was Mr. Lincoln's reply. "What can I do for you this morning, sir?"

"I want satisfaction. Me and my whole family has been insulted by that woman over on Eighth Street and I've come down to see what you're going to do about it."

"What's the nature of your trouble?" Mr. Lincoln asked good naturedly. "What's the little woman over on Eighth Street done to you?"

"She had a girl working for her named Molly Shinn, a girl with hair that wasn't neither brown nor yellow and one eye a little out of line, but a good girl as ever set foot in Springfield."

"Yes—yes," said Mr. Lincoln. "I know Molly. She was a good girl indeed."

"I'm glad you are willing to admit it for I'm her father."

"All right. What about her, Mr. Shinn?"

"Just this. That woman over on Eighth Street that my daughter was working for got mad at her every fifteen

minutes all day and every day. If the girl dropped a cup and broke it there was a blow-up. If she spilled water on the floor there was another blow-up. If she spattered grease on the stove another blow-up. If she didn't sweep the corners clean another blow-up. So they came one after another like storms and that woman jawing and fussing and calling that good, honest girl of mine a red-headed, cross-eyed sloven without sense enough to run in out of the rain. After the last blow-up she got the poor girl's hat and shoes, threw them out into the back yard, told her to get out and never come back," and there was wrath in the man's tone and fire in his eye.

"Too bad, too bad," said Mr. Lincoln. "Did Mrs. Lincoln owe your daughter any money?"

"No, she didn't owe her nothin'."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"That's what I've come to see about. After the girl come home I went up to your place to tell that woman of yours just what I thought of her."

"Did you do it?" Mr. Lincoln asked, something like a smile moving the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, I did. That is as much of it as I could before she turned on me. When she did there wasn't no place left in the air to stick a word sideways. I never got such a laying out in all my born days nor ordered about in any such way as she ordered me off of that place. A man can't take any such treatment off a woman and keep his self-respect and I've come down here to see what you're going to do about it."

"So the little woman ordered you off the place. Don't you think she had a right to? It's her home you know and a woman's a kind of a queen in her own home. She orders everybody around. You don't know as much about womankind as some of us do, my friend, or you wouldn't

feel that your self-respect has been ruined because of what this one little woman said. She's been saying things —all sorts of things to me for years and years. I may look as if I've lost my self-respect but I don't feel like it—not a bit. And you won't either if you just remember that women have lots to aggravate and provoke them."

The stranger stood a moment in silence looking with curious interest at Mr. Lincoln. Then he said, "You don't mean she lambasts and tongue lashes you the way she did me?"

"I didn't hear what she said to you but she knows how to make things pretty hot when occasion demands. Don't pay any attention to what's been said Mr. Shinn, no attention whatever. I can't see that any harm has been done. If I hadn't lived comfortably through it for so long a time I might be inclined to feel that you had sustained injuries. But she doesn't mean any harm by what she says and no harm comes of it unless one so wishes. I am sorry you had your feelings hurt and if there is ever anything I can do for you or your family don't hesitate to call on me. I someway feel I owe you a good turn for the unhappy state of mind that little woman of mine has caused you. Come in again some day," and Mr. Lincoln extended his hand.

There was a moment of hesitation on the part of the stranger. Then the interview ended in a hearty hand shake and a man that had entered the law office of Lincoln and Herndon a sworn enemy of the former left it at least half friendly.

During the recital of the visitor's trouble Mr. Herndon had worked diligently at his table. After the last footfall of the heavy boot was heard at the bottom of the narrow wooden stairs he glanced at his partner who had swung one leg over the arm of his chair and sat in meditation. Then he laughed as he said, "What about it?"

"I'm just wondering," Mr. Lincoln answered, "where we're going to get another hired girl? You don't happen to know anything about the woman that worked for us before the coming of the red-headed, cross-eyed jewel we've lost, do you? She was with us longer than any woman we've ever had and got along better with Mrs. Lincoln. They finally parted but she might be induced to return. I am sure you remember her, the middle-aged woman who came in here one day to get the title of a few acres of land looked into. You attended to it yourself."

"Remember? Yes, she's coming back today or tomorrow."

"Good," said Mr. Lincoln. "I'll have a talk with her."

It was scarcely two hours later while Mr. Lincoln was yet in the office, the woman he wanted to see came in.

"Good-morning, Maria, good-morning," and as was his habit Mr. Lincoln extended his hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lincoln," and the woman's face lit up with pleasure in response to the kindly tone of Mr. Lincoln's voice and his hearty hand shake. "I am glad to see you."

"And I'm glad to see you, Maria. You've happened in just in time to help me out of a difficulty. While we are waiting for Mr. Herndon to come in I'll tell you about it. We need a hired girl at our house."

"I'm not surprised," was Maria's quick answer. "How many have you had since I left three weeks ago?"

"Only one. A good girl she was but stupid. Spilled grease on the stove, broke dishes, left dirt in the corners and such things. A woman as clean and neat in her work as you are, wouldn't expect Mrs. Lincoln to put up with that, would you, Maria?"

"Don't be gettin' ready to ask me to go back to work for Mrs. Lincoln," Maria said divining his intent. "'f she

was like you I'd work for her a hundred years but there's no use in me trying to get along with her any more."

"But you've worked for Mrs. Lincoln longer than anybody we ever had—longer than any two we've ever had."

"Yes sir, and what I put up with in that kitchen of yours is more than any human will ever know except you. Of course being Mrs. Lincoln's husband you *do* know what a body has to put up with."

"Yes—to be sure. And just because I know her so well I'd vote her to be a good woman—a fine woman."

"Mrs. Lincoln *is* a good woman. She's got as good a heart in her as God ever put in a woman and she's the best mother I ever saw. She's smart too, downright smart. But she ain't got no patience, Mr. Lincoln, she ain't got no patience and it does take patience to get along in this world with all its ups and downs."

"Yes, Maria, it does take patience to get along in any degree of peace and Mrs. Lincoln hasn't as much as we wish she had. But you must remember, Maria, she never had any mother to teach her to be patient."

"It's mighty kind of you to make excuses for her but that don't change the fact that she's got a temper that runs away with her."

"But you're not afraid of her are you, Maria? She wouldn't harm a hair of your head."

"It's not that. But who wants to be picked on and fussed at? It makes a body mean to have these high-tempered folks turning their temper on them."

"But you're not mean, Maria. You've lived with Mrs. Lincoln months. You could live with her always and it wouldn't make you mean. Maybe I'm the one you're talking about. I've lived with her longest you know."

"Dear me, Mr. Lincoln! Nothing can ever make you mean. I believe you could live with ten women like Mrs.

Lincoln and be picked on, and fussed at and never say a word back nor even get mad at them."

"Ten women," Mr. Lincoln repeated, the words followed by a hearty laugh. Then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, Maria. You come back and work for us. Mrs. Lincoln will pay you your full wages. On top of that I'll give you half as much again every week to pay you for the strain my wife's childish temper puts your good nature to. What do you say, Maria?"

"You want me to come back, don't you, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Indeed I do."

"Does Mrs. Lincoln?"

"I am sure she would be glad to have you."

"And you will pay me half again as much each week as she does?"

"Yes, but neither she nor anyone else must know I do."

"I'll come."

The prospect of efficient help in his home had an exhilarating effect on Mr. Lincoln and after Mr. Herndon had returned to the office and Maria had gone on her way he told his partner with a chuckle of real enjoyment of the deal he had made.

XVI

The day was sultry. In the afternoon no air seemed stirring. The smell of tar, however, from the paper roof that extended beyond the window back of the Lincoln and Herndon law office, permeated the dingy little room.

At his desk Mr. Lincoln wrote while Mr. Herndon spent his time with a copy of Walt Whitman which had just fallen into his hands and so engaged were they in their work that neither of the men noticed the gradual fading of the sun until a sudden gust of wind scattered the papers on Mr. Lincoln's desk. With a start he looked up and

toward the bit of sky visible from the uncurtained window.

"Billy," he said, "there's a storm brewing. I guess I'd better get home to my wife. She's deathly afraid of a wind storm."

"As I happen to know," Mr. Herndon replied. "I went down and stayed with her half an hour one day and young Rankin another day. I don't know why women are so afraid of storms. But they are—most of them."

"I don't know much about women but there's one little woman I know a good deal about. She actually suffers when alone in a storm."

He had picked up the scattered papers and was straightening them in a pile when a childish voice was heard calling, "Papa—papa." Nearer it came until it was distinctly heard at the bottom of the stairs. "Papa—papa! Mamma says come home! Come home as fast as ever you can."

"It's Willie," Mr. Lincoln said. Then to the little boy who entered the room almost breathless. "I'm coming right this minute. I'll be there ahead of the storm."

It was a race, however. The sky had suddenly grown dark, a low leaden dark. Thunder was heard and flashes of lightning played out of the heavy cloud banks. A brisk wind was sweeping the street, gathering bits of paper that had been thrown out in front of Diller's Drug Store and scraps of refuse around the grocery curbing and rolling the dust before it in jerky, twitching clouds. Telling Willie not to try to keep up with him, Mr. Lincoln made all haste to his home where even before he had reached the front door he heard Mrs. Lincoln calling him and crying with fear.

"Mother!" he shouted as he entered the front door. "Mother, I'm here! Don't be afraid."

At sound of his voice she called back, "Father! Father!

I am afraid this wind will take the top off the house. Don't you feel it shaking?" and she hurried to meet him.

"Shaking—you only think the house is shaking. It's standing as firm as a rock."

"But it *is* shaking. I feel it." Her face was white with fear.

Taking her hands in his Mr. Lincoln found them trembling. "It's not the house that's shaking, mother," he insisted, "it's you. Don't be afraid," and putting his arms around her he drew her close to him and said, "Just keep still. Nobody's going to be killed nor anything blown away."

"You will stay right here? I'll die if I'm left alone."

"I'll never leave you alone, mother. Not when you need me. Don't be afraid."

XVII

Walt Whitman was new in Springfield. Among the first to read his verse was Mr. Herndon and in the Lincoln and Herndon law office a number of animated discussions even ripening into disputes had taken place. Moral or immoral? In which class was the writing of the big nature poet?

Mr. Lincoln had not at first taken part in these discussions, in fact it was because of such a discussion he became interested. Once having started on the verse, with his usual persistency in sticking to what he wished to get to the bottom of, he read unceasingly and borrowed the book that he might give it a second careful reading in his own home.

The sojourn of "Leaves of Grass" in the Lincoln home was not for long, however.

"Father," Mrs. Lincoln said sharply after looking over the volume, "what's this vile book doing here? It's the

most disgraceful stuff I ever saw in print. The man who wrote it has disgraced himself forever."

"More likely he has immortalized himself. That's the way it strikes me."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Issue orders to that effect and perhaps I will be."

"I won't have that book in this house. I'll burn it up."

"It's Billy Herndon's."

"I don't care whose it is. It can't stay under this roof."

"All right, mother—all right. Just as you say."

And the book went back to the office.

Mr. Lincoln's taste in the selection of reading matter was scarcely less objectionable to Mrs. Lincoln than his display of judgment in working on a mechanical device. This was the model of a boat which Mr. Lincoln had patented and which he brought home with him one night.

The making of this boat was the after-thought of a river trip Mr. Lincoln had made some time before in which the boat he traveled on, grounded several times in shallow water. Since the time in his boyhood days when he had floated flat boats on the Sangamon and the Ohio Rivers and had experienced the oft-repeated job of pushing them over the shoals and off sand bars, back in his mind had been the notion that a boat could be made with some kind of a patent appliance that would enable it to lift itself over the shoals.

A mechanic who had a shop near the Lincoln and Herndon law office let Mr. Lincoln use his tools and also gave assistance in making the model of miniature boat described as follows in Mr. Lincoln's application for the patent: "What I claim as my invention and desire to secure by letters patent, is the combination of expansible, buoyant chambers placed at the sides of a vessel with the main shaft or shafts by means of a sliding spar, which pass down through the buoyant chambers and are made

fast to their bottom and the series of ropes and pulleys or their equivalents in such manner that by turning the main shaft or shafts in one direction the buoyant chambers will be forced downwards into the water, and at the same time expanded and filled with air for buoying up the vessel by the displacement of water, and by turning the shafts in the opposite direction the buoyant chambers will be contracted into a small space and secured against injury."

"How does it sound, mother?" Mr. Lincoln said after having read it aloud.

"Sound?" and by the tone of the one short word Mr. Lincoln knew that his enthusiasm was not shared by his wife.

"So far as sound is concerned there is plenty of it and I guess it's all right. But father, let me ask you one question. Why do you want to waste your time and squander your money on a thing like that? It won't work and if it did nobody would buy it. You'd get along a thousand times better if you'd keep your mind on your own business."

"But mother," he protested, "isn't it my business to give to the world a safe labor saving device—a long needed remedy? If it were not for the inventions of mankind there would be no civilization."

"A first-class lawyer can contribute as much to civilization following his profession as a jack-leg can puttering around with bits of board and wire and nails trying to make something he don't know anything about. This thing you call your patent will end so far as we are concerned with as few dollars and as little thanks as your lecture tour did. Do you remember what I told you when you were spending all that time writing up a lecture? I knew then as well as I knew after your career as a lecturer had fizzled out that you were not cut out to entertain

people from the platform. Your looks are not favorable, your voice is no better, and what you had to say was of small importance. I blame Mr. Herndon for the time you spent preparing for the lecture platform. Mr. Herndon reads everything, is interested in everything and makes a pretty good speech. He's no lecturer, however, and I knew you'd never get beyond him. My advice to you, father, is that you stick to your business and let others spend their time and money making patents."

But if Mrs. Lincoln did not approve the boys did. At first sight of the patent model their curiosity and delight knew no bounds. It was not like any boat they had ever seen but the fact that their father had made it, lent it great value. And whether they lounged on their father, crawled over his knees, balanced on the rocker of his chair or in other ways kept in close personal contact, they asked questions until their mother told them to go into the kitchen and stay with Maria until she could get a chance to say something.

This suited Tad and Willie who, after a whispered consultation hurried away without a word.

A few moments later they returned, Willie carrying a tin wash pan filled to the brim with water which, though he walked slowly, splashed over the edges. Tad followed his brother closely, both hands filled with clothes pins.

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Lincoln asked when she caught sight of the boys.

"Thail her, thail her," shouted Tad.

"And we've got lots of men to ride on her. I'm going to push it and Tad's going to hold the men on." As he spoke another water wave broke over the confines of the pan Willie carried and splashed the floor.

"My land!" cried Mrs. Lincoln springing up, "let me have that water. You're spilling it all over the floor."

"It's to sail the boat on," Willie protested as she took it from his hands.

"But this boat will not sail," Mr. Lincoln explained. "It's only the model of a boat that can suck dirt out from under itself so it will not be stranded upon shoals."

Then seeing the look of disappointment on the faces of both little boys he said, "Let's play a while. We haven't had a game together in a long time."

The bright light of anticipated pleasure came back to the two faces of the little boys as Mr. Lincoln took off his shoes and coat and loosened his collar and necktie.

"Horth, horth," Tad yelled with joy as his father dropped on all fours. "Where'th a whip?"

"Here," and without a moment's hesitation Willie caught hold of the dangling end of his father's necktie, jerked it off and handed it to his brother.

"Will it pop?" and Tad snapped the tie at full length a couple of times.

"If you tie it on a clothes pin it will pop," Willie suggested and while he climbed onto his father Tad prepared the whip.

"Giddap! Giddap! Giddap!" shouted Tad flourishing the whip with one hand and slapping and poking the horse in the rear with the other.

The screams of joy and excitement that greeted Mrs. Lincoln's ear as she returned to the sitting-room told her what was going on. With quick eye she took in the scene. The big worn shoes at the edge of the chair Mr. Lincoln had been sitting in, the coat drooping pathetically over the back of the chair she had occupied, the man on all fours, whose long arms and legs raised his body so high that the feet of Willie, who sat astride his back, cleared the floor—she knew the game.

"Buck! Buck!" Willie shouted and when the ungainly horse lowered his head, with its mop of black hair to the

floor, and so suddenly elevated his head as to pitch the rider off, Tad's pleasure was told in howls of excited joy as he jumped up and down and flourished his whip.

"Now it'th my turn. You pop, Willie," and handing his brother the whip Tad climbed onto the horse and the exciting sport began again, the big horse rearing and prancing and bucking and dancing until the furniture shook.

It was during a lull in the wild west proceedings, voices were heard at the door.

"Father," Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed in great concern. "Someone's coming. Sister has guests. Maybe she's bringing them over to call on me. Merciful heavens! What a looking room!"

As Mrs. Lincoln spoke the horse turned into a man and stood upright.

"God!" Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed under her breath as her eye took in the picture he presented. His coarse black hair stood out from his head in a dozen directions; his collar and tie were gone; his shirt was open from the neck to the waist; the great toe of one foot protruded an inch from a hole worn through his sock; one pant leg pushed above his knee and lodged there; his trousers were awry; his suspenders had dropped from one shoulder and hung in a long loop under his arm.

"God," was Mrs. Lincoln's superlative expression. When it was used she was more or less excited.

"God, father, you look like fits. Do something to yourself—and *hurry*, they're at the door. I've got to get my apron off, smooth my hair and get a clean collar on. Willie, pick up the things. Tad, help your brother. Hurry! Goodness *hurry!* Run upstairs with the things you can carry and don't make a noise. Father, you'll have to let them in. They're knocking again. Brush your hair down and fix your suspenders. Tell them I'll be in in a minute."

Kicking one foot to shake the trouser leg down, brushing his hair with one hand and arranging his suspenders with the other, Mr. Lincoln went to the door.

"Howdy, ladies, howdy! Come right in. Glad to see you. Mrs. Lincoln will be in in a minute. Make yourselves at home, ladies, make yourselves at home," and Mr. Lincoln ushered the ladies into the sitting-room.

The sound of tumbling knees, various thumps and bumps, shouts and horse calls from the room above told that the boys had forgotten their mother's orders for silence.

Knowing it would never do for Mrs. Lincoln to be further annoyed by more horse play that evening, two steps at a time, Mr. Lincoln ascended the stairs. After quieting the boys he took a survey of himself.

From his disordered head to the toe which boldly protruded itself in a coarse aggressive manner, his eye followed the lines of his long body covered with garments more or less twisted and dusty from their contact with the floor.

"I don't blame her for getting hopping mad," he said. "If I was as proud of the way things look and as sensitive to criticism as she is and had a husband that looked like this, I'd kill him," and with a broad smile he turned to the bed to act as arbiter in a wordy discussion that had arisen and hear the prayers and last good-nights of the two tired little horsemen.

XVIII

Christmas had come again and in the Lincoln home two little boys were greatly excited. It was not that big brother Robert who had been gone, was coming home to spend the holidays, nor that the turkey strutting around in the back yard was the largest they had ever had, nor

that their father had won a case bringing him a fee that would guarantee their mother a nice present. The exciting event of Christmas was the mysterious coming of Santa Claus sometime in the dead of night when all the world lay sleeping.

Tad's standing desire for a goat found expression a few days before Christmas when he told his mother that he wanted Santa Claus to put a goat in his stocking or tie one under it.

"Santa Claus does not bring goats," Mrs. Lincoln was quick to inform little Tad.

"Why dothen't he?"

"Goats smell bad."

"What for?"

"I don't know but they do, and they eat everything on the place. They are a most obnoxious animal. Just suppose Santa Claus should put a goat in his sleigh. It would have all the presents in his pack eaten up before he got to the first house."

"Thanty could tie hith mouth up couldn't he, Willie?" Tad had asked his brother.

"Yes he could and put pepper on his bad smell."

"I thought you and your brother wanted red top boots," Mrs. Lincoln said. "Fine new boots with shiny plates on the toes. Tall boots that you could wade in the snow with."

"We do. We do," shouted both the boys. "Red boots and red candy and marbles and more red candy."

After the stockings were ready on Christmas eve, Mr. Lincoln filled the stove with wood and shut the dampers so that fire-making in the morning would be easy, for well he knew the tendency toward early rising of small boys on Christmas morning.

It was with shouts as keen as the war whoops of wild

Indians Tad and Willie announced the discovery of the red boots Christmas morning.

"The fires," was Mrs. Lincoln's first thought on being aroused from her morning slumber. "Fix the fires, father. The children are in their night gowns and you know how easy it is for Willie to take cold. What on earth do they want to get up so early for?"

"Merry Christmas," was Mr. Lincoln's answer as he slipped into his trousers and old carpet slippers. "Hear them shout. They're not thinking of the weather. I'll have the room warm in a few minutes."

Hearing the rattle of the stove Mrs. Lincoln felt easy, knowing the children's father would see that they were kept warm.

After several early morning parades around the house with the new red top boots, Tad and Willie invited their father to shoot marbles with them—the new Christmas marbles, some of them with colored centers twisted in streaks like candy.

The game had hardly started on the sitting-room floor when Mrs. Lincoln came in from the kitchen with the exclamation, "Everything's going wrong, father! That turkey is as tough as sole leather. The wood Maria's trying to cook with doesn't seem to have any heat in it. The dressing is going to be soggy and the fowl raw. I wish you'd split up a little dry wood in the woodshed. It won't take long and maybe with some better wood we'll have something to eat before night."

Shooting his last marble Mr. Lincoln arose from his place on the floor and turned his face toward the woodshed. After he had gone the game did not progress so well and it was not long until Tad and Willie were quarreling over a lost marble which each charged the other with having in his bag. The quarrel had just reached the stage of blows when Mrs. Lincoln came in.

"You bad children," she exclaimed, "to be quarreling like this on Christmas day. Give me the marbles. If you can't play nice you can't play at all. Willie, go over there and get into your father's chair. Tad, you get up on the sofa and don't either of you move a peg until I say you may."

Only waiting to see that her order was carried out Mrs. Lincoln returned to the kitchen. In the front room the boys kept their places until their father returned.

On entering the sitting-room Mr. Lincoln found two tear-stained little boys sitting on opposite sides of the room still snubbing because of the temporary loss of their Christmas marbles.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Willie got my marble, my prettieth marble with the red and blue middle."

"I didn't," protested Willie.

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You tell lieth."

"I don't tell lies, do I papa?"

"I'd hate to think my little boy tells lies. What makes you say so, Tadpole?"

"He got my marble," was the quick response.

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"You tell lieth."

A moment Mr. Lincoln looked from one to the other of the children sitting captive according to their mother's command, weeping tears and hurling base insinuations at each other across the room. Then he broke into a hearty laugh.

"Where are your marbles?" he asked.

"Mamma took them," Willie promptly replied.

"Yeth, took them," Tad echoed.

"What did she do with them?"

"They're on the table."

"All right, we'll see about this matter," and taking the two little bags Mr. Lincoln poured the marbles from each keeping them in two separate piles. Then he counted.

"See, Tadpole, here's your pile and this is your brother's. One of your marbles is gone."

"Yeth," and Tad's voice was still unsteady because of the grief of his loss and punishment. "Yeth, one ith gone. It wath blue and red in the middle. He got it."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"Wait! Wait! Hold on a minute! Nothing was ever gained by disputing. Your blue and red marble is not in Willie's pile, little Tadpole. There's not one more here than he had. Yours must have rolled under something. Let's see," and suiting the action to the words Mr. Lincoln dropped on his hands and knees and began a search for the lost marble, his movements followed by the eyes of both children.

"Ah!" he exclaimed reaching his long arm under the sofa on which Tad sat. "Here it is. Here's the lost marble," and drawing it out he dropped it into the extended hand of little Tad. "You see your brother didn't get the marble. You must always remember not to charge anybody with any kind of an offense unless you are sure he did it. Now aren't you sorry all this happened on Christmas day?"

"Yeth," answered Tad demurely, "I'm thorry I thaid Willie tellth lieth."

"And you, Willie?"

"I'm sorry too. Just as sorry as Tad is."

"All right then. Let's try another game of marbles."

"Mamma said for us not to move a peg until she told us to. Didn't she, Tad?"

"Yeth."

"Mother," called Mr. Lincoln stepping to the door between the rooms, "the boys have been sitting still long enough. Their differences are patched up. I've told them they can play again. Come on, boys."

In the sitting-room where Mr. Lincoln and the boys rolled marbles harmony prevailed. But in the kitchen everything seemed to be going wrong, so wrong that even the shouts of the two little boys added to Mrs. Lincoln's nervous anxiety lest the turkey which refused to cook should not be done for dinner.

"I never saw anything like it," she exclaimed coming into the sitting-room. "That turkey just will *not* cook and if there is anything on earth disgusting it is raw game. I've stood over that stove poking in wood and opened that oven door to prod that turkey until my head is buzzing round and round like a top. The noise these boys make is horrid. I wish they could play at something quiet for a few minutes."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Lincoln. "I'll take the boys down to the office for a while. That'll give your head a chance to quiet down. Get your caps and coats, boys. Both of you can pile on the sled and I'll run so fast you'll think you are driving a race horse."

"I don't want to go on the sled," said Willie promptly. "I want to wear my boots and make a row of tracks from our house clear down to the office—one long, long row of tracks, don't you, Tad?"

"Yeth."

"All right," answered Mr. Lincoln, "that suits me."

"I don't believe they can get through the snow," said Mrs. Lincoln. "It's pretty deep in some places."

"There's always my shoulder you know, mother, when

the little fellows can't walk. The weight of them has always rested easy on it. We'll get to the office all right."

"Willie has a cold you know."

"There's lots of kindling in the box behind the stove and plenty of wood. We'll have it warm as toast there in a very few minutes. Where's my big shawl?"

"Just where it belongs, father. Did you ever think of looking in the right place for it?"

Ready to go, first one and then the other of the two small boys held his face to his mother. After pulling the caps down close over their ears and turning their collars up she kissed each rosy cheeked, eager face and after they had gone watched them as guided through the snow by their tall, kind father wrapped in the plaid shawl so familiar on the streets of Springfield, they made tracks with their new red top boots.

XIX

As Mr. Lincoln had said it was but a short time until the little office was toasting warm. In the comfort of the heat and with the children happy near him he stretched out on the old flat sofa where he lay half asleep as the boys pulled down the books from the shelves, and used them to build walls and houses and bent the points of pens sticking them into the bare floor to make rows of soldiers. That a few pencils were imprisoned in the spittoon, a few law papers scattered over the floor and an inkstand overturned seemed to cause the father of these children no special concern. So long as they had a good time in a good natured way he was satisfied, even though it took some time to straighten up the office before leaving it to go home to the Christmas dinner.

In the early dusk of a short winter day Mrs. Lincoln

noticed that Willie's cold seemed to be worse. And while it was yet early in the evening she became fearful lest he would develop something serious as a result of it. In mortal fear of croup which had several times attacked him, she set out the remedies she used and before she put him to bed he was greased and toasted and wrapped in warm flannels in the hope that once asleep the dreaded symptoms would disappear.

Worn out by the strain of a hard day Mrs. Lincoln went to sleep to be awakened sometime shortly before midnight by that sharp, rasping cough that is a danger signal to every mother who has ever had experience with croup.

With a face turned white she bent over the child to find him struggling for breath.

"Father, father!" she screamed. "Willie's choking to death."

The next instant Mr. Lincoln was beside her, his face also showing the mark of a great fear as he bent over the fair child struggling for breath.

After administering several remedies without apparent effect Mr. Lincoln said, "Where is the ipecac?"

"Poor little fellow! It's awful to see him so sick."

"Get the ipecac. We'll have him easy in a few minutes. I'll take care of him, mother."

"But he's choking, father, the child's *choking to death!*"

"Can you hold that spoon steady enough to get that ipecac in it?" was his reply. "He's not going to choke."

Mrs. Lincoln glanced at her husband's face. There was a quietness and finality about the way he spoke that made her think it was not possible for anything to happen that Mr. Lincoln said should not happen, even though in his face she saw the keen anxiety she felt, the parental fear that was clutching her own heart. Steadying her hand she poured the ipecac into the spoon.

"Have it ready," Mr. Lincoln said, "so that when I raise him I can put it in his mouth before he takes another strangling spell."

The emetic was administered with expected results and in a very few moments the little boy, weak and moist after his struggles, was breathing easy.

"Mother," said Mr. Lincoln in a low voice as he brushed the soft hair back from the child's forehead, "we have the boy. This is our best Christmas present. He's sleeping quietly now. He'll be all right in the morning."

Tears filled Mrs. Lincoln's eyes—tears that pushed their way down onto her cheeks as she said, "Isn't he the sweetest, most precious child that ever lived? My darling Willie! Truly it is the best of all Christmas gifts that he is ours. How I thank God that he has escaped this danger."

There was a moment of silence as the father and the mother stood looking on the sweet face on the pillow. Then Mr. Lincoln said in a voice not altogether steady, "Go to bed now, mother. You've had a hard day of it. I'll watch the boy. You need not be afraid to go to sleep."

"Not if you are here watching, father."

A moment they stood together. Then laying his hands gently on her shoulders Mr. Lincoln turned his wife toward the door. "Go on, mother. Everything is all right."

Softly and slowly she moved across the room. In the door she looked back.

Mr. Lincoln was kneeling beside the bed. Willie had turned on the pillow so that his face was toward his father. One of the large hands was folded around the two small ones, the fingers of the other lay lightly against the soft, damp hair. Was his attitude one of rest from the strain of the great fear? Was he studying the sweet face on the pillow? Or was he praying?

Feeling only that he was safe in the care of his father, Mrs. Lincoln went to her rest.

XX

Winter had given place to spring and the green of the commons around Springfield had spread itself until the line that divided the country from the town could be told only by some line of fence or sidewalk.

On a day when Miss Betty Bradley found the soil in her little garden patch soft enough to prepare for early radishes and onions, little Tad Lincoln decided after so long a time to pay her a visit. This time he was to take with him his brother to whom he had told wonderful stories of the big-little boy who could make baskets out of peach stones, who had whiskers like a splendid big goat, and who was going to heaven when he died because he read out of the Good Book and never forgot to say his prayers.

With their faces washed and their hair smoothly brushed the two little Lincoln boys set out, Tad who felt his importance because of two previous visits at the Bradley cottage, leading the way by a few steps.

When they arrived at the little home they found the front gate closed. This was not unexpected and after some energetic tugging at the long wooden latch which held it on the inside, they found themselves in the pathway leading to the house. The front door being closed they knocked, first one and then the other. Then they both tried knocking together but there was no answer from within save the echo of the hands against the door. Stretching himself to his highest on his toes Tad grasped the knob. His effort was rewarded by its turning. The door swung softly as if it had been opened by unseen hands. The two children walked in and closed the door.

Tad's first glance was toward the big oak chair in the window where the rose geranium grew. The plant was there lacy and green as ever on its end of the painted green table. Beside it on a clean white towel was the Good Book which little Tad had heard read at the time of his last visit. On the window sill just as they had been before were the spectacles and a glass of water but the chair was empty.

"Tim'th gone," said little Tad somewhat mystified as his eyes looked from the spectacles and the glass of water to the vacant chair.

"Where's Tim gone?" was Willie's question.

"He'th gone somewhere. Maybe he got well and ith out to play."

Willie made no answer to this speculation. There was something about the stillness of the room that affected both children—a stillness broken only by the measured ticking of the old time clock on the shelf just over their heads. After several moments of silence during which they had gazed curiously about the room, their eyes always going back to the vacant chair, they looked up at the clock, the shining brass pendulum of which could be seen through the glass door as it took its measured way back and forth—back and forth.

"He got well, Tim did. He'th gone out to play. Mith Rathberry hath gone too."

"Will they come back pretty soon?" asked Willie. "I want to see him make a basket out of a peach stone or a whistle out of a stick. Can he do it?"

"Yeth, Tim can make anything."

"Is that the knife he makes things with?" and Willie pointed toward the chair.

"Where—where?"

"Don't you see—on the big wide arm next to the window is a knife and a stick."

Stepping to the chair Tad saw that his brother was right. There lay the knife and a small piece of pine fashioned into something of uncertain shape.

"What ith it?" Tad questioned as he took up the unfinished work and turned it slowly around. "A bird maybe —a horth maybe. Let's play Tim till he com'th back. I'll be Tim and you can be Tad—Tadpole Lincoln—and you've come to see me."

The next moment little Tad was seated in the vacant chair. The spectacles were adjusted to his nose, his small legs hung over the cushioned stool on which the swollen feet of the old man had so long rested.

He had taken up the knife and was just about to begin work on a horse for his visitor, Tad Lincoln, when action was paralyzed by the sound of a sharp voice calling over the back of the chair almost in his ear, "What are you doing here in Miss Betty Bradley's house—here in her dead father's chair with her dead father's glasses sticking on your impudent little nose and her dead father's knife in your mischievous hands? Just you wait until Miss Betty Bradley finds what you're doing!"

It was Miss Almyra Spear. Unobserved by the boys she had entered the room.

At sight of her the blue eyes of Willie took on a look of fear and he drew back against the big chair in which his brother sat. Once before he had seen her. At that time she had so inspired him with fear he had fled at breakneck speed not feeling safe until he heard the front gate of his own yard shut behind him.

Tad, however, was not so frightened. She had told him before what he might expect of Miss Betty Bradley and had been mistaken in her pronouncement.

"Don't be afraid Willie, thith ithn't her houth. Thith ith Mith Rathberry'th houth. Mith Rathberry ith thweet."

Having somewhat stayed the fear of his brother little Tad turned his attention to the news announced by Miss Alymra.

"Ith Tim dead?" he asked, his clear dark eyes steadily meeting the unfriendly gaze of hers.

"Tim? Who are you talking about?"

"Tim—thith ith hith chair. Tim ith Mith Rathberry'th big-little boy."

"Heavens above!" exclaimed Miss Alymra Spear "what are you talking about?"

"You know Mith Rathberry. You know Tim."

"If you're talking about Mr. Timothy Bradley the father of Miss Betty Bradley, I do know him or did, he's dead now—good and dead—and buried under the dirt."

"He ith?" and there was pained surprise in both the face and the voice of the child.

"Yes he 'ith.' He's dead and Miss Betty Bradley has kept everything just exactly as he left it—his spectacles, his glass of water, his knife, his chair, everything just as he left it. She doesn't allow anything to touch them. She doesn't even let the cat lie in his chair and here you come along and do what you've done. Don't you know where bad little boys go to?"

"Tim ith dead, Willie," Tad said to his brother ignoring the question put to him.

"I say," repeated Miss Spear, "don't you know what gets bad little boys like you?"

"What?"

"The devil," was her prompt reply.

"The devil? What'th that?"

"Sakes alive! Don't you know who the devil is? You must be an awful heathen."

"What ith a heathen?"

"A heathen," was the prompt reply, "is a person that never goes to church and don't know about the devil and

where he takes bad people to. Hasn't your father ever told you about the devil? He surely has."

"Devil—devil," Tad repeated, a puzzled expression coming on his face. "Did papa-day ever tell uth about the devil?" he asked his brother.

"No," Willie replied shaking his head slowly, his blue eyes fastened on the face of Miss Almyra.

" 'Papa-day'—what do you call him that for?"

"Because he *ith* my papa-day."

"That's no reason. What does he call your father 'papa-day' for?" the question addressed to Willie.

"Because I call him papa and he calls him papa-day. We don't both call him just alike."

"I've known families of fifteen children and every one called their father by the same name but I suppose if there were fifteen of you Lincolns you'd each one have a different name for your father. So your 'papa-day' never told you anything about the devil. Sure sign he's got no more religion than some folks say."

"Ith the devil a man?"

"Man—no he's a—a—something with a long tail and horns. He slips around in the dark after folks and gets them when they are bad and takes them away with him."

"Tail? Hornth? Ith the devil a cow—a mean old cow?"

"Cow? Are you a half wit?"

XXI

Returning to her house from her garden work Miss Betty Bradley was surprised to hear the voice of her neighbor talking at rather a high pitch. Who could she be talking to? Crossing her kitchen without noise she stopped at the sitting-room door which was partly ajar and looked into the room.

Her first sensation at the sight she saw was one of

indignation for the empty chair that had come in a few weeks to mean almost as much to her as a sacred shrine, was occupied by a diminutive figure wearing a pair of spectacles so much too large the fartherest tip of the childish nose scarce kept them from falling off. Leaning against the occupant of the chair was a second child with eyes as blue as the patch of spring sky that shone through the bit of uncurtained window over the rose geranium, eyes turned in an unbroken gaze on Miss Almyra Spear who frowned down on them.

When, however, Miss Betty had heard a few sentences of the conversation and had watched the changing expression of fear and amazement that came over the two childish faces as Miss Miry made them acquainted with the devil, his mission and the place prepared for such bad people as were captured by him, the indignation that had involuntarily come at the supposed lack of reverence for something sacred to her was transferred by Miss Betty from the occupant of the chair to the stern woman beside it. Her face wore its customary kindly smile as she entered the room.

"Mith Rathberry!" little Tad who saw her first shouted in great joy. "Mith Rathberry! I came to visit Tim. I brought my brother. He ith Willie. Where ith Tim? Ith he well and gone to play?"

Replacing the spectacles in their accustomed place, Miss Betty kissed the eager smiling little face.

"Kith my brother too," he said. "I told him you are thweet. Thith ith Mith Rathberry. Mith Rathberry don't talk nathty like her," and the forefinger of a chubby hand pointed in the direction of Miss Betty's guest.

"You haven't been here in a long time," Miss Betty said to little Tad, "and your brother, this is his first visit."

"Yeth. We couldn't come. Willie had the croup a lot and I had a boil."

"You had a boil?"

"Yeth. Where I thet down on."

"Horrors!" exclaimed Miss Spear. "Isn't he the vilest little human you ever saw? Say, Tad Lincoln, haven't you any better manners than to use such language in the presence of a lady? Don't you know anything?"

"Yeth, I know where the boil wath."

"And you're just dying to tell—to use even more indecent language than you have already used. But I'm not surprised. What more could be expected from a child with a father who has no more religion than yours has and a mother almost too stuck-up to breathe and with a temper like torment. I'm going home, Betty. After these boys have gone away I'll be back."

Nobody spoke until Miss Almyra had been heard to step from the porch.

"Did that lady live next door to the devil one time?" Willie asked turning his blue eyes in honest inquiry to Miss Betty.

"Why?" she asked in surprise.

"She seems to know him awful well."

A smile lighted Miss Betty's face but only for a moment. With the next question from Tad it went away.

"Ith Tim well? Hath he gone away to play?"

"Yes, my dear, he is well, very well."

With the words she dropped into the low rocking chair where she sat when she read the Good Book to her father and burst into tears. So unexpected was this from Miss Betty who always smiled, little Tad looked on for the moment in bewilderment. Then going to her he put his hand on the back of her neck, moved it slowly and softly to her cheek and resting it there said, "What do you feel bad about if he'th well."

"He's gone away and I am lonesome—so lonesome."

"Where ith he?"

"He's in heaven, little Tad, in heaven."

"Where hith feet won't hurt any more? Nor tearth won't run out hith eyes into hith whithkerth? Hath God wiped hith tearth away like you read in the Book?"

"Yes, my child, God has wiped all tears from his eyes and he will know no more pain nor sorrow. That is the precious promise and it's true."

"Do they have hankerchies in heaven?"

Miss Betty wiped her eyes and looked at Willie who had asked the question.

"What does God wipe tears away with, hankerchies?"

"I had not thought about that," she said.

The hand that lay against Miss Betty's cheek had been patting it softly and now she felt an arm reach around her neck. "Don't cry any more, Mith Rathberry," Tad said in a consoling voice. "Tim'th gone but I'm left. I'll let you read to me out of the Good Book. I'm thorry when you cry becauth I love you. You're thweet," and she felt the pressure of the arm around her neck and the warm little hand against her cheek in sympathetic touch.

"God bless your dear little heart!" she exclaimed catching his face between her two hands. "God love you and keep you. You're a regular little comforter and your brother—come Willie, close to me. I do not know you so well but your eyes make me think some way of the angels the Good Book tells us of. Let me kiss you too."

"I think you're just as sweet as Tad does," Willie declared after Miss Betty had kissed them, showed them Tabby's new kittens, and given them a sugar cookie to eat on their way home.

"I'm going to be good, awful, awful good," Tad declared as he licked the sugar from the top of his cake,

"just the goodeth boy ever wath tho I can go to heaven where Tim'th gone."

XXII

When the boys reached home they found dinner almost ready to put on the table.

"Tad," Mrs. Lincoln said, "I believe you can run faster than Willie. Run down to Judge Treat's office and tell your papa to come right straight home to dinner. I think he's there playing chess and unless somebody tells him it is dinnertime he won't know his stomach is empty until the game is over if it's tomorrow morning. Hurry up, now, run."

Following instructions Tad ran to find his father as his mother had expected deep in a game of chess with Judge Treat.

"Papa-day," he began shouting as soon as he caught sight of his father. "Dinner ith ready. Come thith minute, mamma thaid tho."

"All right, Tadpole! All right," Mr. Lincoln replied heartily. "Tell mamma I'll be there. Run on, tell her, I'm coming."

Back home Tad ran with his father's message.

But no Mr. Lincoln came. Mrs. Lincoln watched, Willie watched, little Tad watched for the tall figure.

"The potatoes are getting cold," Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed after her last look down the street, "and if there is anything disgusting on earth to bring on a table it is a cold potato. And the meat, we had as well eat chips, chips from the wood pile, as to try to eat that meat if he doesn't come. Tad, go back to Judge Treat's office and *make* your father come home to dinner. Go on now, and don't you come home without him."

Away the little boy ran again, covering the short distance between his home and the office of his father's friend in a few minutes.

"Papa-day!" he shouted as before. "Dinner ith getting cold. Come home," and entering the room like a wild Indian he rushed to the chessboard and with one swift kick on its under side shot the game into the air.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln from beneath a shower of chessmen, "I guess we'll have to finish this game some other time, Judge." When he and Tad had hurriedly gathered up the chessmen he said, "Come on, Tadpole, I'm ready to go," and taking the hand of his excited little son he set out at a rapid pace facing home.

"Good God!" Judge Treat muttered under his breath as he rubbed his bald head where a castle and a pawn in their swift descent had roughly grazed it. "If I had a boy like that he'd never kick but *one* chessboard over."

XXIII

Political sagacity like the talent for art or music, is a rare gift. Mrs. Lincoln seemed to possess it and there was no better location for the development of political insight than in Springfield during the few years prior to the Civil War, for here were politicians of no mean ability developing strength for a successful entry into the field of national politics.

Whether it was prophetic far-vision or whether the consideration of her personal desires had to do with it is uncertain, at any rate it was Mrs. Lincoln who kept Mr. Lincoln from accepting the governorship of Oregon which was offered to him by President Fillmore. It was urged by influential friends of Mr. Lincoln that Oregon would soon be a state and that he would be one of its

senators. Mr. Lincoln was inclined to accept the offer but Mrs. Lincoln said, "No, the offer has its good features but it will not work out to your best advantage, father."

If her dislike for life in the far west had anything to do with shaping this decision it could have had nothing to do with the part she took in keeping her husband from being a candidate for election to the House of Representatives of the Illinois legislature. Seeing his name in the Springfield Journal she went at once to the office of the editor and ordered Mr. Lincoln's name out of the list of candidates. When Mr. Lincoln returned to Springfield he was set upon by friends who insisted that he allow his name to be used. Mrs. Lincoln held firm to her opinion that his political future would not be advanced by such an act and he finally acceded to her wishes.

During the Lincoln-Douglas debates in which Mrs. Lincoln took the keenest interest, she stayed home, practised the strictest economy, looked after business and in every way she could helped her husband who financially poor, personally plain and comparatively unknown, dared to cross swords with one of the most brilliant men of his time, a man financially comfortable, personally elegant and popular throughout the land.

It was over a year and a half after the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates that Mr. Lincoln delivered his great address in New York at Cooper Union. Most of the people of Springfield were loyal friends of Mr. Lincoln and news that for some reason or other he had been invited to speak in New York, occasioned wide surprise as well as pleasure. That Mr. Lincoln, of so obscure a place as the little town of Springfield, should be invited to deliver an address before a cultured and critical audience in the greatest of American cities was indeed an extraordinary happening.

"Father," said Mrs. Lincoln, whose joy was unbounded, "you'll have to have a new suit of clothes for the occasion. Those people out east think we people here in the west are heathen, almost savages by some of the things their papers say. You will not get it here in Springfield of course. Wait until you get to New York and for once in your life fix yourself up so you will look like something."

Eagerly Mrs. Lincoln watched the papers for notices commenting on her husband's Cooper Union speech. With the first that came to her hands she went to her sister, Mrs. Edwards.

"Listen!" she exclaimed her face so radiant with joy even her dimples seemed to emit gladness. "Listen! 'No man ever before made such an impression on his first appeal to a New York audience.' And here's another, 'For the first half hour his opponents would agree with every word he uttered and from that part he began to lead them off cunningly, little by little, till he seems to have gotten them all into his fold. He displays shrewdness, more knowledge of the masses of mankind than any other public speaker we've had since long Jim Wilson left for California.' And I have others, Lizzie, as wonderful, and about *my own husband.*"

"Proud of him are you, Mary?" Mrs. Edwards asked smiling at her sister's glad enthusiasm.

"Proud? I'm so puffed up I'm about to burst."

"Don't burst—not until you see this notice in the Register. Here it is," and Mrs. Edwards read, "'The Honorable Abraham Lincoln departs today for Brooklyn under an engagement to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Association in that city in Beecher's church. Subject, not known. Consideration, two hundred dollars and expenses. Object, presidential capital. Effect, disappointment.'"

"That?" and a frown clouded Mrs. Lincoln's face. "What more can you expect of his enemies. That doesn't count. Sometimes it seems the stage is really being set for something big, something awfully big. This is not the first time my husband's name has been mentioned in connection with the presidency, nor is disappointment always predicted should he be a candidate. The nominating convention of the Republican party will be held in May. Between now and then who knows what may happen?"

The first public action taken by the people of Springfield to bring their fellow citizen, Mr. Lincoln, into the limelight as a presidential possibility, took place in April before the May convention. In a convention of his home county the following resolution was adopted. "Resolved that our distinguished fellow citizen, the tall pioneer of Sangamon County, Abraham Lincoln, is our first choice for president of the United States and that we deem ourselves honored to be permitted to testify our personal knowledge in everyday life as friends and neighbors, of his inestimable worth as a private citizen, his faithful and able discharge of every public trust committed to his care and the extraordinary natural gifts and brilliant attainments which have not only made his name a household word in the Prairie State, but also make him the proud peer of the ablest jurist, the wisest statesman and the most eloquent orators in the Union."

When Mrs. Lincoln heard Mr. Lincoln's reply to this appreciation of his fellow citizens she took him to task. "I must in candor say I do not think myself fit for the presidency," he had said.

"Father," she exclaimed impatiently, "what in the world do you say such a thing as that for? What's the use? If any man that ever lived on God's earth is fit to be president of the United States, *fit every way*, you're

that man and don't you get yourself worked up into the notion that you are not. I've lived with you long enough to know you, know you better than even your best friends do."

Mr. Lincoln laughed good naturedly. "At least," he said, "it's nice for a man to know his friends and his wife have confidence in him."

XXIV

As THE days passed leading to the eventful nominating convention of 1860, interest in Mr. Lincoln's political future grew until his followers in Springfield were in a fever of eager anticipation. Mrs. Lincoln's interest in the political situation amounted to anxiety. Daily she conferred with her sister, Mrs. Edwards, and sometimes with all three of her sisters the three husbands of whom were influential men in the community and in close touch with political conditions.

From down in the country where he had spent his young manhood there was brought to Springfield by an early-day friend of Mr. Lincoln's a couple of rails which were used for the standards of a banner which announced to the world that Abe Lincoln the honest rail splitter was to be the next president of the United States. Mrs. Lincoln to whom Mr. Lincoln's early day history was always a source of more or less irritation would not have been pleased at this and other references to his obscure and poverty-cursed past, had it not been that they were as torches set to vast fields of political stubble ready to burst into the fire of enthusiasm.

By the time the delegation going to the Chicago convention to present the name of Lincoln for president was ready to leave Springfield, their enthusiasm knew no

bounds, and no personal interest Mrs. Lincoln could have had in her husband was keener than the interest with which the majority of the people of Springfield waited for news from the nominating convention.

Mr. Lincoln was one of those who waited in Springfield for the news. Apparently calm and unexcited he walked around the familiar Court House Square a number of times during the forenoon stopping now and then to pitch a ball for a group of youngsters playing in the street. Several times he went to the telegraph office. A couple of times he went home to tell Mrs. Lincoln that as yet there was no news, to return again to the square on some errand for his wife or perhaps spend a few moments in the drug store looking over the papers.

It was shortly after noon when over the wires a three word message came addressed to Mr. Lincoln.

"You are nominated."

The arrival of the news was announced in a mighty shout from the group who had been haunting the telegraph office. On the street below Mr. Lincoln heard the shout, and scarce a minute later knew what it meant as a boy came through the crowd screaming, "Mr. Lincoln! Mr. Lincoln! You're nominated!" On all sides the cry was taken up and as if a quaking of the earth had scattered them out, people came from every direction, laughing and crying and shaking his hand when they could get hold of it.

For a few moments Mr. Lincoln stood in the center of the shouting, moving mass, quiet and smiling as if the full meaning of the words had not yet penetrated his consciousness. When they had, he said, "Thank you, my friends, thank you for your kind words but there's a little woman down on Eighth Street waiting for some news. Excuse me until I tell her."

Amidst the cheers of those around who opened to make a passage way for him, Mr. Lincoln, telegram in hand, took long strides toward the "little woman" whose joy was to be unbounded at the wonderful news.

It was not until afterwards that Mr. Lincoln heard in detail of the unsurpassed scene following his nomination at the Chicago convention, a scene unparalleled in all the range of mass human expression of wild and triumphant joy. For unbroken hours whistles and bells vied with each other in sending out news of some unprecedented happening while minute guns boomed unremittingly and the unwearied shouting of vast throngs like the roar of wave upon wave, billowed and thundered.

In Springfield, arrangements had been made, if Mr. Lincoln were nominated, to fire a salute of one hundred guns and ring all the bells in town from five o'clock until sun down which was done, and in the evening a brass band played music in front of the Lincoln home while the crowd called with mighty cheers for Mr. Lincoln to come out.

For a few moments after his tall form emerged from the doorway the shouting and cheers continued unabated. Then they listened to his words—the first speech of the first man ever nominated for the presidency from the west.

With his usual warmth and hospitality he told the throngs that filled his yards and overflowed the streets that he would like to invite every one of them into his home if it were large enough and when voices called back, "We're going to put you in a big house, Abe," the crowd took up the words and the cheering was renewed.

Throughout the night thousands of "Wide Awakes" carrying torches marched the streets of Springfield singing campaign songs and shouting while over the state of

Illinois blazing tar barrels kept the sky red and miles of fences were burned to give expression to the frenzied joy of Mr. Lincoln's nomination.

XXV

The coming of the delegation which was to officially notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination for the presidency of the United States was the signal for another terrific outpouring of enthusiasm in the little town of Springfield which was overflowing with visitors from the surrounding country. A distinguished party it was, made up largely of men from the east who never set eyes on Mr. Lincoln until they saw him that evening in his own modest home on Eighth Street.

Fearful were some of these gentlemen lest a disastrous mistake had been made in selecting this unknown Westerner to be the standard bearer for a new-born political party. With keen eyes and critical he was studied by finished politicans.

His unusual height, his ungainly hands and feet, his loosely knit frame and stooping shoulders suggested close kinship with some rugged powerful, primitive creature, some creature of impenetrable loneliness. Nor was the impression dispelled by the deep-lined, cast-down, bronze face half framed by the mop of coarse dark hair that had fallen out of place about it nor the eyes that seemed dull with the heaviness of some mysterious pathos.

But with the end of the notification speech such a change came over the strange silent man as thrilled the watching politicians. Into the eyes there flashed the vital fire of startling sagacity while the bronzed face was illumined by the light of fine intelligence and the homely body seemed to radiate such kindliness and sympathy and

understanding as suggested close kinship with some being vastly more than human.

It had been decided by this distinguished body that no ladies would be invited to the notification ceremony to take place at the Lincoln home, that even the presence of Mrs. Lincoln was not expected nor desired. Mrs. Lincoln, however, had no idea of being absent on this great occasion of her life and when the committee arrived at the Lincoln home they found the wife of the nominee beautifully attired ready to welcome them with every courtesy and grace.

Knowing Mr. Lincoln's strictly temperate habits some of his friends not wishing to offend the distinguished gentlemen of the nominating party suggested it might be well for him to offer them wine. Mr. Lincoln could not see the consistency in offering to guests something he would not himself partake of. Water was, therefore, the beverage and seemed greatly appreciated. That this appreciation was genuine he understood when he afterward learned that they had come to his home from a sumptuous banquet at which everything in the drinking line had been offered and freely partaken of with the exception of water.

XXVI

Between the time of Mr. Lincoln's nomination for the presidency and the election day in November, Springfield never saw a quiet day nor did the Lincoln home know a quiet hour.

At one time seventy thousand Westerners thronged the town. From over far hills and across wide prairies they had come in wagons, on horses and on foot, old men and young until the line reached eight miles and took hours

to pass the Lincoln home where "Honest Abe" returned the cheers shouted to him.

In the north and east as well as in the West, campaign excitement ran high. The Chicago Zouaves went from city to city at the head of immense processions while "Wide Awakes" robed in white and carrying torches were nightly to be seen and heard as they sang to the tune of Star Spangled Banner a campaign favorite with the lines

"Hurrah for old Abe, honest Abe of the west!"

Campaign badges and pennants were unique in their designs, some picturing a pioneer youth flat boating and others a pioneer rail splitter. The rail splitting feature was most popular and clubs and organizations everywhere were sending to Illinois for rails "genuine Abe Lincoln rails" to be used in the campaign.

As if on swift wings the feverish days passed bringing the November election.

Springfield was ready to double and twice double her celebration of Mr. Lincoln's nomination should her standard bearer be elected to the chief office of the Nation, and Springfield women as well as Springfield men were waiting news on election day.

By the ladies a feast had been prepared for prominent politicians to which Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were invited.

They had not long been in the hall before the first big news came by wire making announcement that New York had gone for Abraham Lincoln.

This news was followed by such a roar of cheers as all but split the throat of Springfield and when a later wire came bringing news that Pennsylvania had gone seventy thousand for Abraham Lincoln and other figures gave him the election, pandemonium broke loose and Springfield danced and shouted and screamed and paraded until the scene became one of such wild excitement Mr.

and Mrs. Lincoln slipped away to the quiet of their home.

When the first hours of the fan-fare were over and the night was far spent, Mrs. Lincoln went to bed and soon fell asleep. But for Mr. Lincoln sleep was not easy. Springfield was staying awake until morning with cannon roaring and the shouting and singing and yelling of groups of men on every street corner.

Turning from an upper window from which he had been watching a fresh outflaming of red lights, Mr. Lincoln went to the bed where on two pillows two small heads rested easily.

A smile lit his face which in the dim light seemed unusually serious for one of the heads was tightly encased in a campaign cap with a peak which stuck up like a bill of a duck.

"Poor little Tadpole," Mr. Lincoln said trying to slip his finger under the edge of the head covering. "Your ears will be cut off by morning."

But Tad had no disposition to be robbed of his treasure even though asleep and at first touch of his father's hand his small fist struck out blindly in every direction; meantime he muttered warnings and threats.

After leaving the bedside Mr. Lincoln walked the floor with measured steps for a few moments and then crossed the hall. Here Mrs. Lincoln slept and beside her bed he also paused a moment to look upon the face of the sleeper —a face reflecting in dreams a happy measure of joy from the fullness of a cup running over.

"Poor Mary!" he said softly. "How little she knows what this means."

As he took his walk again a troubled expression overcast his face an expression he was not able to walk off. Just before daybreak he stretched himself across the foot of the boys' bed for a brief time of rest before the duties

of his first day as president-elect of a nation in the first pangs of an irrepressible conflict.

XXVII

"'Lincoln's Mary and the babies' are going to Washington by the uproar in Springfield last night. Did you ever hear such a disgraceful row in all your life? Land of Liberty! The town has lost its senses!" and Miss Almyra Spear settled herself the morning after election by Miss Betty Bradley's kitchen table to voice a few opinions while her neighbor kneaded bread.

"Wasn't it splendid?" Miss Betty replied with a shining face. "I haven't shouted since I came to Springfield, haven't felt like it since we moved here. But last night all the old shouting joy of camp-meeting days came pouring back and I wanted to get out and yell 'Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!' as hundreds of men and women were doing."

"Do tell! I can't understand what's got into you and the rest of Springfield—that is most of it."

"Can't understand? How strange when the West has never had a president and now the West has one, the State of Illinois gives the Nation a president, even the town of Springfield. It seems to me your bosom should be bursting with pride and joy."

"My bosom's willing to do its part and I'm proud enough that Springfield is going to send a president to those stuck-up folks out east who think we here in Illinois are wild westerners. But *why* Betty Bradley did they have to pick on Abraham Lincoln? Why couldn't they have picked somebody else for the president of the United States? Will you tell me this?"

"What a funny question. The reason Abraham Lincoln was picked was because he is the only man in Spring-

field big enough to be elected—the biggest man in Illinois."

"And the homeliest. And the untidiest dressed. And he don't know any Greek or Latin like most men do that's presidents. And who knows anything about his grandparents? For all these folks around here know there might be something crooked in their past same as there is in Mollie Saunders' family. Besides, Betty Bradley, and you know it, he hasn't a grain of religion and I heard some men reading out of a paper at the store no more than a week ago that Abraham Lincoln's election means Civil War, Betty Bradley, *Civil War!* Has any man a right to bring Civil War on a country? Can't you see that if Abraham Lincoln brings Civil War it's the curse of God because he's got no religion?"

"Religion? Who has a right to say whether Mr. Lincoln has religion? What is religion anyway, Miry? Surely something beside going to church regular."

"If you don't know what religion is the preachers in Springfield do, and not one of them thought Abraham Lincoln fit to be president. I heard their names called off in the store—not one believes he has any religion and not only have they voted against him but they have prayed against him."

Betty Bradley was thoughtful a moment. Then she said, "I did hear the ministers of Springfield were not favorable to Mr. Lincoln and maybe they asked God to keep him from being elected. If they did God either didn't hear them or thought they were mistaken about him having no religion for certain it is he's elected. And while I have respect for ministers I've got a notion that Mr. Lincoln and God can get along without their support if they have to."

"Lord, Betty, you are getting sacrilegious speaking of God and Mr. Lincoln in the same breath. I'm surprised."

"If it is true as I've heard said that slavery is about to split our country into two parts, then God's hand is moving. God has selected the new president—picked him out, Miry—picked out Abraham Lincoln and when God picks a man for some special work He is going to stand by him through thick and thin even if it comes to Civil War. In my own mind God and Mr. Lincoln are not separated and my prayers will go with him to Washington."

"While you're praying don't forget 'Lincoln's Mary' and those two wild Indians. 'Lincoln's Mary'—the stuck-up piece! Springfield will never hold her again and won't she make a fine mistress of the White House?"

"I think she will be splendid. It has come to my mind three or four times just how lovely she will look in the fine dresses presidents' wives wear. She has never had much to do on here in Springfield and you know how these young, good-looking women are—they do like nice clothes. Now she can have them. She will have to wear grand things. Just think of the receptions she will have and the foreign kings and princes to eat with her!"

"And while you're thinking, just think what a slovenly housekeeper she is. Remember the broom the boy was riding the day they stole your raspberries? That broom told the tale. And won't it be a pretty come-off when these kings and princes you tell of find the White House all dusty and in disorder? Then her extravagance—do you know, Betty Bradley, that Mary Lincoln has had two new silk parasols since her husband was nominated in May—*two* of them?"

"I thought one was an umbrella."

"Call it an umbrella if you want to. She's had two of something—both silk. Then her temper—her tongue. Is Springfield going to be proud when she cleans out the White House someday? Or maybe she will have a grand

row with Mr. Lincoln and everybody will know it. Here, we folks keep such things covered up. But wait until the Lincolns get to Washington and see what you hear."

"I don't know where you get the idea, Miry, that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln don't get on well together. I've seen them out together several times and they act as if they think a lot of each other. He has nice manners to her and she seems awful proud of him."

"Of course—of course, out in company. But no matter how nice she is the fact remains that she's a stuck-up piece, silly stuck-up."

"Silly stuck-up?"

"Wouldn't you call it silly stuck-up to read French in Springfield? Why should any human being read *French* in Springfield? Yet Mrs. Lincoln reads French. And she never milked a cow in her life. I would not have believed it if I hadn't got it from the folks next door. When Mr. Lincoln is home he milks. When he's not there the hired girl milks. And if she gets mad and leaves while Mr. Lincoln is away, then his 'Mary' asks her neighbor to milk. Says she never learned how. A disgrace I say."

"A president's wife is not expected to milk, Miry, and I'm glad her hands are not all roughed up from milking. I've milked and it is hard on the hands."

"Then there's those wild Indians. Seems to me Betty the voters of this country have taken a good deal on themselves to turn two such creatures loose in the White House. It's public property you know and have they any respect for property? Worse, Betty Bradley—you haven't forgotten how one of those boys ran naked past my house one summer day?"

"He was a baby then."

"He's the same kind now. Suppose now he should do a trick like that in Washington? Would Springfield be proud of it? I'm looking at the election of Abraham Lincoln

from a practical side. You and everybody else have been swept off your feet by some sentimental notions but I'm looking at facts. All I've got to say is ——"

The sentence on Miss Almyra's lips was broken by the tooting of a horn just outside the door followed by a voice calling in shrill childish tones, "Mith Rathberry—my papa-day ith a prethident!"

The next moment there stood before Miss Betty a most unusual appearing visitor—a small body decked with cast off campaign finery, mostly assorted badges. On his head was a wonderful cap with a peak like a duck bill. In one hand he carried a flag and in the other a small tin horn.

"It's Tad Lincoln," Miss Betty exclaimed, her face breaking into a smile. "Bless your dear little heart! So you came to see me and tell me about your papa?"

"Yeth—I came to vithit you and tell you my papa-day ith a prethident. Are you glad?"

"Just as glad as I can be only you will go away to Washington and I will miss you."

"Yeth I am going to Wathington. Papa-day ith going and my mamma and my brother Willie and my big brother. We're going to live in a big houth, an awful, *awful* big houth, an awful white houth, white ath heaven. And we're going to ride in big cars with little bedth in them."

" 'Bedth'?" Miss Almyra repeated, "What do you mean by 'bedth'?"

Tad's answer was to lift the horn to his mouth, look straight into the face of Miss Almyra and give three toots.

"Did I ever!" she exclaimed. "Won't that be a nice way to do some of the kings and princes that will visit the White House? Ask a civil question and get tooted at!"

"You say the cars you are going to ride in will have 'bedth' in them. Do you mean 'beds,' little Tad?"

"Yeth, bedth ith what I thaid. Bedth on the cars."

"Who ever heard of such a thing as beds on cars," Miss Almyra said. "He is making something up right here, under our noses. I wonder if he can tell the truth about anything. I'll soon find out. Your father milks your cow. What does he say when she kicks him? The truth now!"

"Toot! Toot! Toot!" was the horn's answer.

"No such thing. I've heard he swears and I believe it. But before I set you down a real liar I'll ask another question. What does your mother say to your father when he gets mad and eats crackers and cheese at his office? The truth now!"

"Toot! Toot! Toot!"

"Now I know he's a liar. Don't give his story of beds on cars a thought, Betty. There's no such thing."

Moving closer and closer to Miss Betty's side until he leaned against her, Tad studied Miss Almyra a moment saying, "When ith the rat-trap lady going home?"

"The rat-trap lady!" Miss Betty exclaimed.

"The rat-trap lady!" Miss Spear echoed.

"Yeth. Her handth ith like a rat trap. They don't let go."

"Rat-trap lady! Well, you young imp, I'm not going home at all as long as you stay so if you have anything to say to Betty Bradley you had as well get it out."

A moment the child looked steadily at Miss Almyra Spear, so steadily her eyes shifted before his. Then turning his eyes to Miss Betty's kindly face he said, "Mith Rathberry—I want to tell Tim about my papa-day."

"Yes, dear child, and who knows he will not hear. He would be so happy, so very happy to know about your papa."

Little Tad moved softly to the big chair. The glass of fresh water and the spectacles were on the window sill.

The little stool was in its place. The Bible with its promises that had been so precious to the one who had occupied the vacant chair rested in its place beside the fragrant geranium.

"Ith Tim here?"

"I do not know. The Good Book tells us we have two kinds of bodies. These we see and feel, our bodies that talk and walk and eat and sleep are our natural bodies. Then there is our spiritual body. We can not see it but it is very live and very beautiful, our souls you know."

"Can't we ever thee thouls?"

"Not until we leave our natural bodies."

"Tim'th thoul—hath it come back?"

"I do not know. But I keep everything as it was so that if he does come he will know I remember him and love him."

The child walked around the chair slowly, stopped in front, and looked intently at the spot where the head with its crown of snowy hair had been wont to rest.

"Tim," he said softly, "my papa-day ith a prethident. I can't thee you but you can thee me can't you, Tim?"

"Do you know I think you commit a sin, Betty, to teach a child such stuff. He is silly enough already. Don't get any more foolishness into his head about his spiritual body."

"It's in the Bible, Miry, plain as letters can make it."

True to her promise Miss Almyra stayed until Tad took his departure. Moving to the window she watched him as he went down the walk.

"Look, Betty Bradley!" she exclaimed motioning for Miss Betty to come to the window. "Look! Did you ever see such a sight on earth?"

A moment Miss Betty's eyes followed the small figure with its trappings of badges and pennants, its duck-billed

cap and its flag as it stepped down the path to the measured "Toot! Toot! Toot!" of the little tin horn.

"Think of such a thing as that running loose in the White House! Land of Liberty! Springfield will be disgraced!"

XXVIII

The feverish excitement that had followed Mr. Lincoln's nomination as President of the United States was not lessened after his election. Instead, in the town of Springfield and in his own home, pre-election demands and confusion in no way abated while added to the throngs who had besieged him before for one reason or another, there now came such hordes of office seekers as Mr. Lincoln had not known existed.

At first a man was engaged at the house to help handle the stream of visitors. But as they continued to come with all sorts of requests, a room was set aside for the President-elect in the State Capitol where he might be alone at least a few hours each day to work out such private and public business as was imperative, not the least of his new duties being the preparation of his Inaugural.

One of the first matters pressing for solution was that of getting money with which to make the necessary preparation for Washington life. Now that her long dream of an opportunity for dressing as her taste desired had come to Mrs. Lincoln, she was determined that even Washington must take notice of the richness and beauty of her gowns and to the end that she might begin preparations for this great happiness, as well as for other necessary expenses, Mr. Lincoln borrowed money and established credit in New York and Mrs. Lincoln made ready for a visit to the metropolis of fashion to select

gowns and laces and jewelry for the levees and receptions and balls she was to give in Washington.

The furniture in the Eighth Street home was to be sold privately and the house had already been leased for a term of years to responsible parties.

Among the first of Mr. Lincoln's official acts was the selection of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, two young men of fine reputation and ability for his secretaries, and from the beginning of his troubled career as president of a nation torn by Civil War, these men were his sympathetic and able assistants.

Among the letters that began pouring in after the election was one from a little girl who advised Mr. Lincoln that since he was to be president he should have whiskers. Strange to say this letter made so strong an impression on the mind of the President-elect he took the suggestion under serious consideration and discussed it with Mrs. Lincoln.

"But why should you have whiskers, father, just because you have been elected president? You have never worn whiskers and there's no telling what you will look like with hair growing on your face. I like it as it is. It is the face the people know—have always known. Just why whiskers will help you in your new duties I can't see."

"I think it is because a beard gives a man the appearance of age or of being wise or perhaps of solemnity that so many wear them."

"Don't you look old enough, father? You've always looked old enough. As for wisdom, it's not in the hair on the face but in the brains in the skull and as for looking solemn—hear what Mary, your wife says, God made you solemn enough looking without whiskers. I'm against them. There will be changes enough in our new life and

I'd like to have you the same looking husband and father you have always been."

"Well, mother, there's this about it. I can grow a beard and if it don't look right—don't suit the occasion, it will not take long to get rid of it. Is this fair?"

"It sounds fair but I'm of the opinion if you once get a beard you'll keep it. I like you, father, just as you are."

"I'm glad you do. We'll see about the beard."

Among the letters that came were scores threatening the life of the newly elected president and breathing out punishment of every kind and even slaughter because of his attitude on slavery. These threats were all brushed aside and seemingly forgotten.

There were also hundreds of demands that he give utterance to his opinions on some of the questions that were being agitated to the point of bloodshed. Yet he kept silent knowing the time had not yet come for him to speak as President.

Among the incidents attending Mr. Lincoln's election which was to remain always an unhappy memory was the way the ministers of Springfield voted against him.

On a night when he was alone with the superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois, his friend Mr. Baker, the two looked over a book containing a canvass made in Springfield in which citizens declared the manner in which they intended to vote. Mr. Lincoln's face was sad, as after having gone through the book, he turned to his friend saying, "Here are twenty-three ministers of different denominations. All of them are against me but three and of the prominent church members a very large majority are against me. I am not a Christian —God knows I would be one but I have carefully read the Bible and I do not understand this Book their way," and from his pocket he took a New Testament.

"These men well know I am for freedom in the Terri-

tories, freedom everywhere as free as the Constitution will permit and that my opponents are for slavery. They *know* this, and yet with this Book in their hands in the light of which human bondage cannot live a moment, they are going against me."

Mr. Lincoln paused, his facial expression showing deep emotion. He walked the floor. When he paused to speak again his voice was unsteady as he said, "I know there is a God and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me—and I think He has —I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but *Truth* is everything. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand; and Christ and Reason say the same—and they will find it so. Douglas don't care whether slavery is voted up or voted down. But God cares, and humanity cares and with God's help I shall not fail. I may not see the end; but it will come and I shall be vindicated and these men will find they have not read their Bibles rightly."

But all that came to him in the early days of his new life was not suggestive of loss or tears.

Among the scores who visited Mr. Lincoln to bring gifts and offerings of many kinds, there came to his office in the Capitol one day an old lady in a big sun-bonnet, heavy boots and a short homemade wool skirt. In her rough bare hands she carried a package wrapped in brown paper and tied with white string.

Mr. Lincoln was talking over matters of political importance with a number of the country's great men when she entered.

With the kindly courtesy that was a part of him he left his conference, extended his hand for the hearty handshake that was the delight of his country friends, inquired

of her folks back at home, and when his visitor was well at ease, asked what he could do for her.

Untying the brown package, her hands trembling with eager joy, she took out a pair of enormous, heavy yarn socks which she handed Mr. Lincoln.

"I just had to give you somethin' to take to Washington, Mr. Linkum, and this is what I brought. I spun the yarn and knit them socks myself and they'll outwear any ten pair of city socks you can buy in Washington."

Assuring the old lady he fully appreciated the wearing qualities of his gift and thanking her, she was shown out, her face smiling while Mr. Lincoln, holding the socks up by the toes said to his friends, "The lady got my latitude and longitude about right didn't she, gentlemen?" and a hearty laugh followed.

It was with a feverish and happy expectancy that Mrs. Lincoln awaited the coming of her handsome dress from New York, a dress she had ordered for a farwell levee she intended giving in Springfield and one which she expected would cause complimentary comment.

Mr. Lincoln was also to have a fine outfit, a suit of clothes so elegant its importance was told in the *Springfield Journal* which said, "We had the pleasure yesterday of inspecting the magnificent suit of clothes which has been in course of preparation for Mr. Lincoln since his visit to Chicago. It consists of a dress coat, pants, vest, and cravat. The coat is of the best cloth that can be bought in the country and made up with a taste and in a style that cannot be bought in any country. The pants are of the best and finest black cassimere; the vest of the finest grandier silk and lined with buff goods of the same kind. The whole was presented to Mr. Lincoln with the following inscription, 'To Hon. Abraham Lincoln from A. D. Titsworth, Chicago, Ill.' which is beautifully worked on the inside of the coat collar."

After the reception Mrs. Lincoln read the following in the *Missouri Democrat* sent by a correspondent who attended her affair;

"The first levee given by the President-elect took place last evening at his own residence and was a grand outpouring of citizens and strangers together with members of the legislature. . . . Mr. Lincoln threw open his house for a general reception of all people who felt disposed to give him and his lady a parting call. The levee lasted from seven to twelve o'clock in the evening and the house was thronged by thousands up to the latest hour. Mr. Lincoln received guests as they entered and were made known. They then passed on and were introduced to Mrs. Lincoln who stood near the center of the parlor and who acquitted herself most gracefully and admirably. She was dressed plainly but richly. She wore a beautiful full train, white moiré antique silk with a small French lace collar. Her neck was ornamented with a string of pearls. Her head dress was simple and delicate, a vine arranged with much taste. She displayed little jewelry and this was well and appropriately adjusted. She is a lady of fine figure and accomplished address and is well calculated to do honor to the White House. She was on the occasion accompanied by her four sisters, Mrs. W. C. Wallace, Mrs. C. M. Smith, Mrs. Charles Kellogg, and Mrs. Ninian Edwards, and a Miss Todd of Kentucky. They all appeared extremely happy. . . . I thought when looking upon the lovely group of the Todd family how proud old Kentucky would have felt could she have known the exalted position in which her son and daughters have been placed."

Until the last guest had departed Mrs. Lincoln's sisters stayed with her.

"It was lovely—wonderful!" they assured her, "and your dress—Oh, Mary, you look like a queen in it!"

"It is almost the white dress of my dreams," she answered laughing. "And the other one—purple velvet—is on the way."

XXIX

Mr. Lincoln's last job of milking was done early in the morning of the day before the Eighth Street home was to be vacated.

The hired girl was bound to the kitchen by ties that could not be severed that morning and the man of all work was helping Mrs. Lincoln finish the packing of a box which must be ready when the wagon came.

Having proceeded no further in dressing for the day than to be fastening the last button of a pair of new trousers when advised he must milk and must hurry up about it, Mr. Lincoln thrust his bare feet into his old carpet slippers, hurried into a cast-off coat pathetically too short in the waist and sleeves, swung the milk pail over one arm and took his way down the well worn pathway to perform a farewell act of duty toward his family and the gentle cow waiting in the barn.

Mr. Lincoln had always found milking, after the calf had been finally separated from its mother, a restful sort of work, a time for quiet reflection, brought to its end under normal conditions by white foam slipping softly over the edge of the pail held between his knees high under the udder of the cow. When conditions were not favorable to a happy termination of the milking, reflections were rudely broken by an unannounced kick. But Blackie, the Lincoln cow, was a creature of excellent temperament and only made vigorous protest when some chapped or tender part was too roughly handled or the milking process was continued too long after the udder

had been stripped dry—an act no well balanced cow stands for without protest.

Blackie's attitude toward Mr. Lincoln was more than friendly. She was quite fond of him. The stroke of his big hand across her back as he smoothed her hair and its push against her flank as he bade her step to his convenience, were touches she expected and liked nor did she ever move away when oftentimes Mr. Lincoln rested his forehead against her clean, soft-haired body as he milked.

The barn itself had something of a homely atmosphere of comfort about it, even the weatherbeaten boards suggested comfort. From the odor of the dung heap half concealed by soiled straw, to the fragrance of sweet clover and summer grasses as the fresh hay was spread, the scent was a part of the place and the knothole eye that was always looking at him from a board across the way while he milked seemed to Mr. Lincoln to keep unwearied watch over the cow and her domain while the stains about it running downward were time-tears, brown and shadowy memory tears of the days of far gone youth when the weathered wood knew the throb of life as it stood with its brother and sister trees in the virgin forest that had been its home.

On this last day of reflection as Mr. Lincoln let his mind travel to the tune of milk in tiny streams striking the foamy top of bulk milk in the pail, his mind went back to the day he had landed in Springfield to the little town, his future home. Without money for bed or board he was taken into the room of a friend. He would never forget. Nor the early struggles—how could he forget? The coming of Mary Todd! What a bright and exciting chapter in his life history! His engagement and the break; the weeks and months that followed; a time of anger and humiliation for the girl; a time of remorse for the part that had been his. Then the night when after long con-

sideration of the matter he went to her again—went to apologize for his part in the break and to explain that his acts had been determined wholly of desire to treat her with honesty since he was quite sure he could never make a woman of her type happy. He would try in every honorable manner to make her know that his regard and consideration for her alone had influenced his actions and to ask that they might be friends—that he might be her friend always. It was all well arranged in his mind. But when the girl's eyes filled with tears which dripped over her pretty cheeks and she held her white hands toward him, and she so little and appealing, there seemed nothing decent left to do but take her in his arms and console her. At this point in his thought rambles, Mr. Lincoln smiled for though there must ever remain the sentiment of the occasion, there was to Mr. Lincoln a side of humor that did not escape him. Then there was the marriage and the coming of a little son who only stayed a few weeks in the newly made home. The smile had gone from the face of the man slowly milking in his big pail. The screams of a young mother as she saw her first-born baby covered with the sod, sounded for the moment fresh and keen. Then came another son called Robert. Some years later another came, a fine and healthy little child, the memory flash came of the hope and talk of the girl both father and mother wanted. The new baby was a boy, Willie—so dainty and darling a child no heart could be long disappointed. Then another season of hoping for a girl before the coming of Little Thomas who, because of his shining dark eyes and exceedingly active ways, was called Tadpole by his father. From thought of these two small boys Mr. Lincoln's mind went back, on the seemingly instantaneous wings of time, to his own childhood—and he saw a small boy playing with his sister on a wildwood stream, climbing trees, carrying wood for his mother

and water from the old rock spring. From this end of his life line the thought started back toward Springfield. Kentucky! How faint and far was the memory. Indiana—the deer-faced cabin—the far reaching unbroken woods. Here it was his mother died and was buried and left under a tangle of vines and bushes when the family later made the pilgrimage to Illinois. The Sangamon! The gently flowing Sangamon, moving without fret or noise between its green banks. His first visit to New Salem! Here the mind, in its flight of flashing swiftness was halted by the tugging of heart strings tender yet to the sacred memories that sprang up with a thought of the hamlet now crumbling to decay. Here it was he made such friends as would stand by him to the death; here it was the man began finding himself and freeing himself from the slavery of his fetters of poverty and lack; here it was he loved and found his soul. Here it was he suffered the baptism of heart-breaking loss—and kept his soul. His mind tarried for a moment as his flat boat stuck on the old mill dam. The far memory of falling water sounded in his ear and he was about to get his boat afloat when he felt the sudden dash of something in his eyes, something trickling down his face and spattering his coat and trousers and running into generous carpet slippers around his bare feet—something warm. Next, the pail he had been holding was lying upside down on the floor and the three legged stool on which he sat leaned so far rearward it was all he could do, using his long legs as best he was able for a balance, to keep from sprawling on the floor.

He looked at the cow. Her head end was lowered to her feed box and she was placidly munching her breakfast. He surveyed the other end from floor to flank. Her clean grey and black hoofs, neatly close together, stood firmly on the clean litter, as quiet and steady as if they had grown there. Her body was motionless. He wiped his

dripping hands off on her glossy black sides, ran his hands across his eyes and looked again saying, "In the face of the evidence, Blackie, you have kicked. Quite an effective farewell."

Pushing the three legged stool aside and taking up the pail as empty as when he had entered the barn, Mr. Lincoln turned toward the house.

Once on the clean path he removed his slippers, knocked the milk out of them and carrying them in one hand continued on his way until just before reaching the back porch he heard his neighbor calling across the fence.

"Mr. Lincoln."

"Good-morning, Jim."

"Did you hear the last news from Chicago? It's a joke."

Mr. Lincoln went to the fence where he was soon engaged in such an important bit of conversation about Blackie and his own consequent appearance until he heard a startling scream from the back window.

"Father! Father!"

It was Mrs. Lincoln calling as if in mortal agony.

The next moment Willie in his night gown came rushing down the back steps shouting, "Papa! Papa! Mamma says if you don't get in the house *quick* she'll die."

Without another word Mr. Lincoln ran into the house.

"What on earth is the matter, Mary?" and anxiety was written on his face as he entered the dining-room.

"God! father, how can you ask what's the matter when you look the way you do now and stand out where anybody can see you that takes a notion to look? And you the president of the United States!"

"Well, what of it? Am I disqualified for the job because a cow kicked a pail of milk over on me?"

"But you are barefooted, father—and you were standing out there in the yard, in full view of the front gate if a body stood in the right place, with your slippers in

your hands. You even seemed proud of it and had one foot on the saw buck. I cannot imagine the president of the United States looking the way you did."

"But my dear it's no violation of the Constitution or the Moral Law for a president to go barefoot. They all do it at times."

"Who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Who ever heard of a president sleeping in his boots—that is a good moral sober president such as I am sure you consider me? Surely you would allow a president the right to go barefoot if there was a good reason for so doing."

"I suppose," and Mrs. Lincoln's voice showed rising anger for her husband's face was not entirely serious, "I suppose when you get to Washington you'll go barefoot in the White House if you take a notion."

"If I take a notion—yes. Even now in the state of disgrace to which I have fallen, I can imagine conditions under which I might tread the historic floors of the White House bootless—you might be taken suddenly ill—or Willie—or ——"

"Don't say another word. You make excuses—always. For myself I should be mortified to death if I thought any human being had seen you. And if a photographer should put you on paper as you looked, I would never be able to face Washington society. Why, I should like to know, did that cow take this special time to do her kicking—to kick the president of the United States."

Mr. Lincoln turned his dark hair back and rubbed his forehead thoughtfully as he said, "Come to think, mother, I do not believe my election was ever announced to Blackie and I am sure the nominating committee forgot her. Don't blame the cow for being uninformed," and with a hearty laugh Mr. Lincoln hastened to execute his

wife's imperative command to hurry into something decent.

XXX

When Blackie had been led from her long-time happy barn-yard home at the back of the residence on Eighth Street and the last box of their personal effects had been taken from the house, President-elect Lincoln and his family went to the hotel for their few remaining days in Springfield.

The time was close at hand for last farewells and in spite of the duties and excitement of their last days the spirit of sadness touched Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. To him its touch was familiar and deep. To Mrs. Lincoln sadness was all but a stranger and its touch vague and uncertain. Once it was definite. This was the night, while the home yet remained as she had planned and arranged it. She walked from room to room taking a last look, for in the morning packers would begin.

The dining-room; just across its threshold she paused to rest her eyes on the table with its soft, dark cover falling nearly to the floor. And the sideboard in the corner—a dark plain piece of furniture. But the mirror hanging over it gave the whole corner a certain appearance of elegance it would otherwise lack for the fruit pictures arranged beside it were nothing extra though they were bright and pretty. She wondered if she would ever hang them on a wall after her days in the White House. Maybe so—on some back upstairs wall. Then there was the little black walnut bracket by the door which had served its day as a safe repose for many little trinkets too inviting to childish hands to be placed on a table.

But it was in the sitting-room she tarried longest. Here

over the worn carpet Mr. Lincoln had played the part of the best horse two small boys could imagine. Here shouts of laughter had arisen with the clapping of hands. Here, sometimes, tears had been shed. Here was the tall dark desk with paneled bottom and glass doors reaching nearly to the ceiling. Behind those doors, in spite of her watchful care, there was always confusion, for Mr. Lincoln persisted in sticking letters, books, photographs, and whatever else he wished to keep, in behind the glass pending the time he would sort and arrange them. In front of the desk was Mr. Lincoln's armchair and beside it a small, twisted-leg table spread with an embroidered wool cover, a catch place for a variety of things including Mrs. Lincoln's mending basket. It was all so simple, so plain, so different from what she was going to. Mrs. Lincoln had no wish to stay with it yet she felt an instinctive regret at leaving it. But this feeling was not so uncomfortable as a certain sensation of apprehension that came to her a short time before she left Springfield as the result of a peculiar vision or fancy Mr. Lincoln experienced.

Somewhat tired he had lain down to rest opposite a mirror in which he saw his reflection as he knew he looked. This was quite natural. But while his eye yet rested on the face of the natural man, a pale, shadowy face, a dim film of a face, came over the first face, not in a way to hide it, for the strong natural face was there, but as a spirit or a mist moves mysteriously. He arose, went after Mrs. Lincoln and with her near, lay again as he had lain before. But though he tried repeatedly the spirit face never returned. Mrs. Lincoln, much impressed at first, said the significance of the sign was that he would be elected for a second time and would not live to see its end.

This impression, strong at first, was soon lost in happier interests and was forgotten.

In addition to the numerous farewells Mr. Lincoln was to say, there were two of sufficient importance to demand time set aside for the purpose. One was a visit to his aged step-mother who yet lived on the farm he had bought her with his first big fee. The other was a last private talk with his friend and law partner, Mr. Herndon.

The journey to the home of his step-mother was made by Mr. Lincoln on a freight train. Quite a gathering had been at the country station to meet the passenger train on which the President-elect was expected but which he missed. A few were at the station when the long freight pulled in. To these few was given the unusual picture of a president picking his way through the mud that bordered the roadbed—a tall figure in a big shawl making his way carefully.

With tears of joy his step-mother greeted him. But there were also tears of grief when the time came to say farewell for she felt and told Mr. Lincoln that she would never see him again.

After a visit to his father's grave, Mr. Lincoln returned to Springfield unattended and quietly as was in keeping with his ways.

His farewell visit with Mr. Herndon was on a day when he had found time to visit his office to look after some business matters to be attended to while he was away. When everything had been turned over to Mr. Herndon, Mr. Lincoln threw himself down on the old flat lounge as was his habit, stretched himself out, and said "Billy—how long have we been together?"

"Over sixteen years."

"We've never had a cross word all that time, have we?"

"Not one."

Then for hours the two men lived over past years. Together they laughed heartily at many recollections while others brought no smile.

Until sunset the visit lasted. Once before it had ended Mr. Lincoln spoke to Mr. Herndon of a matter never before referred to by him. This was Mr. Herndon's weakness for liquor. On this occasion Mr. Lincoln gave him some kindly advice but told Mr. Herndon that no matter what his short-comings and mistakes were his partner and his friend believed in him and would love him always.

When the visit was at an end the two men moved toward the door.

"Give our clients to understand," said Mr. Lincoln, "that the election of a president makes no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon for if I live I am coming back in due time and then we will resume practice as if nothing had happened."

On the threshold Mr. Lincoln turned back for a last look into the dingy little room. In the gathering dusk of the narrow hallway the expression on his face was not clearly discernible and Mr. Herndon expected him to say no word.

In silence, shoulder to shoulder the two men passed down the narrow stairs. A moment they stood under the little sign, "Lincoln and Herndon, Attorneys at Law." Then Mr. Lincoln held out his hand.

In the gathering darkness the farewell was said in a silent handshake and the two men separated.

XXXI

While Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were making last arrangements and bidding friends good-by, Willie and Tad were finding their days full of excitement, nor did they forget to tell their friends farewell in their own way.

The little bed Tad had told Miss Betty Bradley about was indeed to be a reality. The President-elect was to ride to his inauguration on a Pullman-made sleeper mak-

ing its first recorded long trip. To Willie and Tad this bed continued to be a topic of interest and there was no end to their speculations about other wonders nor to the questions they asked. How big were the horses that were to draw their carriages in Washington? Did they ever run away? What was the man's name who drove them? Did he let the boys ride them and who would they play with?

It was the day before the Lincolns were to leave that Tad went for a last visit with Miss Betty Bradley. In his hand he carried a very choice gift.

"Mith Rathberry!" Tad called knocking on the door with all his might. "Open the door. I got thomething."

"Bless your dear little heart. You didn't forget to come and tell me 'Good-by,' did you?" and Miss Betty took off his cap and coat.

"I brought thomething," he repeated holding tight to his small bundle. "It ith very fine. It coth a hundred dollarth."

"So fine it cost a hundred dollars. What in the world did you bring me?"

"It ith not for you. It ith for Tim'th thoul when it cometh back to hith chair. Ith the water there yet and the knife and the spectacles?" and he moved from Miss Betty to the side of the vacant chair and cast his eyes over the window sill and the table with its rose geranium.

"Yes, little Tad. Everything is just as he left it—waiting."

"Hath hith thoul come back yet?"

"I do not know."

"Maybe Tim'th thoul don't like water. Maybe he'll come back when I put my prethenth by his chair. It'th tho fine!"

"What is it, little Tad?" and Miss Betty's eyes went to the package, a small and unevenly wrapped package with an abundance of soiled string twisted around it.

Tad tried to untie the string, first using his fingers. His fingers, however, proving ineffective, teeth were called into use. Still the string would not come apart. Miss Betty brought the scissors and offered to cut the string but Tad would not let the precious gift leave his hands until he had torn the paper by small bits away from it. Then, with the string still wrapped loosely about it Tad placed in the hands of Miss Betty a red sugar heart with a tiny blue rose on its top and a tinier white dove on the lower point and a gilt paper ring to hang it up by.

"Ithn't it lovely? It coth a hundred dollarth."

"Indeed it is lovely," Miss Betty exclaimed smiling. "But who said it cost a hundred dollars?"

"Yeth it did becauth it hath a gold ring. Thee the gold?" and he placed the tip of his finger in the paper ring. "I brought it to put with Tim'th thingth when I am gone away."

"You dear child! What an unselfish little heart you have to bring that lovely, lovely candy heart here as a remembrance. What a *good* boy!"

"Yeth, I am a good boy. Willie ate hith red heart and he wath thick. He vomicked. Do thoulth get thick?"

"No, souls never get sick."

"Then Tim'th thoul can have thith. My mamma thaid I'd be whipped if I eat it," and he put it with great care on the window sill, turning it in different positions and licking his fingers after each change.

When it was arranged to suit he turned, went back to Miss Betty and said, "Will you come to thee me when I'm gone?"

"Come to Washington? Me come to Washington to see you?" and she took him on her lap and held him close to her. "I'm afraid not. I never expect to get that far away from Springfield. But I'll think of you always and every day I'll pray for you and your good father who is

going into many dangers. It's an awful thing to be a President, Tad, do you know it?"

"Yeth mam. It ith awful nithe. Will you come to the station tomorrow morning to thee uth when the carth thart?"

"If it doesn't storm I surely will be there to see you when the cars start. But whether I am or not, never forget, my child, that God will be with you and your father, your good father—Abraham Lincoln."

XXXII

Early the next morning, for the presidential train was to leave shortly after eight, the Lincolns were up. Willie and Tad when dressed were put in chairs and told by their mother not to move a peg and big brother Robert who had come from school to take the wonderful journey with them, was asked to keep his eye on them while Mrs. Lincoln put the finishing touches to her traveling toilet.

Meantime Mr. Lincoln was busy in the hotel office roping his trunks. When the job had been finished, on the back of hotel cards he wrote

"A. Lincoln
White House
Washington, D. C."

These were tacked onto the several trunks.

When all was ready the omnibus backed up to the porch in front of the hotel and the Presidential party entered.

The morning was stormy. Flakes of feathery snow fell from a dull drab sky. What mattered a storm, however, to such friends as were those of Abraham Lincoln? In spite of cold and snow a thousand of them gathered in and around the dingy little station to see him away. Nor did they cheer when his tall form was seen among

them. There were words exchanged and handshakings, but some strange silence had settled on the throng.

Making his way along the pathway that silently opened, Mr. Lincoln reached the train and on the platform uncovering his head he stood a moment. At first he made no attempt to speak. Those who listened knew by the expression of his pale face why, and it was with profound emotion he spoke when he had gained control of himself.

In his speech he told his friends that all his checkered past seemed to crowd upon his mind and he reviewed briefly his life in Springfield for more than a quarter of a century.

The ringing of bells put an end to the speech and the crowd closed in about the car thinking that it had heard the last. The conductor stood with hand on the bell rope. But before it had given the starting signal, as if loath to leave, Mr. Lincoln came again upon the platform and raised his hand commanding attention.

Instantly the crowd grew silent. Heads were uncovered to the white flakes sifting slowly down and fluttering lazily about and Mr. Lincoln said, "My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and buried. I now leave not knowing when or whether I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Part II

Washington

I

First plans made for the trip of President-elect Lincoln to Washington did not include Mary Lincoln nor the children. They were to follow later. This plan was not, however, to the liking of Mrs. Lincoln and when the train pulled out, she and Robert, the big boy, and the two little ones were on it.

The presidential party was composed of Major David Hunter and Colonel E. V. Summer, army officers detailed by General Scott; Ward H. Lamon, an aid on the staff of Governor Yates, and Elmer Ellsworth, colonel of a Chicago Zouave regiment; Dr. William S. Wallace, Mr. Lincoln's brother-in-law as physician; his two secretaries, John C. Nicolay and John Hay, and eight or ten men of prominence, among them his friend Judd.

As the special train crossed Illinois on its way to the National Capitol it was flagged from station to station and at every stop throngs were waiting to catch a glimpse of the President-elect, to cheer him and promise him their support in whatever demands might come of the troublous times.

Perhaps the most popular man in the entire presidential party was Colonel Ellsworth. He was a brilliant young fellow, running over with health and high spirits and his military training gave him that easy mastery of his fine body which won the admiration of Mrs. Lincoln. His quick wit which well matched hers, she also admired and they had not traveled far before they were good friends.

Willie and Tad also took a decided liking to the young man and showed their approval of him by asking many questions especially concerning the mysterious bed that was to be part of this special train.

"Where ith the bed?" asked Tad.

"What's that?" the young officer asked.

"He is asking you where the bed is," Mrs. Lincoln explained. "Both the boys have been wild with curiosity about the bed."

"I don't blame them. I am interested myself."

"Taddie," Mrs. Lincoln said, "mamma wants to talk to Colonel Ellsworth now. You and Willie go to your father and ask him about the bed. He will help you discover it and you can tell us about it."

So they went to their father.

"Where ith the bed?" Tad asked.

"Where is it?" Willie repeated.

After persistent and emphatic enquiry, Mr. Lincoln took the time from an interesting conversation to direct them to the porter where the question was again asked.

"Where ith the bed?" Tad asked. "Where do you keep it?"

"Up in the side of the wall. You'll see it after a while. We're going to stop pretty soon to wait for a house to be moved back. It's a little station built right on the track. This new kind of a train with beds in it is too wide to get past. We'll soon be there and when we stop I'll show you the beds."

With much excitement this news was conveyed to Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

"Papa-day," Tad shouted rushing to his father to tell the news while Willie hurried to his mother and in the telling the two small boys gained the attention of the entire party.

"Father," said Mrs. Lincoln as the train neared Indianapolis, "you will be expected to make a speech. Don't make a long one. Tad and Willie act like fleas and I cannot agree to keep them still very long."

"Leave them in the room—do something with them."

"You know how much luck we have doing something with them. By the time your train is ready to pull out they will be lost. The only safe way to keep them is to *keep* them."

"I'll be responsible for one of them," said Colonel Ellsworth. There's likely to be a considerable crowd and a lost boy would delay operations."

The expected crowd at Indianapolis awaited the special train and as it pulled into the station a demonstration began which lasted until the party reached the Bates House and Governor Morton began his address of welcome to the President-elect.

Never was there a more enthusiastic or noisy demonstration. The City Council, military companies, fire departments and patriotic societies were out in full force while thousands of men, women, and children in carriages, on horseback, and on foot jostled and crowded. Numerous bands played and the booming of cannon was heard above the cheers and wild hurrahs.

Mr. Lincoln with Governor Morton, General Steele, and Mayor Maxwell, rode in a carriage drawn by four white horses decorated with plumes and Union cockades.

Mrs. Lincoln with Colonel Ellsworth and Willie and Tad were driven to the Bates House but Robert and several others of the party, in the general crush, failed to get carriages and walked to the hotel, much to the shame of the city as the papers stated the next day.

Mrs. Lincoln had been given a place where she could hear her husband's speech. But before he came into the hotel something quite unusual happened.

The carriage in which Mr. Lincoln rode was lifted from its wheels by a score of men, raised high and to a fresh wave of shouting was carried to the door of the hotel.

"Papa-day," Tad called from his place on the balcony. "What are they doing to my papa-day?"

"They're not hurting him," Colonel Ellsworth laughed.

"God, Colonel Ellsworth," Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed with nervous surprise. "Did you ever hear of anything like this?"

"Never did. I'm wondering after this western outburst what New York will do."

"He's coming now. Taddie, you and Willie sit still as mice and don't open your mouths. Your papa is going to stand up before all these people and say something and I want to hear it."

After another outburst of applause, which greeted Mr. Lincoln as he stepped out in the balcony, the crowd grew still and waited.

So interested was Mrs. Lincoln in watching the crowd she did not hear all of the first part of the speech. But the intense interest shown by the vast audience turned her attention to her husband's message.

"When the people rise in mass in behalf of the Union and the liberties of this country," he was saying, "truly may it be said, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against them.' In all trying positions in which I shall be placed, and doubtless I shall be placed in many such, my reliance will be upon you and the people of the United States; and I wish you to remember, now and forever, that it is your business and not mine; that if the union of these States and the liberties of this people shall be lost, it is but little to any one man of fifty years of age, but a great deal to the thirty million of people who inhabit these United States, and to their posterity in all coming time. It is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty for yourselves, and not for me. I appeal to you again to constantly bear in mind that not with politicians, not with presidents, not with office seekers, but with you is

the question; Shall the Union and shall the liberties of this country be preserved to the latest generations?"

II

Two days later the Lincoln special stopped in Columbus. The legislature was in session and so urgent a request was made of him to do so that Mr. Lincoln appeared before that body. His speech was brief enough for even Mrs. Lincoln.

"It is true, as has been said by the president of the Senate, that very great responsibility rests upon me in the position to which the votes of the American people have called me. I am deeply sensible of that weighty responsibility. I can not but know what you all know, that without a name, perhaps without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his Country; and so feeling, I can turn and look for that support without which it will be impossible for me to perform that great task. I turn, then, and look to the American people, and to that God who has never forsaken them."

After another two days a short address was given at Cleveland. In closing, the President-elect said, "If we do not make common cause to save the good old ship of the Union on this voyage, nobody will have a chance to pilot her on another voyage. To all of you then, who have done me the honor to participate in this cordial welcome, I return most sincerely my thanks, not for myself, but for Liberty, the Constitution, and Union. I bid you an affectionate farewell."

"Father," Mrs. Lincoln asked later, "why did you bid that crowd an 'affectionate' farewell? Why don't you keep to conventional forms?"

"What's wrong with an 'affectionate' farewell? At the moment I felt that I would never see this people again. Why should a farewell not be affectionate?"

"I don't like it. It's too sloppy, too sentimental. Affection is something for a man to lavish on a woman or small children, not on mixed crowds."

"I don't think any of the ladies present took it personally," he replied.

"A silly remark. You better watch your words."

"I'll take the matter under advisement," he said with a dry smile.

As the special neared New York Mrs. Lincoln took a careful survey of her husband as he sat talking with his friend Judd.

"Father," she said, making herself comfortable on the arm of his seat, "as usual your tie is crooked. I'll never live long enough to discover why it will not stay straight and you never seem to know the difference."

"I admit the charge. A tie is a tongueless thing, unable to give an account of its whereabouts, and when it gets around under one ear since I can't keep my eye on it how am I expected to keep track of its movements?"

"I'll fix you up," and after straightening his tie Mrs. Lincoln arranged his hair.

"I'll not forget my former visit to New York," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Your Cooper Union speech is enough to keep memory alive," Mr. Judd said.

"Not by a speech but by my boots do I remember. New boots they were and killing. And a lot of walking I did too. New York—new boots—sore feet."

"I hope you didn't hobble when you walked onto the stage, father."

"Hobble? How could I when a poet like William Cullen Bryant was to introduce me? No, mother—I didn't dis-

grace you that way. But on the way back to the Astor House in the dim light of the gas I limped enough."

"You'll not go limping through New York this time," Colonel Ellsworth remarked. "From what I hear the big town will make what Indianapolis did look like the demonstration of a Western village."

Colonel Ellsworth was not mistaken. There was not so much noise in New York and no admirers carried the President-elect's carriage on their shoulders. But the people were there.

"Everybody in the whole world is here," Willie said to Tad who replied, "And we're here too."

Between two rivers of gazing, cheering humankind the parade passed, the central figure of which was a tall man who stood in a barouche drawn by four white horses. His slender figure was filled out by a long blue cloak and heavy cape. His head was uncovered. A mass of heavy, dark hair was his only crown. And yet there was the majesty of a king about him and a prophetic sadness in the far away look of his large, dark eyes which seemed to discern the tragedy of war-time future and gave tone to a picture—a living picture—those who saw it were never to forget.

Two more stops were to be made before that at Washington, one at Trenton and one, for a flag raising, over Independence Hall, at Philadelphia.

At the Maryland meeting would be many who had bitterly opposed Mr. Lincoln in the election. This he knew.

In his short address he said, "I can not but remember the place New Jersey holds in our early history. . . . May I be pardoned if upon this occasion I mention that away back in my childhood I got hold of a small book, 'Weems' Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battlefields and struggles for the liberties of the country, and none fixed themselves upon my

imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event. I recollect thinking then, boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that these men struggled for. I am exceedingly anxious that that thing—that something more than national independence, that something that held out a great promise to all the people of the world to all time to come. . . . I am exceedingly anxious that this Union, the Constitution and the liberties of the people shall be perpetuated . . . and I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty, and of this, his chosen people for perpetuating the object of that great struggle. You give me this reception I understand, without distinction of party. I learn this body is composed of a majority of gentlemen, who in the exercise of their best judgement in the choice of a chief magistrate, did not think I was the man. I understand, nevertheless, that they come forward here to greet me as the constitutionally elected president of the United States —as citizens of the United States to meet the man, who for the time being, is the representative of the majesty of the nation—united by the single purpose to perpetuate the Constitution, the Union, and the liberties of the people. As such I accept this reception more gratefully than I could do did I believe it were tendered to me as an individual."

"A good speech," Mrs. Lincoln said to her husband, "but you forgot your 'affectionate farewell.' "

"Political opponents do not call for much affection," Colonel Ellsworth remarked.

"It's not that," Mr. Lincoln was quick to reply. "I have no feeling for any man who differs with me except the kindliest. Wouldn't I want the same consideration? *Do*

we not want it? Our right to expect it is our ability to give it."

"I am glad you left it off," Mrs. Lincoln said.

"The wise thing to do, in so far as a man is able, is to obey orders. Better remember this, Ellsworth," Mr. Lincoln said laughing.

III

It was at Philadelphia Mr. Judd had a private interview with Mr. Lincoln to tell him of threats of assassination, the crime to be committed before Washington was reached, probably at Baltimore.

"Pay no attention to these threats," Mr. Lincoln said. "I am used to them. They began the day after my nomination. Some days a score of letters came with threats. I am here yet. I have promised to make a speech at the flag raising at Independence Hall and I'm not going to disappoint the people. I cannot imagine anything more cowardly than to do so because of some rumored threat against my life."

No argument by Mr. Judd convinced Mr. Lincoln that his engagement should be cancelled and on the night of Washington's birthday he appeared at the flag raising and was called on for a speech.

In the presence of a throng and with a depth of feeling that took hold on the hearts of the people who heard him he said, "I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them,

from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted the Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often enquired myself what great principle of idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now my friends, can this country be saved on this basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course. I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force unless force is used against it. My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. But I have said nothing

but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

"It was a good speech, father," Mrs. Lincoln said, "but the ending was bad. In face of the thousand and one threats that have already been made against your life why wave the suggestion in the faces of the people?"

"I meant just what I said even if I knew the fears of Judd and Lamon would be realized."

"What fears?"

"Somebody has made them believe there's a plot thickening."

"Plot? Plot for what? Where is Mr. Judd?" Mrs. Lincoln asked, excitement in her voice and nervous haste in her motions.

"Mary—Mary," and Mr. Lincoln laid a detaining hand on her arm. "Don't get excited. Whatever else you do *don't* make a scene. There's no use."

"I'll see Mr. Judd," she said jerking away. "I'll find out what's going on that I have not been informed of. Concealing information from a man's wife—I'll see about it."

"There's nothing being concealed from you, nothing of importance. But why worry you or anybody else with all the multiplied threats?"

"I will see Mr. Judd," and she turned toward the door.

"All right. Come on," and Mr. Lincoln led the way.

Before they reached Mr. Judd's room they were met by him in the hall.

"My God, Lincoln!" he said in an undertone of excitement. "You've got to get out of here at once and under cover."

"What's up, Judd?"

"The plot is no mere talk. A Pinkerton man is in my room right now. He has the whole thing worked out. You've got to get out of here—give the party the slip."

"I do not believe in this scare—take no stock in it."

"God, father," Mrs. Lincoln said clutching his coat sleeve nervously, "what's the matter with you? Are you so hard headed you can't take the advice of friends—the word of a Pinkerton detective? You will do what they say. Don't say you will not."

"Poor little woman," Lincoln said to Judd. "It's no trouble to scare her."

"Proper precaution is no evidence of silly fear," Colonel Ellsworth said. "Keep in mind this country you love is at the cross roads of its fate and you are the one man of the Nation that has been selected by it to save this Union. Better be sure than sorry."

"What's to be done? We will do it at once," Mrs. Lincoln said emphatically.

The plan was simple. In disguise Mr. Lincoln was to proceed to Washington. The special train was to follow on schedule time the next day.

Mrs. Lincoln and Colonel Ellsworth stood together at a side door to see the President-elect enter a closed carriage. He wore a plaid shawl and a cap.

"Nobody under heaven will recognize him," Mrs. Lincoln said.

"May it please God you are right," Mr. Lincoln's young friend answered.

IV

Early Saturday morning, February 23rd, President-elect Lincoln arrived in Washington and when Mrs. Lincoln and the three boys came in that night, they found him safe and waiting for them at the Willard Hotel.

The next morning, Mrs. Lincoln, the usual representative of the family at church, stayed at the hotel. Mr. Lin-

coln with Mr. Seward attended services at St. John's church and sat in the front pew. The identity of the stranger with Mr. Seward had not been publicly announced. The rector, Rev. Smith Pyne, was not in the dark, however, and preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

On February 27th, the formal welcome of the City of Washington to the President-elect was given by the Mayor and Boards of Aldermen and Common Council. Mayor James C. Berret, not wholly in sympathy with Mr. Lincoln's views, introduced him in a short speech of worded sentences which meant little save to express a hope that the new Chief Executive might restore power and harmony to the distracted country and bring the old ship into a harbor of safety. That Washington, "true to the instincts of constitutional liberty would be found faithful," he promised, and "in accordance with time honored usage," a welcome was extended the President-elect to the seat of government.

Mr. Lincoln's reply was as brief as was his welcome. Addressing the Mayor he said, "I thank you, and through you the municipal authorities of this city who accompany you, for this welcome. And as it is the first time in my life since the present phase of politics has presented itself in this country, that I have said anything publicly within a region where the institution of slavery exists, I will take this occasion to say that I think very much of the ill feeling that existed and still exists between the people in the section from which I came and the people here is dependent upon a misunderstanding of one another. I, therefore, avail myself of this opportunity, Mr. Mayor, and all the gentlemen present, to say that I have not now, and never have had, any disposition to treat you in any respect otherwise than as my own neighbors. I have not now

any purpose to withold from you any benefits of the Constitution, under any circumstances, that I would not feel myself constrained to withold from my own neighbors; and I hope in a word that when we shall become better acquainted—and I say it with great confidence—we shall like each other better. I thank you for the kindness of this reception."

Days overflowing with activities for both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln passed rapidly, all interest directed toward the Inaugural. The President-elect was deeply concerned with the address a distracted nation was waiting to hear. Mrs. Lincoln was as deeply interested in the gown and laces and jewels in which she was to make her first public appearance in Washington society as the President's wife.

On the morning of the 4th of March Mr. Lincoln said, "Mother, I'm going to give you the advice I gave Briggs yesterday—John R., you've heard of his wife the writer 'Olivia.' I told him not to let his wife come to the Inauguration. If half the bullets fly that are predicted, the best place for women folks is indoors—you with the rest of them."

"Father! Do you really think there is danger that you will be assassinated?" and Mary Lincoln dropped her work and turned an anxious face to her husband.

"*I* don't think so—no, not *I*," and Mr. Lincoln laughed. "But if it be true, if half as many shots are taken at me as rumor says are planned, it will be necessary to inter my remains in pieces. No sense in the entire family perishing, however. You better stay in."

"What measures are being taken for your protection? Are these people doing their duty?"

"Duty!" and again Mr. Lincoln laughed. "If soldiers and guards, sharp-shooters and guns are significant of duty, it is being done. The 8th Battalion D. C. Volunteers,

plan to march to the right and left, to the fore and aft of my carriage. This battalion is composed mostly of German citizens and is practically new. Their first official appearance was at the unveiling of the Washington monument February 22nd just past. They want to be doing something. Here now is an opportunity. In addition to this, I am informed sharp-shooters will occupy overlooking positions. Personally I am opposed to all this. It doesn't look well in a free government. Beside it is utterly futile. If it is predestined that I shall be assassinated today, or any other time, the bullet or the poison will find its way. But why worry? It is appointed once only for a man to meet physical death. Once only, mother. You and the rest of them ran me out of Philadelphia against my wishes. I didn't believe then and have not been convinced since of any horrible plot against me. Today I shall use my judgment. I intend to ride in an open carriage with my head up. If anybody, or a dozen want to take a shot, the mark will not be covered."

"Father," and Mrs. Lincoln spoke sharply, "one of your greatest failings is your utter inability to take advice. I've never seen anything like it. If your head was solid wood it couldn't be worse. And yet you give enough. Here you are advising the husband of 'Olivia' to keep her under cover. So far as I am concerned 'Olivia' can do as she pleases. But don't advise me to stay in."

"All right, mother. All right. This is a free country and I suppose even though his head be wooden, most any woman would want to see her husband made president."

Mrs. Lincoln had heard no portion of the address her husband had spent so much time and thought on before the inauguration. Nor did she get its full import at the time, so divided was her attention between the speaker and the vast throng intently listening.

The last paragraph, however, was not lost. "I am loath to close," he said. "We are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our natures."

A slight pause followed the last words. Then the President-elect turned to face the justices of the Supreme Court and said, "I am now ready to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution."

The oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney and when the Bible was held toward him, the incoming President touched it with his lips.

As he did so, from the heights a mile away, the reverberating thunder of minute guns sounded and as the salute to the new president echoed and re-echoed over the unfinished dome of the Capitol, the masses of people, the city, the Potomac, and the hills beyond, Mary Lincoln felt a nameless tugging at her heart, something too big and strange for words.

From this momentary experience of something overwhelming, which was not hers alone, Mrs. Lincoln responded to a voice of enthusiastic joy.

"Allow me, Madam President, to extend congratulations."

"Colonel Ellsworth!" she exclaimed with pleasure.

"I account it an honor to be among the first to greet the wife of President Lincoln, and I tell you now, so long as time shall last, the honor of being this man's wife will not grow dim. His address, Mrs. Lincoln! Was ever anything like it ever heard before? It is the soul of the man—his *soul* that reaches out to the people!"

"Such an enthusiast! But everybody does not think as you do. I watched the people."

V

After the inauguration, President Lincoln followed by a crowd of curious and admiring people, was driven to the White House by President Buchanan, now a private citizen.

Among those who desired to offer congratulations was a party of little girls. In the inaugural parade they had been on a float, each dressed in white and crowned with laurel. Two stood for the Goddess of Liberty. Each of the others, thirty-five, bore a coat of arms of a State or Territory. The car was drawn by six white horses with white covers, on which was inscribed in red letters "Union."

Like butterflies they surrounded the President who took each little one in his arms and kissed her.

"Not jealous are you?" Colonel Ellsworth asked of Mrs. Lincoln.

The expression on her face was not altogether one of approval. "Don't jest about serious matters," she replied. "Mr. Lincoln has no sense of conventional propriety whatever. Why should he kiss them? Added to my other duties I suppose I must keep an eye on his conduct. Believe me, Colonel Ellsworth, I can do it."

It had been rumored that the ball would be a cheap affair as befits people from the West unaccustomed to the niceties of important social functions. The cream of Washington society, largely Southern, was to boycott the usually impressive and brilliant affair.

These rumors were disquieting to Mrs. Lincoln who had spent hours of study on her toilette and jewels, and had spared no expense in the orders she had given. To

sweep into the great ballroom, all eyes upon her, was to be her highest social point attainable.

The presidential party, Mrs. Lincoln escorted by Judge Douglas and the President by Mayor Berret, entered the ballroom at eleven o'clock, to the stirring strains of welcoming band music. Flags and patriotic colors had been used in profusion together with flowers and palms for decoration, and such a gathering of gorgeously gowned women and their escorts as Mrs. Lincoln had never seen, thronged the great hall.

Like billows the ladies moved about, their skirts wide extended by immense hoops, their waists small and their shoulders and arms bare.

As she scanned costume after costume, Mrs. Lincoln congratulated herself that her appearance would go far toward correcting the idea that she was such a woman from the West as had been described. Her rich white silk dress was flounced with five flower-decorated ruffles. A wreath of flowers adorned her dark hair with a long garland falling from her low-cut bodice across her skirt. Her plump bare neck and arms were circled with handsome pearls—nothing small or cheap about them. Judge Douglas, who was a connoisseur when it came to a woman's appearance, gave her such splendid and sincere compliments as brought laughter to her lips and dimples to her cheeks.

The next morning Mrs. Lincoln waited with interest for the papers. What would they say about her—about her dress—her manners—her general appearance. One said: "The first peep afforded of Mrs. Lincoln in passing from her carriage to the hotel presented a comely, matronly, lady-like face, bearing an unmistakable air of goodness, strikingly the opposite of the ill-natured portraits of her by the pens of some of the sensation writers.

Her appearance at the ball was all that could be desired. Richly although simply gowned she presented a fine appearance. She is easy in manners and bears the stamp of culture."

Of Mr. Lincoln's personal appearance there was but one small note: "Mr. Lincoln was dressed in conventional black with black whiskers and hair well trimmed, and was pronounced a different man entirely from the hard-looking pictorial representations seen of him. Several ladies were heard to say he is almost good looking."

"God!" Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed to herself. "I wonder if these Eastern folks thought we were Hottentots?"

Then she found a description of the famous cake made by Gautier for the inaugural—a pyramid with thirty-four flags each stamped with the seal of a State. Never was a more wonderful cake made.

These and other clippings Mary Lincoln cut out for first entries in her "White House" scrap book.

Meantime, in his office, Mr. Lincoln was pouring, with lined face, over a letter from Major Robert Anderson in command of Fort Sumpter in Charleston Harbor, saying that he had but a week's provisions and that if the place was to be reinforced so that it could be held, it would take 20,000 "good and well disciplined" men to do it.

VI

It was Edward Burke, a short, thin, smiling, elderly Irishman who had been employed at the White House through seven administrations, who escorted Mrs. Lincoln on her first tour of inspection through the historic mansion.

As they made the rounds of the Red Room, the Blue Room, the Green Room, the spacious East Room and the

formal state dining-room, the old butler gave her bits of interesting information.

Beginning with the vestibule there were handsome marble mantels and Gothic chairs to be admired. In the East Room attention was called to the massive chandelier.

"They are talking of getting something newer," Burke said, "but in my own mind nothing more handsome can ever be made. And the picture of Washington; Dolly Madison had that painting cut out of its frame in 1814 for safe keeping when the English burned the Capitol and part of the White House, and the mantels; where do they have larger, finer ones?"

In the octagon-shaped Blue Room, the mantel clock was an object of interest. It had been a present from the first Napoleon to Lafayette who in turn presented it to the United States. Even more interesting to Mrs. Lincoln were the five-feet high candle stands at the sides of the hearth.

"Where did they come from?" she asked.

"They were presented to General Jackson when he was President. And the vases on the pier table were from the French government to ours. *Sevres* they are. On one is the picture of Charlotte Corday who assassinated Marat and was beheaded for it. On the other vase is a picture of Marie Antoinette who was also beheaded during the French Revolution."

"Blue enough subjects to be in a blue room," Mrs. Lincoln said smiling. "I'm not sure I will let them stay here. Something might be more cheerful until conditions settle down here at home."

"It shall be as you say. Every First Lady has added something to the store of accumulated antiquities in the attic. Perhaps you will not like the marble table in the Red Room. Although handsome it is an old piece and

can be moved if you wish. The Red Room you know is exclusively for the use of the President's wife and her friends. No men are allowed."

Mrs. Lincoln's impression of the state dining-room was that its dignity measured up in appearance to its uses. The furniture was massive and handsome. Here the treasures were the fruit stands and plateau.

"They go back to the days of Thomas Jefferson," the butler told her. "At state dinners the plateau is used to represent a lake of water. It makes a fine decoration."

It was while they were in the private dining-room looking over the china, Burke informed the new mistress of the White House that a full dinner set was soon to be ordered and she would have the task, or pleasure as might be, of selecting the design.

Upstairs Mrs. Lincoln found that a long corridor running east and west divided the second story of the building in half.

Beginning at the west on the south side was a room designated as the President's. Here the rosewood furniture was heavy and handsome, the stand and dresser topped with marble.

The large adjoining room was for the President's wife with her guest room connected.

And then the library, octagon shaped like the Blue Room below it. Mrs. Lincoln at once saw in this the family sitting-room. The President's reception room was next with a private passageway to his office beyond. The last corner room was to be occupied by Nicolay and Hay, Mr. Lincoln's secretaries.

On the opposite side of the long hall were bedrooms and baths. And the real, royal, guest chamber in which was a massive four-poster with a tester and rich canopy. Here was something claiming Mrs. Lincoln's keen interest. But she could get no history of it. All Edward Burke knew was

that the massive piece of furniture was there when he came to the White House.

VII

While Mrs. Lincoln was making her tour of the new home Willie and Tad were on an exploration. Their way led first to the stable. Here they found Jehu, the veteran coachman complacently smoking his pipe as he took a rest.

"We came to thee the hortheth," Tad announced suddenly appearing before the coachman.

After a surprised survey of the two small boys Jehu said, "What did you say?"

"We came to thee the hortheth."

"Hortheth? I don't know what you're talking about. But whatever it is we don't have them here."

"He is talking about horses," Willie promptly answered, "and you've got them here because I see their tails. Look Tad—there they are," and somewhat excited he pointed to a row of stalls across the stable.

The next moment with a shout of joy, the two boys dashed toward the stalls, Jehu after them.

"What are you going to do? Scare these horses to death? Who are you and what are you here for anyway?"

So keen was their excitement at the moment, neither of the boys were paying any attention to the coachman and it was not until he laid hands on their shoulders his questions were answered.

"Where did you come from? What right have you busting in here like this?"

"We live here."

"Live here? You don't mean you are the President's boys?"

"Yeth," Tad answered proudly. "We are the Presi-

denth'th little boys and we want to thee the hortheth. I want to thit on one."

"Hortheth," Jehu repeated in a sort of dazed manner. "I've heard all sorts of funny talk since I've been here but nothing like this. Are you sure you are President Lincoln's boys—is he your father?"

"Didn't you read in the papers that our papa is president?" Willie asked, some surprise evident.

"Of course I know Abraham Lincoln is president. But I never heard he had small boys."

"Small? We're not small are we, Tad?" and Willie drew himself up full height.

"We're big enough to drive hortheth. I'm going to whip them tho they will go *fasth.*"

"You'll never whip any horse around here. These horses don't need it. Beside, nobody drives these horses but me."

"Didn't the boys that lived here before drive horses?" Willie asked.

"No boys have ever lived here, only big people."

"We're here now. Where do you keep the goats?"

This question from Willie aroused fresh interest in Tad who raced about looking for goats.

"Goats!" Jehu exclaimed in disgust. "Goats! Who ever heard of such a thing as a goat in the White House stables?"

"Don't goats grow in this town?"

"Yes—goats a plenty. But they never get anywhere near this place."

"I guess if my papa-day told you to make a place for a goat—two of them—you'd do it, wouldn't you?"

"Sure. I'd put a white elephant in here if the President said so and I'm as likely to get one order as the other."

Before the end of a half hour Jehu and the two small boys were good friends. Each had been placed on the back of a shining black horse, just for a minute. They

had climbed into the coach and tried its soft-cushioned seats and Jehu had answered innumerable questions as to places to be seen when they rode behind the fine horses.

"Have you seen the rest of us yet?" Jehu asked when the boys were ready to leave the stables. "There are a lot for you to get acquainted with. There's Stackpole who considers himself quite somebody because he carries the key to the store house. He's the steward you know. Then there's Thomas Pendel. He knows some boys your size, a newsboy and the son of the organ grinder with the monkey."

"Monkey!" both boys shouted. "Where's the monkey?"

"Thomas Pendel knows."

"Where ith Tom Pen?" Tad enquired eagerly.

"Tom Pen? Thomas Pendel is guard at the front door. But before you go around there call at the kitchen and get acquainted with the cook. She's big and black—a regular old timer. She don't allow anybody in the kitchen when she's cooking, only her helpers. But if she takes a liking to you she'll slip you a pie now and then. She's great on pies."

After a hurried consultation as to whether the next call should be made on Thomas Pendel in an effort to secure monkey information or on the cook with the hope of getting a pie, they decided to stop at the kitchen first.

Here they found the reigning power looking over some cooking material that had just come in.

"What's your name?" Willie asked.

The portly African rolled a pair of surprised eyes, largely white, upon the eager faces of two small boys who had suddenly appeared in her domain.

"I'se called Matildy around here. But who is you what slips in here and axes me what my name is? Whar you come f'om?"

"We've been to thee the hortheth," Tad replied.

"Hortheth? What's that?"

"He says horses," Willie explained. "We've been to see the horses. Now we come to see you."

"We want a pie," Tad added.

"Pie? What you think this place is? A bake shop? You doan look lak pore white trash. But whar you come f'om? What you doin' heah? Who is you?"

"We are the President's little boys," Willie replied.

"The Prethidenth," Tad repeated.

"The President's boys. Doan tell me nothin' lak dat. Presidents doan hab no small boys—none what ever lived here. And even so dey did, dey doan hab dem tongue tied."

"Tongue tied? What's that?" Willie asked.

"This here youn one, he's tongue tied. He can't talk straight."

"Tad," and Willie turned to his brother, "she says your tongue is tied. Open your mouth at her so she can see you're not."

Acting on the suggestion Tad stepped before Matildy and opened his mouth to its fullest stretch. She looked with interest.

"Do you thee my tongue tied to anything?" Tad asked. "We've come here to live. We heard you make the grandeth pieth ever wath. We're hungry."

"Is you Mr. Abe Linkum's boys what's the new president? 'For God, *is* you?"

"We is," solemnly answered Tad and Willie. "We have come here to live. We heard about your pies. We're hungry."

Matildy grinned. "Who tole you about my pies?"

"Jehu what drivth the hortheth. And thoon ath papaday geth a pie he'll tell everybody. He lovth pie."

"Will you gib your pappy a piece if I gib you a pie?"

"A great big piece. He lovth pie."

As a result of this visit Tad and Willie found themselves going back to the house with a generous-sized pie. That a piece of it might help establish a friendship with Thomas Pendel who knew the organ grinder, they had agreed.

VIII

The weather being cold, it was inside the vestibule they found the outer guard.

"Are you Tom Pen?" Tad asked as they drew up before him.

"Tom Pen?" the big guard answered in some surprise. "My name is Thomas Pendel. Who are you?"

"We are the Prethiden'th boys. My name is Tad. My papa-day callth me Tadpole. My brother ith named Willie. Do you like pie, Tom Pen?"

A moment the guard looked at the two small boys. Then he burst into laughter. "So you are the two little fellows. I heard there were a couple of small ones. You have a big brother."

"Brother Robert. He's too big to play with us."

"I should think so. He's in college isn't he?"

"Somewhere," Willie answered. "He is going right away from here. But we will stay."

"Wherth the monkey?" Tad asked.

"Monkey? What monkey? We don't have monkeys in the White House, not grind-organ kind."

"Jehu says you know the monkey man—the man with a grind organ."

"To be sure I do."

"Do you like pie, Tom Pen?" Tad again asked.

"I say 'Tom Pen' likes pie."

"If you got a knife to cut it and you'll show us the monkey, we'll give you some pie."

Thomas Pendel went into his pocket and brought out

a knife, which he opened. Tad and Willie unwrapped the pie.

"Cut the biggeth piece for papa-day," Tad instructed. "Matildy thent thome of it to him. Get hith out and wrap it up."

The portion reserved for the President was carefully wrapped and the three sat down to picnic on the rest and hear what the big guard had to tell about the organ grinder, his boy, and his monkey.

It was intensely interesting to the boys' and the questions asked, together with Tad's peculiar pronunciation, kept Thomas Pendel laughing throughout the visit.

"Didn't you have any monkey in Springfield?" he asked.

"Not a monkey. But we got a lady there what ith a rat trap," Tad answered.

"A rat trap? What kind of a creature is that?"

"She hides behind bushes and when little boys come by she reaches out and grabs them," Willie answered.

"Grabth them like thith," and Tad flung out his arms, made his small hands into claws which he worked with tense eagerness.

"And she pulls their ears."

"Yeth, pullth their earth. She pulled mine."

"And she knows the devil."

"The devil—she does?" and Thomas Pendel again laughed.

"But Mith Rathberry, she is thweet."

"How is that? Let me get it. Somebody is sweet?"

"That's it. Miss Raspberry," Willie made clear.

The subject thus introduced, information concerning Miss Betty Bradley, her house, her belongings and her doings was given to Thomas Pendel.

Before the visit was ended Tad had eaten the piece of pie saved for his father.

"You've eaten the last bite of it," Willie observed.

"Papa-day don't like thith kind," Tad replied. "He likth hith out of a plate at the table."

IX

Soon after her arrival in Washington, Mrs. Lincoln needed a dressmaker and on the recommendation of a friend secured the services of Elizabeth Keckley, a mulatto who had bought her freedom for $1200, paying the debt by her earnings.

Tall, straight, serious, her white blood showing in her face of pleasing intelligence, this colored woman was quite the opposite of the plump little white woman of excitable temperament to whom she was applying for the enviable position of mantua maker to the mistress of the White House.

"Who have you sewed for here in Washington?" Mrs. Lincoln enquired.

"Among others, Mrs. Senator Davis. She has been one of my best patrons."

"Mrs. Davis—Mrs. Jefferson Davis? Yes? A good recommendation. I have heard Mrs. Davis is a splendid dresser. Who else have you sewed for?"

"Mrs. Judge Douglas."

"Mrs. Judge Douglas?"

"She was the beautiful Miss Addie Cutts, niece of Dolly Madison and as charming as she is beautiful."

"Quite charming I am sure but she was not the first choice of Judge Douglas."

"I know nothing about that."

"Of course not. What you are concerned with is the making of dresses. Your references are good. I will try you. A dress I had selected for the reception next Tuesday night does not suit me. I have a rose colored moiré-antique I want made, and quite elaborately."

"There is not much time."

"Can you do it or not?"

"Yes, madam, by working nights."

"You will not disappoint me?"

"No madam."

On the afternoon of the night levee Mrs. Lincoln began watching for the rose moiré-antique. Her sister, Mrs. Edwards of Springfield, together with several other house guests grew nervous with her as the afternoon passed and no party gown.

Shortly before time to dress for the affair, Keckly arrived at the White House with Mrs. President's gown.

"Why have you disappointed me coming at this late hour?" Mrs. Lincoln demanded, her impatience uncontrolled.

"I told you I would have it here in time. It was a big job."

"But you did *not* get here in time. I can not be rushed in dressing. I will not go downstairs at all."

"Let me dress you, madam. I am quite an expert. I can have you ready in a few minutes."

"No—such a rush will unfit me for appearance. I will *not* be dressed."

"But Mary," Mrs. Edwards protested, "there is plenty of time, plenty, and look what a gorgeous dress," and she held it before Mrs. Lincoln. "Surely you want to wear it."

A little more urging and Mrs. Lincoln consented. Keckley dressed her hair, fastened her into the rose-moiré gown and arranged her pearl necklace, bracelets, and ear-rings and put roses in her hair.

"Mother—how charming!" Mr. Lincoln said when he came to escort her downstairs and smiles that brought dimples drove the recent frowns away.

A few days later Elizabeth Keckley became an inmate

of the White House to prove in friendship more than a servant.

"Did Mrs. Davis take all your time?" Mrs. Lincoln asked one day when she and the colored woman were alone.

"She was supposed to but the Davis family slept so late I never got busy until noon. This meant night work during busy times for I sewed for the children as well as for Mrs. Davis and once I made the Senator a handsome dressing gown for Christmas. I worked on it as Mrs. Davis trimmed the tree. The clock struck twelve as it was finished."

"Did Mrs. Davis know the war was coming on?"

"Yes, madam. It was discussed openly in her house. More than once she said, 'The Southern people will not submit to the humiliating demands of the abolition party. They will fight first. And of course the South will whip. Southern soldiers will fight to conquer and when the North sees the South is in earnest, it will yield rather than engage in a long, bloody war.' "

"Have they gone?"

"Yes. Mrs. Davis did not want to go. She likes Washington and said she did not want to break up her old associations and go South. One day to an intimate friend she said, 'I would rather remain in Washington and be kicked about than to go South and be "Mrs. President Davis." It seems to be settled that Senator Davis will be the president of the states that secede.' "

"Too bad she is on the wrong side."

"Ah, madam—she does not think she is. She fully expects to come back here and live in the White House as Mrs. President Davis."

"To capture the White House will be no easy matter," Mrs. Lincoln replied. "Tell me about Mrs. Davis. I have heard she is a very pleasant lady."

"Not only pleasant but a woman of fine sense and a real lady through and through."

"Good looking?"

"Very nice looking."

"Better looking than I am?"

"No, madam, nor carries herself any better. You walked like a queen when you went down to the levee with Mr. Lincoln."

"Were you surprised? The truth now, Lizzie."

"A little, madam. You see all I knew about you was what I had read. You were from the West—the big prairie country—and you know what folks think of the West."

"I know—yes I know. That is one reason I have planned to have so many beautiful dresses. Mr. Lincoln opened an account in New York almost the first thing he did after his election. I do not need to tell you I am using it. Of course here in Washington I must be extra well attired. But I intend to spend considerable time at Saratoga and other fashionable places in the summer. So you see it is necessary, quite *necessary,* if I correct the impression of a wild and uncouth West, that I have the finest."

"I understand. And yet the cost for silks and velvets, for laces and jewels and sable furs is great."

Mary Lincoln gave a short sigh before saying, "Yes, the bills I already owe would make Mr. Lincoln sick in bed. He is so plain—knows so little of the cost of handsome things. But the President's wife must be well dressed and I had nothing to start on. I married a poor man."

"Many women whose charms might have married fortunes have chosen poor men."

"You think I might have married a fortune?"

"I see no reason why not."

Mrs. Lincoln laughed pleasantly.

"You are right. Not one but several asked my hand.

Indeed, while in Springfield I was quite a belle. At first Mr. Lincoln was not in the race for my hand and of all my admirers he seemed the least desirable. He did not like to dance and made an abominable partner. He was slow with the pretty compliments women like. He lacked everything of being good looking and he was poor. But Lizzie, I saw something in him not in any of the rest, something fine, splendid, unusual. I could not get away from the notion that he was fated to be somebody in the world, greater than even the charming Douglas. Was I mistaken? Here I am in the White House, the President's wife."

"First Lady of the Land and your husband is indeed a great man. I would not know how to tell it, but I feel his greatness. I think all who come in contact with him do."

"Not all. He has many enemies. With war brewing this is inevitable. And yet if the people of the South could only know his kindly feeling for them, they would know that only a greater love for the Union moves him in his acts."

"You are from the South I have heard."

"Kentucky is my native state. By every tradition my ancestors, the Todds, are Southern. I am proud of my nativity and my family's history. But now I am not in sympathy with my family's attitude. My brother, Alexander, has lined up with the forces which will fight against the Union. In this fight I am with my husband."

"Quite naturally."

"Lizzie," said Mrs. Lincoln after a few moments of thought, "did you ever hear of my husband being in love with another woman?"

"I heard of a lecture by a Mr. Herndon about a former love affair. It was suppressed."

"As it should have been. William Herndon was Mr.

Lincoln's friend, posed as his best friend and nothing could ever make him believe otherwise. He loves Herndon like a brother. And yet this friend made my husband a fool about a country girl he once knew—an utter fool."

"Her name was Ann Rutledge in the story."

"Yes, and never has a man lived who loved a woman as Herndon made Mr. Lincoln love this unknown girl—last of all a man like my husband. Do you see him slopping over with sentiment about me? He is not that kind. Do you think so?"

"I would not take Mr. Lincoln for a man given to much sentiment about women."

"Certainly he is not. And yet he made quite a fool of himself about me. I will tell you just how it was and if you ever get a chance to correct Herndon's silly story, do it. Before accepting Mr. Lincoln I refused Mr. Douglas. Many know this. He was a bold suitor and when I refused him he said, 'Mary, you do not know what you are refusing. You have an ambition to be the wife of a President of the United States. Pardon the egotism but I fear that in refusing my hand you are throwing away your best chance to rule the White House.' When I asked Mr. Douglas just what he meant he said, 'Like you I am ambitious. Something whispers in my ear that I am to be president. Depend upon it I shall make every effort to gain this proud position.'

" 'You have my best wishes,' I told Mr. Douglas, 'still I cannot be your wife. I too hear something whispering that I will be Mrs. President, but not as Mrs. Douglas.' "

"How strange! Could you see into the future?"

"Not that but I'm a good guesser. Straws show which way the wind blows. Mr. Douglas, elegant and brilliant though he is, is a drinking man. It is not a little he drinks but much. Mr. Lincoln never drinks. I do not object to a drink now and then but it does not take the vision of a

seer to prophesy where habitual drinking leads to. It was not long after I refused Mr. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln asked for my hand. I told him I could not consent to be his wife. He asked me if this refusal was final and I told him it was. He made an abrupt departure and I learned afterward that he was terribly disappointed—even contemplated suicide. I had no notion of letting him go but I did not want him to know it. The egotism of a man should be properly handled.

"From Dr. Henry, a friend of Mr. Lincoln's, I learned the effect of my refusal. Dr. Henry said it was making him sick and he had sworn to blow his brains out if I married Douglas. So I sent Mr. Lincoln a message—just a few words which cured him of his illness in short order. Later we were married."

"Judge Douglas was your escort at the opening ball—so the papers said."

Mrs. Lincoln laughed pleasantly.

"Yes—Mr. Douglas has not yet outlived his admiration for me nor is he entirely over his old feelings. 'Mary,' he said to me as we took our places in the receiving line, 'here we are together in the White House, but not as I once hoped we would be.' But enough of this past history. Let us discuss your duties. As you are to be here all the while you will have time for other work than my sewing and hair dressing. One thing I want you to look after is my scrap book—perhaps several of them. When the papers come in go through them carefully. All nice things that are said about Mr. Lincoln and me, put in one collection. All the cruel and lying notices in another. Keep the cartoons together. I saw a horrid one only yesterday in which Mr. Lincoln was represented as Nero, telling jokes as the clouds of Civil War get blacker. God, Lizzie, if Mr. Lincoln couldn't tell an innocent joke once in a while and laugh, he would go crazy. There have been several articles

by religious people criticizing him for visiting the theater. They hold it a sin to witness a good play. Mr. Lincoln had rather see Shakespeare than eat when he is hungry, and no child enjoys a comedy more than he does. What would these goody-goodies have him do to get his mind for a little while away from the racking problems of Civil War? Nothing more interesting than reading the Bible and saying his prayers?"

"He does not forget the Bible," Keckley said glancing toward a stand near the head of the couch.

"No—he keeps the old book handy and reads it often. Whenever I see him consulting it I know he is getting evidence for or against something said or done. It is a court of last resort to him and almost as interesting as Nasby," and Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

X

It was the night of a big levee. The White House was in gala array and the Marine Band had already arrived.

In the upstairs sitting-room, Mr. Lincoln, in full dress with the exception of his gloves, waited for Mrs. Lincoln.

To him white kid gloves were an abomination and he said as much.

"Why don't you like them?" Tad asked.

"Because they make my hands look like canvassed hams."

"Hamth ith good."

"To eat but not for hand-shaking."

"Will you thake hanth with loth of people?"

"Thousands of every kind."

"Niggers?"

"Hardly any."

"Indians?"

"Not tonight—they were here a few days ago, a hundred of them in war paint and feathers."

"I thaw them. They were good Indians."

"Yes good enough but a little wild I take it in their day. One of the best of them wore extra fine leggings. Their fringe was made of the scalp tufts of ninety-three human beings he had killed."

"He got their hair?"

"Scalp hair, some of it was coarse and black, some was soft and curly—all made into trimming for his leggings. But they were friendly—came that way—went away that way and it's to be hoped will stay that way since the whites are on the warpath."

"Father!"

It was Mrs. Lincoln calling from her room and there was no patience in her voice.

"Do you see anything of my handkerchief out there. It is brand new and point lace. I put it here with my fan. It's gone."

"It's around there some place I guess—just misplaced."

"I guess it's not. It is gone. Look around out there."

Mr. Lincoln arose and took a turn around the room poking under magazines and looking here and there.

"Find it?" his wife called.

"Don't see a thing of it."

"Why don't my mamma askth me?" Tad said.

"Maybe Tad knows something about it, mother."

The next moment Mrs. Lincoln entered the sitting-room. She wore a handsome new dress the skirt of more than usual fullness and with a train. As she came through the doorway she tilted her hoop skirt to the side displaying for the moment a pair of shapely feet well slippered.

"My! How nice you look, mother!" Mr. Lincoln exclaimed. "Quite like a fashion plate."

"Taddie," she said without replying to Mr. Lincoln's compliments, "do you know where my handkerchief is?"

"What kind wath it?"

"A new one—lace. It was with my fan. Do you know where it is?"

"Ith hid."

"Did you hide my handkerchief? Get it this minute and if it is rumpled or torn I'm going to whip you tomorrow."

From the bottom of Mrs. Lincoln's work basket Tad brought the lost handkerchief to light.

"You ought to have a good slapping. What in the world did you hide it for? Willie wouldn't do such a thing."

"My brother ith athleep."

"As you should be. Father," addressing Mr. Lincoln, "you've not brought this child up right. It's a shame the way you let him have his way. He should have been in bed an hour ago."

"You know I don't get to see the little fellows much these days," Mr. Lincoln said. "I was having a little visit with Tadpole while waiting for you. Are you ready to go?"

"Yes, after a word about Kate Chase Sprague."

"What's the matter with Mrs. Senator Sprague?"

"She thinks she is just about the most beautiful and charming woman in Washington."

"So do I."

"Too bad you've fallen under her spell so soon."

"I'm not under any spell, mother. Mrs. Sprague is good to look at and able to carry on a fine conversation—witty, even brilliant."

"So far as I can see she is no wittier—no more brilliant than many other women in Washington including the President's wife. I do not approve of her and do not want to see you spending time with her."

"Is it necessary for you to approve every acquaintance

or friend I make? You reserve the right, as you should, to choose your friends. When it comes to lack of approval, just call to mind your admirer and I suppose friend, Sumner. His plaid clothes, white spats and general air of English affectation go against the grain with me and his fawning manner is of a kind I could never stomach. Yet you admire him, I take it. You give him enough of your time and public attention."

"Perhaps you object to the attention Colonel Ellsworth shows me too."

"I'm not objecting to any attention anybody shows you. You desire attention and I am glad you are receiving it in good measure. I'm just saying 'what's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.' So far as Ellsworth is concerned, my feeling to him is almost like that toward a son. I love the splendid young fellow. He is welcome to my home and the society of my wife and children and I suppose, mother, you have no objections if *I* spend a little time with him."

"Don't be foolish, father. For a man friendship with another man is always safer than friendship with a woman. I am glad Colonel Ellsworth is your friend—our friend."

"Fine! Now since we are agreed, let us go downstairs," and Mr. Lincoln offered his arm to his wife.

XI

The President and Mrs. Lincoln stood in the octagon Blue Room to greet guests.

Outside in the main entrance, they were asked to leave their wraps, as threats against the life of the President continued. Their wraps in the cloak room, guests assembled in the Red Room, from which they passed to the Blue

Room, where they were received. Next on their way to the great East Room, the Green Room was passed through, groups and parties in all the rooms.

As President Lincoln received guests, Mr. John C. Nicolay, one of his secretaries, and Deputy-Marshall Phillips stood on either side. Commissioner French presented guests to Mrs. Lincoln who never looked lovelier than now in her white silk and black lace and pearls, and who was never more gracious.

In the East Room where the Presidential party went later, the scene was one of color and gayety. Officers in full uniform were mingled with the ladies, who in their swaying, buoyed-out skirts looked like gorgeous flowers. The sound of soft music mingled with the babble and laughter of many voices and the fragrance of flowers hung on the air.

Mrs. Lincoln was soon surrounded by a gay party, army and navy officers and wives of Cabinet members.

But Mr. Lincoln, his tall form towering up as an invitation, was soon surrounded by a throng who sought to grasp his hand and counted a few words with him an event. Nor were these all of the gold lace and exclusive class.

A volunteer in private soldier's uniform passed before the President, his pale face flushed with pleasure as he said, "You're a peg taller than I am, Mr. Lincoln, but I reckon I was heftier than you 'fore I served time in the hospital."

"Were you wounded?" the President asked with interest.

"All over I reckon. 'Twas Potomac fever I had."

"Worse than bullets but must have taken a heap of fever to go all over you."

Laughing heartily the soldier moved on and a couple of

timid and poorly dressed little girls squeezed in his place and stared, open eyed at the tall man with the dark, sad face.

"Aren't you going to shake hands with me?"

Timidly, their faces wreathed in smiles, the girls extended their hands and passed on happy.

Next came a woman carrying a young child. The President took it in his arms, tossed it up, kissed it and handed it back to its mother who was almost too delighted for words.

Then came several members of the foreign legation to present a young English nobleman, who, unlike some of his countrymen, was profuse in his words of admiration for Mr. Lincoln's policy.

As the party talked, there stepped inside the door, evidently much overawed by the brilliant assemblage, an old farmer and his wife, plainly dressed and timid. With the over-awed wife clinging to his arm, the aged man keeping close to the wall, made his way toward the President. Presently Mr. Lincoln saw them. "Excuse me, my Lord," he said to the Englishman. "I see some old friends and they're not exactly at home here."

A moment later he was shaking the delighted old man by the hand. "Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since we made rails together back in Sangamon County in 1837. How are you?"

Without answering the President, the old man turned to his wife and said, his voice husky, "Mother, he's just the same old Abe."

Then he spoke to the President. "You know we had three boys to enlist. John is already killed. Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money and I said, 'Mother, he may not get well. We'll go to Washington and see him.' And while we were here, I said, 'We'll go up and see the

President,' and now—God bless you—you're just the same."

Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim and across his face so rugged and yet so tender, there swept a wave of sadness.

"I hope—we all hope the war will not last long. Come to see me tomorrow."

"Mary," Mr. Lincoln said to his wife a few minutes later, "I must go to the War Department. My mind is a long way from here—as far as several battlefields."

Accompanied by his guard sometime about midnight Mr. Lincoln, wrapped in a rough grey shawl and wearing his usual tall, beaver hat, slipped out of the White House through the basement.

"I'm glad it is over," the President said.

"Are you tired, Mr. President?"

"It tires me to shake hands with so many people," he answered, "especially now when there is so much other work to do. And most of the guests come out of mere curiosity."

While Mr. Lincoln at the War Department with anxious face was getting the latest news from the centers of war activities, Mrs. Lincoln was telling Keckley, who assisted her to undress, about the people and their gowns and jewels.

The next morning she was pleased to find in the newspaper report of the levee, a very good description of her handsome gown.

Of Mr. Lincoln there was also a paragraph written by a woman. "If you have ever seen an oak tree, standing alone in a field, with its great gnarled trunk and branches stretching heavenward, the atmosphere about it charged with electricity, and the black, thundering clouds on the horizon threatening any moment a war of the elements, you will realize the impression made upon me by Abraham Lincoln as he stood there in perpetual fear of a

dagger thrust or a bullet, and the notes of internecine strife sounding on every side."

XII

"When will Colonel Ellsworth be back?" Mrs. Lincoln asked of Mr. Lincoln one night as he rested for a time in the sitting-room.

"He is perfecting an organization of Zouaves, all New York firemen. I suppose he will bring them to Washington as soon as his organization is ready."

"I will be glad when he returns. He is the kind of a man one misses."

"You will not see much of him."

"I do not expect to. But he will find time for a look in now and then, if he is around these parts."

"He will be I suppose. I am waiting with interest to see his crack New York Regiment—this all firemen military body."

Colonel Ellsworth's first call at the White House after his return from New York was unannounced. Mrs. Lincoln was not at home. The President was not in his office but the young officer found him in the sitting-room and alone. He was standing at the window studying, through field glasses, the heights beyond the river.

After watching the President a moment Colonel Ellsworth made his presence known and enquired what the chief executive was studying so closely.

"It's the Confederate flag flying high just across the river," he said handing the glasses to Ellsworth.

"I can almost locate it," the young officer said. "I expect my Zouaves will be in possession of Alexandria within a few days. That flag, Mr. President, will come down. Keep watch from this window and you will note its disappearance."

It was a day later President Lincoln received a message.

"Colonel Ellsworth is dead," he was informed. "His Zouaves took possession of Alexandria. An enemy flag floated above the Marshall House. Colonel Ellsworth entered the place, rushed upstairs and out on the roof. He tore the flag down. As he was descending the stairs he was shot by the man who occupied the building. This man was in turn shot by a member of Colonel Ellsworth's regiment."

Mr. Lincoln heard the announcement in silence. Then a sob and tears. And to those who sat with him around the table he said, "Gentlemen, for my weakness I make no apology. I knew poor Ellsworth well and held him in high regard. A man, every inch of him. This tragic death, this end of a brave life yet so young is so unexpected it quite unmans me."

Mrs. Lincoln's grief was for a short time uncontrolled and both President and Mrs. Lincoln again shed tears at the navy yard when they looked on the white and silent body of the young man whose life held so much of promise.

"Mother, the funeral should be held at the White House."

"Oh father! It seems so cruel, so terrible to have his coffin in the room—standing over the very spot where he stood—so full of life—such a splendid young fellow," and again the tears.

"It is cruel. It is terrible. But the boy is away from his home and friends. His death is the first of a ranking officer. Being the first it has given rise to a wave of sorrow and of anger. His is a death of national meaning. Personally and as President I feel that his funeral should be from the Executive Mansion."

"You are right—you are right. But, father, it seems as if blood had already been spilled at our very door."

The look of pain on the President's face settled a little deeper as he said, "A letter has already come in charging this man's blood on my hands which will be stained with the blood of ten thousand boys as good, if I do not stop the impending conflict. My God, Mary, how do they think I can stop a conflict they themselves are forcing upon the Union? Suffering! I have never been able to stand by unmoved and see a dog or even a hog suffer pain. But Mary, though suffering come upon us in a deluge and I be rated the bloodiest tyrant in all history, I *must* not, and I *can* not let the Union go without a struggle to the death. Its institutions are the hope of the world and in the union of its component parts alone is strength."

Mr. Lincoln bowed his head in his hands. Mrs. Lincoln regarded him a moment in silence then retired that he might be alone.

XIII

The Lincolns had not long been domiciled in the White House before gifts for every member of the family began to come. Especially was Mr. Lincoln remembered with offerings as widely different as elegant liquors and gold bound Bibles.

From far Siam the king made the generous offer of a few brood elephants. The President respectfully declined, according to the newspapers' version because, "of having a very large elephant on hand just now, which occupies all his attention, and which the assembled wisdom of the Nation don't know what to do with."

Since Mr. Lincoln did not use liquor nor allow its drinking at the White House public functions, the many generous gifts of this kind were turned over to the hos-

pitals of the city and many other gifts were disposed of where they could do the most good.

There were gifts, however, most happily appreciated among them all, a pony for Willie and a pair of goats and red wagon for Tad.

"Mother," said Mr. Lincoln, coming from his office to her sitting-room, "a president has reached just about the highest position this United States has to offer. Isn't it so?"

"Of course—why father?"

"Don't you think a president's small boy should be made just as happy as his father's position will permit?"

"What are you driving at?"

"Back at home the greatest desire of Willie's heart was for a pony. A splendid little animal has been presented to him."

"Oh, father! How lovely! How happy the child will be and how good for his health to be able to ride."

"I'm glad you are pleased. I was sure you would be. But mother, Tad has wanted a goat just as much as ever Willie wanted a pony. Tad had even laid the matter before the Lord. More than once back home when I used to hear the little fellows say their 'Now I lay me,' he put in a petition for a goat. For some reason, probably because of your objection, Tad's prayer was never answered."

"God, father! Don't stir up the goat subject again. I can think of nothing more plebian—more common, more horrible than to have a goat around the White House."

"It is my opinion there have been a great many worse creatures around the White House than a decent and well behaved goat. And mother, in considering this goat question it might be well to remember the horses do not hang around the White House. The goat would stay where it belonged which would not be at Cabinet meetings or in your sitting-room."

"Such an argument is wide of the mark. You know as well as I do if Tad had a goat it would be everywhere gamboling on the beds and gnawing the buttons off the furniture. It's a goat's nature to do these things. Besides, father, the smell of a goat is enough to turn a decent stomach."

"These goats do not smell."

"These goats! What goats?"

"Tad's goats."

"Tad's goats?"

"Two of them and a little red wagon. They are waiting for him in the barn and I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for the sight of the little fellow when he sees his gift. Where are the boys?"

There was an explosion on the part of Mrs. Lincoln who used sharp words to express her displeasure. The undisturbed calm with which her husband listened made a quarrel impossible and her protest soon reached its climax.

"It doesn't seem to make a bit of difference how mad I get, you just go on having your own way."

"Compared with the anger directed against a man by a Civil War, the anger of one little woman doesn't weigh very heavy, mother. Will you accompany me to the barn to see our little boys receive their gifts?"

"Such unmanageable creatures as men are," she said as she went.

Willie's unbounded joy when he was shown his new pony brought tears to his mother's eyes and her heart melted even toward the goats under the spell of Tad's shrieks of delight.

He had one criticism, however.

"Hith whithkerth ith not long enough," he said.

"He is a lady, Tad," Mr. Lincoln replied gravely, "and ladies do not have whiskers—not nice ladies."

"Have they good dispositions?" Mrs. Lincoln asked eyeing them suspiciously.

"Their sex guarantees their amiable dispositions," Mr. Lincoln replied. "Only males are unruly and unmanageable."

Willie was soon off on his pony and Tad driving his new team with many a whoop of delight.

Later in the day Tad drove up to the White House steps to take his father for a ride.

"Get in papa-day! Get in! Get in!" the excited child called.

Doubling his long legs as best he was able, Mr. Lincoln was about to take a ride when a shrill and agitated voice, called from above, "God, father! Get out of there! Suppose a photographer or a reporter should come by! You look like the devil!"

"I believe you are right, Mary," he answered, unfolding himself from the little red wagon. To Tad he said, "I'll ride in your wagon some other time—after dark, maybe."

Great as the goat evil had seemed to Mrs. Lincoln she was forced to admit there were others as bad. Somebody gave each of the boys a sharp knife. On a morning when rain kept them in and their father's office was yet unoccupied, they amused themselves cutting small holes in the green covering of the long table around which the Cabinet sat. Quite pleased with their work which represented rows of soldiers, they turned their attention to the legs of the table where they left a series of strange carvings. This table was old and bound for a place of obscurity. Mr. Lincoln was not inclined to consider the damage so great. But when the boys shifted their point of attack to the table in the state dining-room, then treasured knives were taken from them and neither prayers nor tears moved their father's heart to return them to the boys.

It was on an afternoon when Mr. Lincoln was engaged in a grave discussion of War matters, he received a summons to come to Mrs. Lincoln. Such summons were not uncommon and were generally promptly responded to. At this especial time, after telling her messenger he would soon see her, he continued his conference.

A second time the messenger came, this time bringing news that Tad and Willie had disappeared and Mrs. Lincoln thought they had been kidnapped.

This was enough. Mr. Lincoln made haste to his wife whom he found in tears.

"Father," she cried hysterically, "the boys have been kidnapped by some of your enemies—some of those who have been threatening your life. They have taken this cruel way of revenge."

"What makes you think they have been kidnapped?"

"They are gone and nobody knows a thing about them."

"Where are the goats and the pony?"

"In the stable."

"Have you asked the servants?"

"Every one from the cook to the gardener. Nobody has seen them. They are *gone*—kidnapped," and Mrs. Lincoln burst into fresh tears.

"Don't cry, mother, don't cry. I do not think they have been kidnapped. It is more likely they have chased off after some band or group of soldiers or maybe they have gone with that organ grinder whose monkey they are so crazy about. Has he been around here today?"

Mrs. Lincoln did not know. After assuring her he would ask the police department for help if the boys were not soon discovered, Mr. Lincoln went out to make enquiry.

Even before he had sought information from all the under guards, the shouts of the two small boys heralded

their approach. They were accompanied by the organ grinder and Tad carried the monkey.

"Papa-day," he shouted as his father hurried to meet him. "He ith ourth," and the excited child held the monkey toward his father.

"Yours!" Mr. Lincoln exclaimed.

"We bought him for one hundred dollars," Willie explained. "Give the organ-man a hundred dollars. We said we would."

"But Willie, we mustn't take the organ-man's monkey. He needs it to help him make his living."

"He thaid he would thell it for one hundred dollarth," Tad replied. "Then he can get him another."

"A flock of them," and Mr. Lincoln laughed.

"I'll tell you what we will do. We will have this organ-man come every day. We will pay him for an hour or so of time for you to play with the monkey. This will be better than buying him. The goats might not like to have him in their sleeping apartments."

Mr. Lincoln's plan worked beautifully at much less cost than a hundred dollars and Mrs. Lincoln was so thankful the children had not been kidnapped she raised no objections although she had no more love for a monkey than for a goat.

XIV

Many were the discussions between Mary Lincoln and her president husband about his Cabinet officers and others prominent in civil and military life, and in the study of human nature Mrs. Lincoln claimed to have a much keener insight than her husband.

Mr. Lincoln had much confidence in human nature and never suspected the loyalty of one who claimed to be his friend, at least so his wife charged.

Mrs. Lincoln's dislike for Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, was marked. There were those who charged this dislike of the father to jealousy of the brilliant popularity of his daughter, Kate Chase Sprague, wife of Senator Sprague. Whatever the cause, Mrs. Lincoln made no effort to conceal her feelings.

"Father," she said to Mr. Lincoln one day as he stretched himself on the sofa to look over the paper, "I hate more than I can tell to see you so wrapped up in Chase. I wish you *would* take time enough to analyze his motives."

"You are too suspicious, mother. I give you credit for sagacity in sizing up character. But you are disposed to magnify trifles. Chase is one of my best friends."

"Yes—a friend because it is to his interest to be so. He is anything for Chase. If he thought there was anything to be gained by it he would betray you tomorrow."

"It is my opinion you do Chase an injustice. But even admitting he is no friend of mine, he is serving my country well at a critical time and this is of first importance."

"I don't see as he is doing anything so wonderful for your country."

"The treasury was empty when he took hold of it and government credit below par, with all the enormous expenses of civil war upon us. Congress would not resort to direct taxation. He is meeting the crisis by extensive loans on which the interest is being paid in gold. He is also working out a plan for compensating the owners of fugitive slaves. This is in line with my idea of paying for every slave in bondage. The cost in money, in blood, in fratricidal hatred by this plan will be small beside that of civil war."

"I don't care what Chase is doing. He is no friend of yours and you are either blind or too stubborn to see it. Just remember I am warning you."

"You are not the only one. I receive letters from all parts of the country telling me not to trust Chase. But these letters are written by political enemies of the Secretary and it would be neither wise nor just to give them too much weight."

"Very well. Go ahead. You will find out some day—if you live long enough, that I have read the man correctly."

"You have warned me as solemnly about Seward."

"Seward is worse than Chase. He has no principle whatever—absolutely none."

"If you would give your reason right-of-way over your prejudices you might see things differently. Seward's record as Governor of New York shows no lack of principle. To make his 'irrepressible conflict' speech took a good stiff moral backbone. His services in our present critical times—his manner of dealing with foreign powers is sane and safe. Seward is an able man and the country as well as myself can trust him."

"You are too honest for this world. You should have been born a saint. In spite of all you say it makes me mad to see you sit still and let that hypocrite Seward twine you around his finger as if you were a skein of thread. And Stanton—how I abominate him God only knows."

"Stanton next," Mr. Lincoln said dryly. "What has Stanton done or left undone?"

"A man with a memory like yours ought to be put in an asylum. Have you forgotten what that brutal fellow did to you at Cincinnati? I'll never forget. It was tragic! Stanton browbeat you until you didn't dare call your soul your own and what he didn't do you let your conscience whip you into doing."

"That's past history now. New occasions bring new duties. My duty is to put men in power who will serve our Country—preserve the Union. Do you recall what his answer was to Secretary Floyd's proposal to give up

Fort Sumter? He said it was no better than Arnold's treason. That's the kind he is. He is with me in recognizing the constitutional claim of slave compensation and in other matters of importance and no man knows better than Stanton who, at last, is Chief Executive."

"He's a brute. If he ever gave a civil answer to a human being I'd like to know it."

"I'll admit Stanton is not noted for his suavity. But you must remember the nature of his work demands peremptory decision. The job of Secretary of War is somewhat different from that of a lady at a levee."

"It is a shame to have him in your Cabinet."

"Who would I have in the Cabinet if I listened to you, mother?"

"Too bad you can not find somebody better than what you have selected. And there's Andrew Jackson who wants to be Military Governor of Tennessee. Don't you know he is a demagogue of the rankest type? Mark my words, father, if you put that man in power you will rue your act some day. I wouldn't trust him behind my back."

"Seems to me McClellan has fallen under your displeasure also," and Mr. Lincoln smiled and put his paper aside with an air of resignation.

"McClellan is a humbug."

"Never was a general more widely liked. Why call him a humbug?"

"He talks too much and does too little. If I had the power I would take off his head and put some man of action in his place."

"McClellan has been much embarrassed. His troops are raw and his subordinate officers inclined to be rebellious. There are too many politicians in the army with shoulder straps. McClellan is young and popular. They are jealous of him. They will kill him off if they can. Talking of

soldiers, Robert is again begging permission to quit school and enter the army."

"God, father! I hope you haven't encouraged him in this wild notion. His career is mapped out. He is to be a lawyer, not a soldier. I will never give my consent, *never*."

"But mother ——"

"Don't begin any of your 'but mother' arguments. Do not expect, do not ask me to make the sacrifice. I refuse."

"But Mary, many a poor mother has given *all* her sons. Do you think our son is more dear to us than are the thousands of sons of others who are fighting for the preservation of the Union?"

"It does not matter to me how dear other people's sons are to them. I can never bear to have Robert exposed to the dangers of war. God! Haven't you been on enough battlefields and in enough hospitals to know what war means? His services are not required in the field and the sacrifice would be a needless one."

"The services of every man who loves his country are required in this war. You should take a broad and unselfish view of the question, mother. From my viewpoint it would be wholly inconsistent, even cowardly, to refuse to do with my son what I am asking others to do with theirs. Because of this I have given my permission and our boy will join the army."

"Our boy—to join the army!"

The words were half screamed. "No—no!"

"He will be with Grant."

"Grant!" Again the voice at high tension.

"What's the matter with Grant?"

"You ask me that? Grant is a butcher—as much of a butcher as the man who kills the beef we eat and no more fit to be at the head of an army."

"He has been very successful in the field."

"He always manages to claim a victory. But such a victory! He loses two men to the enemy's one. He has no management and not the slightest regard for human life. If the war continues long enough he will depopulate the North. I could manage an army as well myself. According to his tactics there is nothing under heaven to do but march a new line of men to the front of the enemy breast works to be shot down as fast as they can take up their positions, and keep marching until the enemy gets tired of the slaughter. Grant, let me repeat it, is an obstinate fool and a butcher. And now you let our son, our splendid oldest son go with him. It is too horrid! If we only had generals to run the army right."

"I am sorry, mother, that our generals do not suit you, nor the way the army is being managed. Suppose you were put in command, conditions as they are, what would you do?"

"Find some way to save the lives of our boys."

"Human life is what war feeds on—young life."

"I would find a way to protect my own son, at any rate."

A frown for the moment rested on the furrowed face of Mr. Lincoln. With its passing he said, "Mother, I am twice sorry for you. I am sorry for the hurt that comes to your mother-heart at the thought of danger to a loved son. I am still sorrier that you do not realize that to give a son if need be, for the preservation of the Union is not only a duty but a privilege. Never was the shedding of human blood consecrated to a more divine cause!"

Mr. Lincoln threw his paper aside, arose from the couch and straightened himself.

"The Union must not be broken! The Union *shall not* be destroyed! Born of blood shed for human rights—hu-

man liberty—freedom of conscience, it *shall be so preserved!*"

"Yes—yes," replied Mrs. Lincoln quickly. "Of course the Union must be saved. But father—Oh, father—why at such a high price?"

"I have wondered. I suppose it is because that for which man fights is dearer to him than his life."

"Do not talk about it any more—don't—don't! It was terrible before our boy was a part of it, now—now—Oh, father," and a flood of tears stopped further words.

"Poor little woman," Mr. Lincoln said putting his arm around her. "How low the war clouds hang—and how black. God be with us or through its darkness there will come no glimmer of light."

XV

Comment of the death of Stephen A. Douglas which occurred in June 1861, started one of the intimate conversations Mrs. Lincoln often had with Keckley.

"You remember, Lizzie, I told you one reason I would not marry Mr. Douglas was because of his drinking habits? His death proves my wisdom. It may never be generally known, and I hope is not, but too much drink killed my former lover. His stomach—it was in an awful fix and he suffered greatly."

"It is often the way," Keckley answered. Then she turned the subject to that of Mrs. Douglas.

"She will look lovely in black—will make a charming widow."

"When a woman looks well in black she makes the most of it I have noticed. As to widows being charming I don't see why they should be—never have understood why a man prefers a widow's company to that of any other woman."

"Perhaps the freedom a widow feels after having been a long time properly conventional makes her interesting."

"I notice some of them assume plenty of freedom. I hope Mrs. Douglas will not take it into her head to be any rival of mine. You know her husband and mine were keen rivals in other days. Have you ever heard Mr. Lincoln speak of her?"

"Not that I remember and she will be out of society now you know."

"Society has nothing to do with it. My husband is besieged with women of all kinds wanting all sorts of favors and if I must say it, he is a man who should have very little to do with women. If they can work on his sympathy, as they generally do, he says things apt to be misunderstood. Added to everything else said about him a scandal would be the last straw on the camel's back. His safety lies in letting women alone—absolutely alone. And I intend to change the long time custom of the President walking with any other woman than his wife at any reception or dinner, no matter how formal."

Keckley had her own idea of why Mrs. Lincoln did not want her husband walking and talking with any other woman than his wife. It was not all for his protection for the colored woman had not been slow to discover in Mrs. Lincoln the streak of jealousy that cost her so many friendships especially among women.

That the President should be protected against certain kinds of women, however, women who sought to involve him at the instigation of enemies, none knew better than Keckley. Just a few days before, she herself had been approached by a handsome woman who sought help in obtaining a position of some kind in the White House. This applicant, whose appearance would not indicate the servant class, said she heard so much of the goodness and kindness of Mr. Lincoln she wanted to know him

herself. She was willing to serve in any menial way and told the mulatto she would pay her well for assistance in getting a position.

The offer was refused and nothing was said to Mrs. Lincoln about it. Knowing her excitable nature and her lack of judgment at such times, Keckley decided no good would come of a warning. That the President's wife was already wisely keeping her eyes open when strange women took an interest in the President, she was sure.

But there were other worries than those occasioned by women to give Mrs. Lincoln anxious moments.

"Lizzie," Mrs. Lincoln said after opening some packages that had come in from a New York shop, "I am twenty-seven thousand dollars in debt to New York stores and I am worried half to death at the way the accounts are piling up. Mr. Lincoln has no idea what good clothes cost and thinks I am paying for my handsome gowns and laces and furs with the modest allowance he gives me. If he should find out—or when he does find out about these bills, he will be heart-broken. He has always had a horror of being in debt and to be in debt for fine clothes will appear to him a positive sin. Beside this, suppose some of his political enemies should find out about these bills made by the President's wife and it should get into the papers? What shall I do about it, Lizzie? God! Tell me. I am worried to death."

"Since you ask me, madam, I would suggest that you cut the bills down. As a matter of fact you have enough handsome gowns and shawls, enough of everything to last you a year. Some of your richest dresses you have worn but once. They are piling up on you."

"They are indeed. I am going to take one of the spare bedrooms for a wardrobe. I have almost enough to fill it now. We must attend to this matter right away, Lizzie, for there will be more new dresses next month. It is easy to

say, 'Cut the bills down.' But you must remember who I am and what is expected of me."

"If you will pardon me, madam, I would like to ask you why so much more is expected of you in the way of dress than has been expected of any other lady in the White House? I have sewed here in Washington in many homes and have heard much talk of the wardrobes of former mistresses of the White House. None of them considered quite such an extensive and expensive wardrobe necessary."

"None of them, you must remember, were from the West and had to overcome such great criticism and prejudice as I have. And you know, Lizzie, a woman's personal appearance goes farther than anything else in making a good impression. I ordered silk and lace for a new dress today and do you know why? A few nights ago at a reception a loud-mouthed man from Springfield was present. Just before shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln he looked about the room, at the people, the lights, the flowers, and as he took my husband's hand he roared out with a coarse laugh, 'Doing pretty well for a fellow who used to be happy with a ten cent steak.' I could have killed him and would if he had added, as I expected he would, 'and cooked it himself.' I made up my mind right then I would get another gown. Don't you understand why I do it?"

"I am quite likely stupid, madam, but I don't get the connection."

"Fortunately you do not need to," Mrs. Lincoln replied rather sharply. "Your business is to make and take care of my wardrobe and we will take over another bedroom for my things tomorrow. Just now I want to know if you have seen anything in the papers about news being given by me from this White House to the Confederates?"

"A brief notice."

Mrs. Lincoln's anger was evident as she asked, "Why am I continually vilified by the press? Where is the paper? What did it say?" and she cast her eye toward the stand at the head of the couch where reading matter was placed.

"The papers, madam, have been carried away by your husband's orders."

"He saw the story?"

"I am sure of it."

"What did it say—tell me, Lizzie, don't mince matters."

"You are a spy on your husband. You are giving the enemy information."

"A spy on my husband! God, Lizzie Keckley! What a black lie! And how can I give out information?"

"You have a brother who is an officer in the Confederate Army. Your sympathies are with him. You get messages across some way. You give them out the upstairs window."

"To whom? The grounds are so well guarded no stranger can set foot on them. The nearest Confederates are across the river—far enough from here. How can I give messages? Only a fool would believe such a tale."

"So Mr. Lincoln said when he threw the papers out."

"Poor Mr. Lincoln. Not only would his enemies break his spirit from the outside but they would break his heart from the inside. They do not even want him to laugh or tell a joke. Every time he forgets his troubles long enough for a laugh *I* consider it a life preserver. And his jokes—did you see in any of the papers or have you heard that Mr. Lincoln's jokes and stories are filthy—obscene?"

"Not as bad as that—just vulgar—that is some of them."

"That's another dirty, black lie. I have lived with that man over twenty years. I have heard hundreds of his jokes and stories and I have yet the first one to hear

that our children could not listen to. Every nasty story turned loose is credited to my husband by his enemies. I'll admit he tells too many jokes. But such as they are, they are not indecent."

"Did you see this?" and Keckley took a clipping from the scrap book collection.

"What is it?"

"I ran across it and thought you might think it worth keeping. It is about Mr. Lincoln's jokes. It says," and she read, " 'Two Quakeresses were discussing the probable outcome of the war. These remarks were exchanged.

" ' "Jefferson Davis will win the war."

" ' "Why?"

" ' "Because Jefferson is a praying man."

" ' "And so is Abraham Lincoln a praying man."

" ' "Yes, but the Lord will think he is joking." ' "

Mrs. Lincoln laughed heartily and said, "That's worth saving. I guess Mr. Davis is a praying man and while Mr. Lincoln spends little time on his knees I am sure his heart prays much. Doesn't it seem strange? Here are two men of a Christian country lined up against each other in war to the death and each praying to God to give him victory. If God hears either of them, or anybody else, which I sometimes doubt, it must put Him in an embarrassing position. I will say this for Mr. Lincoln, however, he has no hatred in his heart for anybody least of all Jefferson Davis. Little things prove this. Yesterday we sat for a few minutes on the lawn. Presently a band passed playing, 'We'll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,' shouting out the words at times. A look of displeasure showed on my husband's face. 'I don't like it,' he said. 'It is wrong to play such things. We are at war with them. We must win but we want to be their friends. It is no part of valor or loyalty to make sport. Sometimes it is cruel.' For a moment the shadow deepened on his

face, a look of sadness it was. And I wondered if there was in his mind the uncounted cruel, brutal things that have been said about him, about his body, his mind, his very soul? Poor Mr. Lincoln!"

"He is working too hard. He never goes to bed until midnight, does he?"

"He stays up to get the last news from the War Department. When it is bad news he stays up all night, sometimes walking the floor. He does not eat enough either. I suppose that is my fault. I try to make him eat. Sometimes I do. What time is it now Lizzie—nearly lunch time?"

Finding it was nearly time to dine, Mrs. Lincoln determined to get Mr. Lincoln to his meal. To this end she called Tad and gave him instructions.

"Taddie, go to your papa and tell him luncheon is ready and mamma says for him to come. Make him come with you but don't tip anything over or break it in doing this. Judge Treat back in Springfield will never get over the way you broke up his game of chess. Do not do anything like that. Get hold of papa and *make* him come."

Tad hurried away on his mission. It was not long before he was back with news that papa was busy and could not come.

"I'll get him myself," Mrs. Lincoln said. "I'm tired of his way of starving himself. I do not like to break in on a business meeting but I'm going to do it. If he is not looked after he will never live to see the end of the war. He is dying under the strain."

Mrs. Lincoln was not gone longer on her mission to Mr. Lincoln than Tad had been. When she returned her face was flushed, both anger and chagrin showing in it.

"Do you know what happened?" she asked. "He put me out—actually *put me out* and shut the door behind

me. Can you imagine it? What do you suppose those men thought?"

"Perhaps the matters they were discussing were of so grave a nature they thought nothing of it."

"It was a serious conference. I knew that when I went in. Well, at any rate he wasn't rough about it. 'Little woman,' he said, 'this is no place for you,' and rising he put his hands around my shoulders and pushed me toward the door and *out*. What big—terribly big hands he has and how strong. It is a blessed thing my husband never loses his temper the way I do. If he did somebody would suffer."

"He was not angry?"

"Not a bit. He didn't want me there and put me out. That's all. And I never expect him to refer to it. Sometimes I am sorry for the way I explode and the things I say to him, for he is always patient. More times than one he has referred to me as his child-wife—used to back in Springfield when Mr. Herndon knew of some of my blow-ups and Mr. Lincoln was trying to excuse me. That he keeps me in his mind as a child pleases me and perhaps accounts for his unlimited patience."

"I have never seen him angry."

"You are not likely to. But Lizzie, just what do you suppose he would say or will say when he finds out about the awful bills I owe?" and an expression of genuine distress came again to Mrs. Lincoln's face. "I just must find some way of getting money. I have discharged one old house servant and cut the milk and grocery bills until there is a protest from the steward and the kitchen. I have done all sorts of work around here. Now I am going to let Edward McManus go."

"He has been here many years, hasn't he?"

"Through a number of administrations and is a fine servant. But I can get along without him and save that

much. He forgot to take some notices to the papers yesterday. This is my time to get rid of him."

"Too bad."

"Yes—too bad. But it cannot be helped. Do you think of any other way I can cut down expenses around here—or anything I can do—or sell to get some money?"

"I have not thought along this line."

"There is one thing yet. I find the stable manure is being hauled away. This I am sure can be sold. Perhaps coming from the White House stables it would bring a little more than common fertilizer for flower beds. What do you think?"

"Have I your permission, madam, to tell you what I think? It seems to me for the lady of the White House to sell stable manure will, when enemy and unfriendly papers get hold of the news, do more to call ridicule and criticism than a thousand fine dresses can prevent or correct. I would suggest saving the cost of a few garments which may never be worn and leaving a sufficient milk supply, and the manure in charge of the stable man."

"Your advice isn't worth much, Lizzie. The only thing you can think of is cutting down my wardrobe and this is exactly what I will *not* do. Perhaps we can think up some plan or something will turn up to help us out. Meantime keep the bills locked up. And whatever you do, don't drop even a hint to raise a question in Mr. Lincoln's mind. God knows he has enough already to worry about."

XVI

"Who's been to see you today, father?" Mrs. Lincoln asked one evening as Mr. Lincoln, wearied by trips to the War Department, stretched himself on the couch for a rest.

"Have funny folks been to see you?" Willie questioned, as he and Tad squeezed down by Mr. Lincoln's side.

"Willie, you and Tad go back to your blocks and let your papa alone. I never get a word in crossways with him any more. I want to talk to him."

"Papa-day," and Tad bent over his father and patted his cheek, "when mamma geth done will you play horth with uth?"

"Horse! Horse!" shouted Willie.

"Papa is too tired to play horse tonight. Go on away," Mrs. Lincoln answered.

"Horse!" shouted Willie and "Horth!" shouted Tad.

"Playing horse is not half as hard as getting rid of office seekers," Mr. Lincoln said laughing. "For a while it will be a real relief to be a horse instead of a president. Horses may have their troubles but one of them is not being pestered to distraction. We'll play horse pretty soon —when mamma gets done talking."

"Run on now," and Mrs. Lincoln drew a chair beside the couch and seated herself for a chat. "What has happened today? Who called?"

"All sorts of people—dozens of them. Walt Whitman was in for one."

"Walt Whitman! That vulgar-minded fellow? What is he doing here?"

"He came to Washington to work with sick and wounded soldiers."

"God, father! I hope he makes a better nurse than he has poet. His writings are a disgrace to America."

"Your opinion may be that of the majority. Mine is different. In my opinion, Walt Whitman's is one of the greatest voices ever lifted up for Democracy. His writings are the expressions of a great soul—a rugged, unspoiled soul closely in touch with the soul of the Universe. Instead of being a disgrace to American letters, I predict

the time will come that the fame of Walt Whitman will be known around the world and America will be proud to claim him as a son. Sometime I want to read you lines of his in which a matchless soul is revealed."

"I have heard all I ever want to of Walt Whitman—got enough of his kind in a very few minutes back in Springfield. Let's leave the Whitman subject but don't you ever make the mistake of inviting him here. Who else visited you?"

"A committee of clergymen. They come with the information that it is the will of God I free the slaves."

"Maybe it is."

"An emancipation proclamation may be necessary. I have thought of it. But the act is of too grave a nature to be acted on in haste. And if it is the will of God that I do this, I am of the opinion he will communicate His wishes first hand and not through a self constituted committee."

"Don't you think the clergy should be the first to get divine messages—if there are such things?"

"Perhaps they should," Mr. Lincoln replied. "Have you noticed they do?"

"Let's not get up an argument. Who else came to see you today?"

"A delegation of New York millionaires who wanted me to furnish a gun boat for the protection of New York harbor. I told them that with government credit at a low ebb and greenbacks worth not more than fifty cents on the dollar, it would be impossible to accede to their request. I also told them if I was worth half as much as they are and as badly frightened, I would build a gun boat and give it to the government."

"I don't think your last remark was a wise one. There is no use rubbing the fur the wrong way. You might want a second term here."

"I might," Mr. Lincoln answered wearily. "Judging by

the way I feel now however, half a term is enough and if this war persists anybody can have the job for the asking."

"You must be even more tired than you look. Don't you know the country will need you after the war is over? You haven't had a chance yet."

"The way it looks now the war will never be over."

"You've got the blues. It is unthinkable that war will last throughout your full term. But even if it should, is a time of war the time to change presidents?"

"I've heard said the time for swapping horses was not in the middle of the stream."

"It is not. Whether you feel like it or not you must work toward a second term."

"Work toward a second term," Mr. Lincoln repeated. "How little you know of the burdens brought to a man's head and heart by fraticidal war! Work for a second term? It is too foreign to the problems—the tragical problems of today, to consider. From every quarter these problems come to me. It has been reported that Union soldiers are stealing everything they can lay their hands on—*stealing*, not paying for food as they are supposed to. A man from the south-west was in today. He has been as far as Memphis, up the White River and across to Little Rock, down the Arkansas and up to St. Louis. He says the Arkansas River bottom plantations are mostly in corn—instead of cotton, or were. Finest corn he ever saw, sixty and seventy bushels to the acre. It was planted to feed the Confederate soldiers but has come to ours instead."

"If the Union soldiers did not steal it, how did they get it?'

Something like a smile played across Mr. Lincoln's face for a moment as he said, "Through contractors. Contracts called for so much corn to be delivered at certain places

to the Army. Certain money was to be paid for it. Our army got the corn and paid for it in good money. Who got the money I can not say. I have an especial interest in Arkansas, just a sort of a sentimental interest maybe. But I stopped in Arkansas once long ago, lived there a while and found no better people in the world than those big generous, brave-hearted pioneers."

"What were you doing in Arkansas?" Mrs. Lincoln asked, "and when was it?"

"After my flat-boat trip to New Orleans. I stopped off for some time earning my living cutting wood for the steamboats. We cut it in four-foot lengths and stacked it along the river bank where it was picked up by boats going both up and down. I earned enough to pay my keep and have something in my pockets when I returned to New Salem in Illinois."

"That's something I never heard before."

"I suppose there are many incidents and happenings in my obscure past you have heard nothing of."

"Well, God, father, don't dig them up. I've never felt obscurity and poverty are anything to be proud of."

"Honest poverty is nothing to be ashamed of."

"It may not be. But in the desperately poor there seems to run some common streak, some plebian tastes. I am not criticizing you father, though you will not deny your ways are those of a country man. You are criticized, however. I've read slurs about your country ways until I've been so mad I've nearly burst."

"Don't burst," Mr. Lincoln said laughing. "It isn't worth it. What are some of the specific charges against my manners?"

"You say, howdy. Howdy John—howdy Jim, howdy Bob."

"To old acquaintances—yes, why not? I don't remember that I addressed the Prince of Wales that way."

"Maybe not. But you howdied somebody while you were talking to him and that's as bad. It's hard to live down or overcome, these country ways of the poor, especially when one does not try to do so. And I see the same streak cropping out in Tad."

"Not in Willie?"

"Not to any extent. Willie is an aristocrat."

"Like his mother."

"Like his mother's people. Anybody can see the difference in the two boys. Look at the kind of children Tad plays with. I've worried a lot about the matter but do not know what to do about it."

"Who is Tad playing with that he should not?"

"Who? You know who he plays with. There's that little newsboy, Harry Bradley. You have had him on one knee and Tad on the other at the same time telling them yarns."

"That little newsboy? He's a nice little fellow. Nothing the matter with him so far as I have seen."

"He is a newsboy, goes about the streets yelling in the commonest kind of way. And there's Perry Kelly. You know what kind he is."

"What's the matter with *him,* mother? He's as smart as a whistle and for all I know a good playmate for Tad."

"His father is nothing but a common tinner."

"Common tinner. A man has to be something to earn an honest living. As well a tinner as anything else."

"You not only approve of this class of boys for Tad's playmates but you go out of the way to keep them around here. Look at the way you have fixed that upstairs room for them to run a theatre just because Tad happens to have a stage manager's boy for a friend."

"It is giving them lots of pleasure to run that show and don't you think mother, it is better to have the boys here

and know what they are doing? I feel that way about them."

XVII

"Is Willie well, quite well, mother?" Mr. Lincoln asked one evening.

"He sits around a good deal but that is the kind he is."

"We must look after the children. What would life be worth without them?"

"I am looking after them but there are so many distracting things I can hardly think at times. And the way I am criticized, no matter what I do, is enough to run a woman crazy. Some of the criticism belongs to you."

"Have it put where it belongs. I am used to it."

"And when you make up your mind a person had as well try to move Gibraltar as to change it."

"What changes have you to suggest?"

"When was there a time in its history the White House had dry receptions?"

"Perhaps never before. Reports I have heard of past social functions, lead me to believe some most mightily wet affairs have been given in the White House—men and women intoxicated past the point of decency."

"They drank to excess."

"In my opinion, any drinking is to excess. Strong drink is no respecter of any man's stomach or brain. It effects the backwoodsman as it does the statesman. I have seen it do both. I can not think yet of Douglas without a tugging of my heart that a man of such splendid brain and heart should be the victim of his cups. We think this war is terrible—the loss of life by enemy bullets unthinkably terrible. And yet I tell you, Mary, the poison of the cup has killed more men than war and famine and pestilence combined. There's a command in an Old Book that people

preach much about and take little into practice, which says, 'Put not thy bottle to thy neighbors' lips.' I will never disobey this command say what men may."

"I hope you do not get to be a fanatic on the subject."

"Added to my other short comings and discrepancies such a thing would be serious. But fanatic or otherwise I stand firm against this foe of mankind. If I had never seen its weakening, damaging effects anywhere else, what it has done for Billy Herndon would make me its enemy. Poor Billy Herndon! In appreciation of his unusual ability and my love for him, I offered him a choice position here in Washington. This he declined, referring to his weakness and saying not for the world would he accept a position at my hands to the duties of which he might not measure up."

"Some men are weak. Mr. Herndon is one of them."

"A fact which makes a strong man's duty the more imperative. I can not change my opinion. There will be no liquor served at public receptions while we are in the White House. On this liquor question I can not change my mind."

"I didn't expect you to."

"You are not disappointed then."

Mr. Lincoln rose from the couch and called the boys.

"Come on! The old horse can not go far to-night. He's stiff in the joints. Get on. Who is first?" and he dropped on all fours ready for a romp.

For a few moments there were shouts and the usual excitement of the game. Then Willie withdrew telling Tad he might have his turn and Mr. Lincoln himself soon ended the play, telling them he must go to the War Department.

"Take us to bed first," both boys requested.

"I haven't heard news for a couple of hours. I must go."

"Please papa—please put us to bed. You never do it

any more," and Willie caught his father's hand and turned toward the door.

"Come on—come on," and Tad added his bit toward pulling his father.

"Tell mamma good-night then and come on."

As he had often done in Springfield, Mr. Lincoln heard the boys say their prayers. But when Tad opened up the question yet unanswered in his mind as to what God does with souls when people sleep he got no satisfactory answer.

"I'm sure Tadpole I don't know where souls go when people are asleep."

"You talked about thoulth before we came here to live."

"Back in Springfield—yes. Well, I didn't know much about souls then and I know less now."

"God is here—here in this town—this big house, isn't he?"

It was Willie who asked.

Mr. Lincoln, who was impatient to be away, let his eyes rest on the face of the child, an anxious little face as an answer was awaited.

"Of course God is here. God is everywhere."

"Taddie," and Willie addressed his brother, "God is here. He will take care of our souls when we ask him to. We don't know what he does with them when we're asleep, but whatever it is they're all right until we wake up."

Just a moment Mr. Lincoln lingered to look at the two faces on the pillow before returning to the sitting-room.

"Mary," he said, "is Willie well—quite well? It seems to me his face has a tired expression—too tired for a little fellow like him."

"You have asked that before. You see him through tired eyes. It is you who are dead tired, father. Go to bed and get a good night's rest. You need it."

"Rest," the word was spoken slowly. "A good but rather strange sounding word. I'm going over to the War Department. If there is not soon a turning in the tide of bad news 'rest' will come to mean nothing."

XVIII

At low tide the flats beyond the Mall that extended from the White House grounds to the Potomac, were bared for wide reaches and there was no current at high tide.

Because of this, or for some other reason, there was a mist which Mr. Lincoln often noticed as he looked toward the Potomac from his upper window and from this mist there came to him a nameless impression that it was a veil of mystery, hiding the secrets of life and death.

Sometimes when the wind came blowing in across the Mall it bore the odor of gun powder so strongly it seemed to permeate the house, whispering of the pathetic dead of the last battle of Fredericksburg—of their eternal silence and oblivion.

Again when the breeze blew softly from the green hills of Virginia, there came the thought of everlasting hills fragrant with spring verdure, their heights glory tipped with sunlight. At such times the mist was a thin veil between life here and here-after.

Such thoughts came to Mr. Lincoln during the illness of Willie for that the little fellow was at last seriously ill, everybody in and about the White House knew.

For weeks he had been growing paler and had been taking less and less interest in his former active play.

Being an unusually bright child and fond of books, he spent happy hours curled up in a cozy chair reading, his favorite place never far from where his mother read or sewed or had her hair dressed by the faithful Keckley.

As a change from his reading, little Willie wrote verses, his work being so good one of his poems was published.

Never a strong child, no special concern was felt because he preferred to spend the winter days with his mother instead of outside with Tad and his friends, until both he and Tad were taken ill enough to be put to bed.

From the first the condition of the beautiful, blue-eyed Willie was serious. He was moved from his own little bed into a room where a physician came often and a nurse kept watch.

So ill did the child rapidly become that, added to the distressing burden he was carrying as war president, Mr. Lincoln took up the bitter-sweet burden of personally watching and working with Willie's nurse, for Mrs. Lincoln was so overcome with fear and grief, a sight of the pinched face on the pillow and a sound of the labored breathing, threw her into hysterics.

It was a dismal Thursday in February when the silver cord that had held the pure child soul in the fair little body was severed as gently as if by the fingers of mother angels.

When those about the bedside saw that the gentle breaking away was at hand, Mr. Lincoln sent for Willie's mother and meeting her at the door, in choked and broken words prayed her to be brave.

An idle prayer, for when Mary Lincoln found mist over the blue eyes and cold damp on the white forehead, she gave herself over to wild grief and screamed such piercing, penetrating screams as were heard from one end of the White House to the other, and even to the garden and the stables.

With arms none too steady, Mr. Lincoln tried to hold the little woman wild with the pain of her loss, and with trembling voice he sought to speak comforting words

But all was useless and at last she was carried away to be ministered to by a physician.

Mrs. Lincoln never looked on the fair clay of her favorite child again.

But when the little form had been shrouded and placed in its coffin, Mr. Lincoln went to be near it.

Without words the sympathetic watchers withdrew and the President was alone with his beautiful and beloved dead.

In his loneliness and pain as he knelt, the hurt of an old, long-lost love returned, the loss of one, whose arms in the long ago, had been warm around his neck, whose lips had pressed his; one for whom he had sorrowed long after the snows of winter and the showers of summer had fallen on her grave.

That had been a man's first love for a woman. Now the loss was of one born flesh of his flesh, heart of his heart. The soul of the mourner was torn beyond repair, and the old loss revived and mingled with the fresh so that the two were one and over the white face of the sleeping child the President again experienced his own silent Gethsemane.

Again was Abraham Lincoln seen in his loneliness, a stupendous loneliness that seemed in some fated way to mark him among men, for at the funeral he alone of the family sat in the presence of the dear clay and followed it to its final resting place.

And yet he was not alone in his sorrow. Hundreds of hearts turned toward the President and the eyes of every man who saw the father's grief, from door tenders to cabinet officers, were tear dimmed, while women sobbed behind wet handkerchiefs.

When it was all over and the President stood again alone at the window, he looked once more toward the

mist beyond the Mall, too borne down by sorrow even to think.

Nor could he see behind the veil.

XIX

Not only would there be no more parties and receptions with Marine Band music and gay dresses in the White House during the first year of mourning for Willie Lincoln, but Mrs. Lincoln had included singing and loud talking in the list of prohibited gayeties.

Also she had made the request that nobody mention the dead child's name in her hearing; she refused to see friends she thought might speak of him and with a cry as if she had been struck she threw flowers sent to her out of the window because she happened to know the same kind were placed on Willie's casket.

"Lizzie," she said to the colored woman one day, "I keep finding my darling dead child's playthings here and there—everywhere. God! How I want to forget! Not him—but *this*—this being alive. And how can I when suddenly I come upon some book or toy his sweet little hands held? The sight of one of them hurts like a knife stuck into my heart and turned—and turned. Find his things, find every one of them, every pencil and marble, every book and top—his knife, his ball—get them all—and get his books. Pick them up kindly too, tenderly just as if ——"

Mrs. Lincoln had controlled herself as long as she was able. With a sharp cry she threw herself across her bed and called, choking with sobs, "Willie! Willie! Come back —come back to your mamma!"

Somewhat soothed by the colored woman who, with tears in her own eyes, sought to comfort the heart-broken

mother with Bible promises of life after death, Mrs. Lincoln continued her instructions.

"When you have found them all—everything, wrap them carefully in packages and Lizzie, I want you yourself to take them to the orphanage. Every toy, however small, will carry to some child value more than the pleasure of a plaything for my dead child was an angel. He was too good, too fair, too lovely to stay here. And the gifts you will give out will surely bring more than pleasure. They will bring blessings—Lizzie—blessings. Don't you think so?"

"I am sure of it, madam, and I will do just as you wish me to with the dear child's things."

"And my scrap book—before I can begin to get away from the freshness of my loss, I must put the notices in the book that I want to keep for future years. My scrap book! How different realization is from anticipation. When I knew I was to be a President's wife I thought of the White House scrap book—the splendid, happy kind of scrap book it would be, filled with newspaper stories of brilliant parties and receptions and dinners; of descriptions of the handsome dresses and laces 'Mrs. President' would wear; of the kind and complimentary things that would be said of the President and the attention that would be shown my two little boys and the notices that the coming and going of my son Robert Lincoln would bring into print. A lovely scrap book, a bouquet to be kept for the years ahead when it would all be as a dream.

"And what is my scrap book? A collection of clippings pitifully different from what I had dreamed, pitifully less in praise and more in censure. And had I saved all the articles of criticism of my husband and censure of myself that have been thrust upon us, ten books like mine would not have held it all.

"And now—now come these," and from her desk she took an envelope of clippings.

"Some of them are mere notices of the death of the President's little son. Some are longer and more kindly. Most of them express sympathy with the bereaved father but few, how few—how *few*—have a thought of the child's mother. Have they no sympathy for her—for the mother heart? Why is it so?"

"The newspapers are made by men, madam. Men often forget women. Besides your husband is the President and the newspapers think it proper to mention him—they know him better perhaps."

"Perhaps. And men are forgetful I suppose. Some of them are mean, cruel, cowardly. I have found it so."

"Some of them."

"But not all. Here is a story I like. It was written by Nathanial P. Willis, the poet. I believe it is the nicest of all that has been written and it shall have first place in my scrap book—in this new part of my scrap book—new, and sad like a new grave yard.

"He calls my lost darling a 'little wild prairie flower' and he, *he*, Lizzie, thought of me and speaks so beautifully of the 'child's mother.' Let me read it," and Mrs. Lincoln read, stopping only now and then to clear her eyes of tears, the poet's tribute after mentioning the child's death: "This little fellow had his acquaintances among his father's friends, and I chanced to be one of them. He never failed to seek me out in the crowd, shake hands, and make some pleasant remark; and this, in a boy of ten years of age was, to say the least, endearing to a stranger.

"But he had more than mere affectionateness. His self-possession—aplomb, the French call it—was extraordinary. I was one day passing the White House when he was outside with a play-fellow on the sidewalk. Mr.

Seward drove in with Prince Napoleon and two of his suite in the carriage; and, in a mock-heroic way—terms of intimacy evidently existing between the boy and the Secretary—the official gentleman took off his hat, and the Napoleon did the same, all making the young Prince President a ceremonious salute.

"Not a bit staggered with the homage, Willie drew himself up to his full height, took off his little cap with graceful self-possession, and bowed like a little ambassador. They drove past, and he went on unconcernedly with his play, the impromptu readiness and good judgment being clearly a part of his nature. His genial and open expression of countenance was none the less ingenuous and fearless for a certain tincture of fun; and it was in this mingling of qualities that he so faithfully resembled his father.

"With all the splendor that was around this little fellow in his new home, he was so bravely and beautifully *himself*—and that only. A wild flower transplanted from the prairie habits, unalterably pure and simple, till he died.

"His leading trait seemed to be a fearless and kindly frankness, willing that everything should be as different as it pleased, but resting unmoved in his own conscious single-heartedness.

"I found I was studying him irresistibly, as one of the sweet problems of childhood that the world is blessed with in rare places; and the news of his death (I was absent from Washington, on a visit to my own children at the time) came to me like a knell heard unexpectedly at a merry making.

"On the day of the funeral I went before the hour, to take a near farewell look at the dear boy; for they had embalmed him to send home to the West—to sleep under the sod of his own valley—and the coffin lid was to be closed before the service.

"The family had just taken their leave of him, and the servants and nurses were seeing him for the last time —and with tears and sobs wholly unrestrained, for he was loved like an idol by every one of them.

"He lay with eyes closed—his brown hair parted as we had known it—pale in the slumber of death, but otherwise unchanged, for he was dressed as if for the evening and held in one of his hands, crossed upon his breast, a bunch of exquisite flowers—a message coming from his mother, while we were looking upon him, that those flowers might be preserved for her. She was lying sick in her bed, worn out with grief and over-watching.

"The funeral was very touching. Of the entertainments in the East Room the boy had been—for those who now assembled more especially, a most life-giving variation. With his bright face, and his apt greetings and replies, he was remembered in every part of that crimson-curtained hall built only for pleasure—of all the crowds, each night, certainly the one least likely to be death's first mark.

"He was his father's favorite. They were intimates—often seen hand in hand.

"And there sat the man, with a burden on his brain at which the world marvels—bent now with the load at both heart and brain—staggering under a blow like the taking from him of the child!

"His men of power sat around him—McClellan, with a moist eye when he bowed to the prayer, as I could see from where I stood; and Chase and Seward, with their austere features at work; and senators and ambassadors, and soldiers, all struggling with their tears—great hearts sorrowing with the President as a stricken man and a brother.

"That God may give him strength for all his burdens is, I am sure, at present the prayer of a nation."

Having pasted this sketch in her White House scrap

book, Mary Lincoln bowed her head over it and wet it with tears.

XX

The tide of Civil War was rising higher daily at the time of Willie Lincoln's illness and death, and there was no time for the Commander-in-Chief of the nation's army and navy to engage in mourning for the loss of one son when ten thousand fathers were bravely offering sons as well beloved.

So it was that even while the body of the child lay sleeping in a casket downstairs, Mr. Lincoln upstairs, wan faced and hollow eyed, sat at his long, green-covered table, looking through documents, studying war maps and consulting his cabinet members.

But with the coming of the Thursday after that on which the child had died, the President found himself unable to stay longer at his work.

Telling his sympathetic secretaries he must rest for a time undisturbed, he went to his room.

It was a cold and dreary February day with fitful wind coming in across the Mall which stretched naked and brown into the gloom of the cloudy winter day.

To the nude arms of the trees there yet clung, here and there, a few leaves which gave out a faint rustling like feeble creatures in pain—a hopeless sort of dull misery that could only voice itself in moaning.

As he stood listening to the requiem of far lost spring, there came to him words of a song he had heard the Hutchinson family sing as a chant.

"Tell me ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do you know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant vale—
Some valley in the West
Where free from toil and pain
The weary soul may rest?"

But to his question the wind at the casement seemed to make mocking and the rustle of the dead leaves in the pitiless cold and gloom answered "No."

The melancholy vigil of the lonely man was broken by the familiar call in glad, childish voice, "Papa-day, my papa-day—are you here?"

In open arms Mr. Lincoln caught little Tad and hugged him to his heart.

"Yes, papa-day is here, but Tad, my little Tadpole, who said you could get out of bed? Papa-day must take you back."

"But I am well—all well."

"The doctor said so, I know, but Tad—oh Taddie my boy—we must be careful."

"Yeth, but papa-day, my own dear papa-day, I want to thit in your lap. I want to thay thomething to you."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We will go back to bed. I will lie by you and you can say as much as you please."

Mr. Lincoln took the child back to bed and tucked him warmly under cover. Then lying beside the boy he said, "All right now Tadpole, what is it you want to talk about?"

"My brother. I want to thee my brother. Why doth he thleep tho long?"

There was no answer to the question.

"My mamma thaid he went to thleep. When will he wake up and why doth my mamma call, 'Willie! Willie!'?"

"Your mother told you truly when she said your brother went to sleep. But it was not the way you go to sleep at night, the way you and your brother used ——"

Mr. Lincoln made a momentary pause to steady his voice.

"Your brother was very, very sick. He fell asleep, my little Tad—fell into the long slumber from which he was not to awake in this world."

"Where did my brother wake up?"

There was a moment's hesitation before the answer.

"In heaven."

"Heaven! Hath my brother gone away where Tim went where he can never come back to thit in hith chair?"

"Yes."

The stillness that followed the one short word was broken by a sob from the child.

"I want my brother to come back. Willie come back!"

"Don't cry—don't cry—oh, *don't,*" Mr. Lincoln said huskily drawing the child to his breast.

"Won't I ever thee him any more?"

"When you go where he is."

"Did he thay hith prayerth before he went to thleep—hith long thleep?"

"He always said his prayers."

"God will take care of hith thoul, won't He?"

"I believe it."

"Then why doth my mamma thay, 'Don't talk about him!' and cry tho hard? Doth my mamma want to forget my brother?"

"She will never forget him. She has not given him up yet and it makes it very hard."

Many questions were asked and many comments made by little Tad and the grey of the short winter afternoon was changing to twilight when he fell asleep.

Mr. Lincoln left his place beside the child and began the slow and measured walk the motion of which seemed, in some small measure, as a help in solving problems, a sort of sedative in times of trouble.

Several times he paused at the bedside and let his eyes fall on the vacant pillow beside the one on which the head of the living child rested.

The last time his feet stopped by the bedside, the expression on Tad's face caught his attention. He bent close that he might see more clearly in the gathering dusk. He was not mistaken. The childish face was alight with a smile that broadened and brightened until he laughed aloud and throwing his arm across the bed where his father had lain, he called, "Papa-day!"

Quickly Mr. Lincoln lay down again.

Tad's hand felt for his father's face and he said, "Papa-day."

"Yes, Tadpole. Here's papa-day. What is it?"

"I've theen him! I've theen my brother!" and the childish voice was full of joy. "Hith eyeth have got tharth in them."

"Stars in his eyes?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"Yeth—tharth—that'th what I thaid. And with hith new eyeth my brother can talk. He wath holding out hith handth to you, my papa-day and hith new eyeth were thaying, 'I love you.' If you'll thay your prayerth and go to thleep, you'll thee my brother too. It ith not dark where he ith. Thay your prayerth—thay it—thay, 'Now I lay me.'"

After a moment's hesitation Mr. Lincoln said, "'Now I lay me,'" and there was reverence in the low, unsteady voice of the obedient father.

"'Down to thleep.' Go ahead."

"'Down to sleep.'"

"'I pray Thee, Lord'—you know it—go on."

"'I pray Thee, Lord.'"

"'My thoul to keep'—thith ith all."

"'My soul to keep.'"

As the words were spoken and repeated, Tad's hand

stole to his father's face and as his brother had so often said, he said, "I love you."

The feel of the gently moving fingers on the furrowed cheek and the message that came of the familiar words brought a strange peace to the troubled heart of the sorrow-stricken man.

The wind kept up its moaning against the casement, but for the time its mocking passed unheeded. The President had fallen into restful sleep.

XXI

As DAYS passed into weeks after the death of Willie, Mary Lincoln's violent outbursts of grief became less frequent until one which was the last.

So sharp and startling were Mrs. Lincoln's cries, Mr. Lincoln came hurriedly to learn the cause. The sight of a well-known little cap in his wife's hands told the story.

A lump rose in his throat and a mist to his eyes. But his voice was quite firm as he said, "Mother! If you continue giving way to such outbursts you will lose your mind—actually *lose your mind.* You must learn to control your grief."

"Oh, father!" she sobbed. "My heart is broken. I want Willie."

"I know—I know. But this can not bring him back and you must think of other people. Everybody around here is working at high tension—the nerve-racking tension of wartimes. Your screams are demoralizing for the time. You *must* control yourself. Do this mother—*do.*"

"If you only knew how I feel—if you missed ——"

"I know—I know," and putting his arms around her he quieted her cries and secured a promise that she would try to control herself. Not depending on this Mr. Lincoln advised Keckley to watch carefully for any overlooked

garment or toy of the dead child and keep it out of the mother's sight.

Shrouded in black, Mrs. Lincoln turned her attention to the hospitals. Already known she soon came to be a familiar visitor and by her gifts was able to cheer the heart of many a lonesome and homesick boy.

There was also much around the White House to demand her time and attention, and doings of sufficient variety to prove interesting.

"There's a lady in the East Room, madam," a servant announced one day. "She has three small children. They are sitting in the middle of the floor. She is about to leave them there. She is giving them to President Lincoln."

"Three children! For Mr. Lincoln? God, Edmund! Let's go and get them out of here," and Mrs. Lincoln hurried to the scene where she found a young woman whose mind had been deranged by the loss of her husband in war. When the unfortunate mother with her orphan children left the White House she had been properly cared for and Mrs. Lincoln, in ministering to the sorrow of another had lightened her own load.

A marriage was another diversion.

"Mother," Mr. Lincoln said making a hurried entry into Mrs. Lincoln's sitting-room one afternoon, "we are about to have a wedding. Would you like to be present?"

"A wedding? Who on earth is to be married?"

"A couple of youngsters from Virginia. They ran away from home expecting to be married at Harper's Ferry but found things there in such an uproar they did not stop. They took the stage and came on to Washington. Not knowing what else to do they have come to the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States for help in getting the matrimonial knot tied. Owing to the unhappy conditions in which our country finds itself the advice, 'in time of peace prepare for war,'

can not be taken literally by this young couple. I have given them assurance, however, that if in time of war they would prepare for—well whatever is to come, I will give them the necessary assistance."

"You do not mean you will say the ceremony? If you have any such notion in your head, get it out."

"Don't you think a president can do as good a matrimonial job as an ordinary small court justice?" Mr. Lincoln asked smiling.

"That's not the point. For you to act in place of a clergyman would be shocking taste. Besides if you start marrying folks, they will flock here like blackbirds to be married in the White House."

"A minister has been sent for. My official part is to give the bride away."

"These country people have an idea that kissing the bride is proper. It is not necessary—or *should* not be necessary for me to tell you that such an act on your part would disgrace the United States."

Mr. Lincoln's answer to this rather spirited remark was a peal of laughter.

"So you don't want me to kiss the bride. Keep pretty close to me, mother and I will try to overcome the temptation. This being settled I have a suggestion to make."

"No telling what it is."

"You are right about that."

"What do you want to suggest?"

"I am of the opinion it would please this country couple in a strange place, if you would invite them to stay all night at the White House. There are plenty of empty rooms."

So it came about that the only marriage yet performed in the Executive Mansion when there was no family kinship was celebrated in the White House, and followed by

a supper given by Mrs. Lincoln to the joy of the somewhat bewildered but happy young bride and groom.

XXII

"Do you believe in spirits, Lizzie?" Mrs. Lincoln asked Keckley one morning after looking over some clippings she was saving for her scrap book. "I suppose of course you do."

"Why do you think so, madam?" Keckley asked.

"It seems to run in African blood to believe in spirits—all sorts of them."

"I believe in something—something that comes in dreams and warnings and is sometimes seen like ghosts. What it is I do not know. But madam, does a belief in spirits run in African blood alone?"

"By this I judge not," Mrs. Lincoln answered laughing as she took up one of the newspaper stories. "It was no public meeting we held and what happened was not intended for newspaper use. But here it is. The head line reads, 'Spiritualism at the White House.' 'A few evenings since, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual *soirée* in the crimson room of the White House to test the wonderful alleged powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle. It was my good fortune as a friend of the medium to be present, the party consisting of the President and Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. Wells, Mr. Stanton, Mr. L——, of New York, and Mr. F——, of Philadelphia. We took our seats in the circle about eight o'clock but the President was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced and the spirits, which had apparently assembled to convince them of his power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the President's absence by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears and twitching Mr. Wells' beard.

The President soon returned but it was some time before harmony was restored, for the mishaps to the secretaries caused such bursts of laughter that the influence was unpropitious. For some half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character —tables were moved and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall, was swayed more than a foot and two candelabras, presented by the Dey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised almost to the ceiling.

It was nearly nine o'clock before Shockle was fully under spiritual influence and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations, that twice during the evening, restoratives were applied, for he was much weakened. . . . Loud rappings were heard directly beneath the President's feet and Mr. Shockle stated that an Indian wished to communicate.

"Well, sir," said the President, "I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren and it was the only delegation, black, white, or blue, which did not volunteer some advice about the conduct of the war."

The medium then called for pencil and paper and they were laid on the table in sight of all. A handkerchief was taken from Mr. Stanton and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it takes to write it, knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows; "Haste makes waste but delays cause vexation. Give vitality by energy. . . . . Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk and more action. Signed Henry Knox."

"That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shockle," said the President, "and who is this Henry Knox?"

"I suggested to the medium to ascertain the identity of Henry Knox and before the words were well out of my mouth the medium spoke in a strange voice, 'The first Secretary of War.' "

"To be sure," said the President. "It is General Knox, Stanton, this message must be for you, it is from your predecessor."

Stanton making no reply President Lincoln said, "I should like to ask General Knox, if it is within the scope of his ability to tell us, when this rebellion will be put down."

The answer to this was a message from Washington, Lafayette, Franklin Wilberforce, and Napoleon. It was written, strangely enough as these men wrote, each man giving different advice

although the message said they had held many a conference about the matter.

"Well," exclaimed the President after hearing the message, "opinions seem to differ among the saints as well as among the sinners. They don't seem to understand running the machines among the celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound very much like the talk of my Cabinet—don't you think so, Mr. Wells?"

"Well, I don't know. I will think the matter over and see what conclusion to arrive at."

Heavy raps were heard. The alphabet was called for and, "That's what's the matter," was spelled out.

A shout of laughter followed this message while Mr. Wells stroked his beard.

"That means, Mr. Wells," said the President, "that you are apt to be long-winded and think the nearest way home is the longest way around. Short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to catch the Alabama."

The lights which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of anyone in the room and on the large mirror over the mantel piece there appeared the most beautiful, though supernatural picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view, the Alabama with all steam up flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen were seen, partially destroyed by fire. The picture changed and the Alabama was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort, from which an English flag was waving. The Alabama was floating idly, not a soul on board and no signs of life visible about her. The picture vanished and in letters of purple appeared "*The English people demanded this of England's aristocracy.*"

There was some discussion about this strange picture, the President telling Wells not to build one gunboat or monitor less because of what might be the fate of the Alabama.[1]

After this unaccounted for phenomena the President said, "Well, Mr. Shockle, I have seen strange things and heard rather odd remarks but nothing which convinces me, except the picture, that there is anything heavenly about all this. I should like to hear, if possible, what Judge Douglas says about the war."

[1] Built in England during the Civil War. Under command of Capt. Semmes. It inflicted much damage on commerce of the United States until sunk off the coast of France.

"If there can be perfect silence," said the medium, "I will see if General Knox can get Judge Douglas." Three raps almost immediately gave assent. Then a strange thing happened. Shockle rose quickly from his chair, stood up behind it resting his left arm on the back, his right thrust into his bosom. In a voice none could mistake who had ever heard Douglas, he gave a remarkable speech. The effect was almost uncanny. After a moment of silence, of the closing remarks of the communication the President said, "I believe that whether it comes from spirit or human."

Mr. Shockle was much prostrated after this and at Mrs. Lincoln's request it was thought best to adjourn the seance.

"What do you think of it, Lizzie?" Mrs. Lincoln asked at the conclusion of her reading.

"Is what you have read the way it really happened?"

"A very good report."

"I do not know what to think of it. What does Mr. Lincoln think about it?"

"I don't know what he thinks—in fact Mr. Lincoln does not have time to think about anything these days but war. He is interested and would like to look into the question. But he is sort of a 'doubting Thomas' and is not going to swallow a lot of fakir stuff."

"But it is not all fraud—do you think it is?"

"I am sure it is not. But where the line of separation comes and what it all means I do not know. I do know this, however. Mr. Shockle is no such good medium as a young girl of my acquaintance. Mr. Lincoln knows her too and likes her very much. You have heard us speak of her—Nettie Coleman."

"I have heard of her and of Mrs. Belle Miller."

"Mrs. Miller is the daughter of our friend Mr. Laurie at Georgetown. His home is headquarters for all sorts of people—people of the exclusive class. Hon. Daniel E. Somes is a friend of the family and I have met George D. Prentiss there, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, John

Pierpont, the poet and many other notables. Joshua Speed, Mr. Lincoln's long time friend is interested and Secretary Newton of the Interior attends seances at which Mrs. Miller gets wonderful results. It was here I met Nettie Coleman. To tell the truth as well as being interested in her wonderful power I like the girl. And it is to me she owes her position here in Washington. She came here from her home in New York to get a furlough for her brother who was in a hospital. She had a disheartening time of it. I happened to meet her and took her in my charge. I asked Mr. Newton to give her a job in the seed department—easy enough, just filling envelopes with samples."

"She has been to the White House I have heard."

"Several times. Mr. Lincoln thinks she has a wonderful gift. I will not forget the first time she was here. The number at the seance was small—just a select group. They formed a circle in which Mr. Lincoln sat. The girl went into a trance and what she told was of the keenest interest to Mr. Lincoln and several of his cabinet members. Nettie Coleman is a little thing. After it was over Mr. Lincoln, with his hand on her head said, 'My child, you possess a singular gift, but that it is of God I have no doubt. I thank you for coming here tonight. It is more important than perhaps any one present can understand.' I was surprised at the way he was affected. The few times he has attended such meetings Mr. Lincoln has seemed to enjoy them as he does a show or the theater nothing serious about them."

"It has been said a piano floated around one night for Mrs. Miller."

"It is the truth strange as it sounds. Mrs. Miller was playing on the piano, a three cornered grand, when it began to rise and fall in time with her playing. Her father, Mr. Laurie, suggested that she stand at arm's length just

keeping the tips of her fingers on the piano to prove that she was not lifting and lowering it although she could not have done this. Mr. Lincoln put his hand on the piano to prove to himself that neither strength nor pressure was used. The piano kept rising and lowering. Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Miller changed places. Still the phenomena."

"Both standing up—nothing lifting it?"

"Nothing we could see. Mr. Lincoln said, 'I think we can hold this down,' and he climbed on it, his legs dangling down the side. Mrs. Somes, Mr. Kase and a Major from the Army of the Potomac also sat on it. The piano continued to wobble until the four men were glad to get off it. Every one of them were convinced that some invisible power moved the instrument. Mr. Somes said, 'When I have related to my acquaintances, Mr. President, that which I have experienced tonight, they will say with a knowing look and wise demeanor, "You were psychologized and as a matter of fact you *did not see what you really did see.*" ' Mr. Lincoln quietly said, 'You should bring such a person here and when the piano *seems* to rise have him slip his foot under the leg and be convinced (doubtless) by the weight of *evidence* resting on his *understanding.*' This remark caused laughter but the speech had hardly left Mr. Lincoln's lips before the matter was out of his mind and the troubled expression that is coming to be always on his face came back. Have you noticed it, Lizzie? Do you think he laughs less often than he used to and takes less interest in everyday affairs?"

"I have indeed."

"It is the war—the war and the loss of—Willie."

"Do you think it is spirits that does these strange things like moving a piano? And if it is spirits, what do they do it for? Of what use is it?"

"The people who have this power are mostly spiritualists. They believe it is spirits."

"May I ask you a question, madam?"

"Yes—and I think I know what it is to be."

"About the little boy who has gone. If spirits bring messages why can they not bring you some word from the child who loved you so dearly?"

"I have thought about it. At the time of Willie's death Nettie Coleman was back in New York. If she had been here I would have had her with me at once. After she returned I had her come and try for a message from my darling boy. She gave me a message but it was so strange and unreal I never got any satisfaction. And too it unnerved me so Mr. Lincoln said he would positively forbid her coming to the White House unless we left Willie out of her programs."

"A great many people think it is wicked to believe in spirits—church members mostly."

"Yes, and these very people believe the most in spirits. There are spirits all through the Bible. I once heard a sermon from the text, 'There is a natural and there is a spiritual body.' The minister spoke beautifully of the soul, said it always lives in the spirit world, etc. But if anybody were to tell him they had caught sight of a soul—he would have been scandalized. Don't say anything about this Keckley. Criticism has been ours already for having these little seances in the White House. Neither Mr. Lincoln nor I see any harm in them but there's no use in advertising our opinions. Sometime Mr. Lincoln expects to investigate these things fully. Meantime I thank nobody to call him a spiritualist."

XXIII

While decisive and indecisive battles were being fought in the terrible Civil War, while hearts by the thousand under the Blue and the Gray were being forever stilled

and the lines of tragical sadness were deepening on the face of Mr. Lincoln, his little son Tad was having experiences every bit as important from his viewpoint as anything effecting national life and some of them as tragical.

It was indeed a tragedy that cost the life of Willie's pony, one of Tad's goats and the loss of the little red wagon. That other valuables were lost in the fire which destroyed the White House stables, was of minor consideration. Even Mrs. Lincoln as well as Tad wept lots of tears at the fate of Willie's pony.

The one of Tad's goats which escaped was more than ever valued after the fire and while there was no more wagon riding, Nannie made a fine pet.

Always a great admirer of his father, Tad, after the death of Willie, spent a great deal of time where his father was, even at Cabinet meetings often sitting on the floor with his head against his father's knee, listening or perhaps planning something, for Tad backed by several boy friends was always looking for some new adventure.

One of his ventures was into the mercantile business. Not far down the avenue an old woman who sold apples and gingerbread expressed to Tad a wish to sell out.

"But Tad," Mr. Lincoln said when asked to buy the stock for his son, "you cannot run an apple stand on the avenue. You are too young."

"I don't want to run a thand on the Avenue. I'm going to put my thore at our door. Everybody that cometh in will buy thomething and nobody will theal anything becauth Tom Pen won't let them."

It is likely if Mrs. Lincoln had been home business might not have been opened at the portico of the White House. As she was not, a stand was built and little Tad was soon the proud owner of the old woman's stock.

Many stopped to buy, for little Tad saluted every person who passed just as his father was saluted and with

the same courtesy his father returned the salute of the humblest private.

Business was going well when Tad decided to let Nannie help him keep shop. The goat proved an added attraction so long as Tad stayed close about. But one day after having left his business for a time, Tad, on his return, found Nannie on top of his stand and on the outside of his stock.

This ended the mercantile business. Tad did not grieve, however, for he had decided the show business would be better than selling apples and cake anyway.

One of his friends was the son of the manager of Groves National Theater. With this boy Tad played around the theater and learned how the curtains worked, the scenes were shifted and the actors dressed.

When he decided to go into the show business his stage friend a partner, the matter was put before Mr. Lincoln with the request for a room in the White House for the little theater.

A room was given the boys and the carpenter of the place instructed to assist them in building a stage.

This theater undertaking took the time of the boys for days. When all was ready a play was presented, the boys of the neighborhood who did not have parts paying admission with apples, tops, pennies, and rock candy.

This undertaking was progressing nicely when an interference, entirely unwarranted from Tad's point of view, made considerable trouble.

An artist named Mr. Carpenter came to the White House to paint a picture of Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet. His stock of painting material was large and when he asked for a storeroom, he was told by Mr. Lincoln to put his material in the room Tad used as a theater.

When shortly after, Tad with his partner looked into their theater and found it full of cans and bottles and

boxes and packages, his anger rose and lest more should be added to the store he locked the door and hid the key.

A few days later when the artist wanted material the door was found locked and the key gone. Mr. Lincoln summoned Tad who made no denial of locking the door but who stoutly refused to surrender the key. More than this he delivered himself of a speech of indignation that a stranger should enter his private quarters, and almost too angry to talk, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to his mother.

Mr. Lincoln followed the irate child. In a very few minutes he returned with the key. "I did not have a bit of trouble getting it," he told Mr. Carpenter. "I said, 'Tadpole, my boy, do you know you are making your papa a whole lot of trouble?' He threw his arms around me and said, 'Papa-day, I don't want to make you trouble—here's the key.' So here it is. You know, Mr. Carpenter, we grown-ups are apt to misjudge children. The most of us would think it an indignity if our domain were invaded by a stranger, and insult added to this to expect no protest. It's a good thing to try to see the other fellow's view point if this other fellow is no more than a child."

After the show business came Tad's experience as a soldier.

One day at a Cabinet meeting when he had been sitting quietly by his father's knee for some time he was asked by the Secretary of War if he would not like to be an officer and have some men under him.

This suggestion was immensely pleasing to Tad. So he was given a commission as lieutenant and outfitted with clothes. Then, all unknown to the War Department or the President, he proceeded to exercise his authority. It was just at this time Captain Robert Lincoln came home for a few days. Great was his surprise and displeasure to find

that Tad had dismissed the regular guard around the Presidential mansion and placed servants around the place of his own brief training in responsible positions.

He immediately sought his father for an explanation, following which he gave vent to his indignation quite after his mother's manner only less emphatic.

"What's the matter with the guards at present in command around here?" Mr. Lincoln asked his indignant son.

"Matter? They are not guards at all—not regulars."

"Aren't they armed and standing in place?"

"They are standing in place all right enough."

"What more has been required of a guard around here?"

"But it is all such a silly piece of business—even criminal to let a small boy have such authority."

"Your little brother, my son," Mr. Lincoln said trying to hide a smile, "is a commissioned officer—done by the War Department."

"All I have to say is the act is that of a fool."

"Don't worry about it. It will not be long now until dark. Your small brother will go to sleep at his post. His father will carry him away to his bed. The regular guard will resume duty. When the newly commissioned officer asks next day for his authority he will be informed that soldiers who go to sleep on guard are court-martialled and shot, Tad will not want this to happen in our family."

Later, although limited in power, Tad enjoyed being a soldier and on a horse provided for the purpose with his father visited many soldiers' camps and officers' headquarters.

XXIV

Tad's interest in Grover's Theatre was not, however, supplanted by his duties as a soldier and often he was allowed

to go with his tutor but whenever he could arrange it so, with his bosom friend and admirer Thomas Pendel.

Many extravaganzas were put on at this theater during the war and many programs which interested little Tad much more than the Shakespeare plays his father enjoyed at Ford's. Sometimes he persuaded his father to go with him and on a night when a play which Tad had several times seen and considered fine, was to be presented, Mr. Lincoln accompanied him.

A flag-draped box awaited the President and when he entered with his small son the audience rose. There was cheering, and gazes and glances were turned on them as they took their places.

The play was "The Seven Sisters" to which had been added many features of timely and patriotic interest, choruses and tableaux with Uncle Sam and Columbia, Liberty, and other symbolical characters.

Tad did not long remain in the box with his father. When Mr. Lincoln missed him, knowing the boy was at home around the theater and supposing he had gone back of the scenes to see somebody, he made no effort to find him.

As his father supposed, Tad was behind the scenes and had determined to be in the show. A special number toward the last of the program was entitled "The Battle Cry of Freedom." After a soloist, a chorus was to sing, meantime waving the Stars and Stripes. It was this number Tad Lincoln desired to appear in.

Finding a chest of costumes he selected a coat, fine enough for any stage scene but made for a large man instead of a small boy. In another chest he found a large and imposing hat with a feather. These he attired himself in and as the chorus marched to the stage he followed them. Once on the stage he found his way to the front.

The soloist handed him a flag which he set about waving as if his life depended on it.

When he saw Tad the President seemed puzzled at first. Then, perhaps because many others were laughing heartily, he joined them. So many in the audience knew the child three rousing cheers were given for the "star" and three more for his distinguished father.

Many there were who witnessed President Lincoln's hearty laughter at Tad in the show, who wondered how he could be so carefree and thoughtless of the sorrow and suffering wrought by years of civil strife.

These were the ones who knew him least. Even Tad knew different. Tad had seen tears in his father's eyes and strangely enough, in the child mind tears were associated with a purple book.

Among the gifts to Mr. Lincoln was a Bible presented by the colored people of Baltimore. The volume was bound in purple velvet. The corners and bands were of solid gold a quarter of an inch thick. Upon a cover plate was a design representing the President in a cotton field loosening the shackles from a slave's wrist at the foot of which was a scroll with the word "Emancipation."

Tad liked this book. He admired the color of its cover, the shining clasps which held it together and its pictures of Moses with flowing whiskers and stone tablets, Elijah mounting the skies in a chariot of fire and Jesus walking on the water.

Tad often asked his father to look at this book with him and the questions he propounded concerning the pictures were not always easy to answer.

Tad and his father had looked at the book a number of times, had even had a photograph made looking at it, before Tad knew it was the Good Book from which Betty Bradley had read to her father.

"Tim'th Good Book wath black. It didn't have any

gold on it nor any Elijah in a fire wagon," Tad told his father.

"Mr. Bradley's Book was the Bible. So is this and the reading in them is alike."

"Could Mith Rathberry find in thith book what was in Tim'th?"

"Every word."

"Can you find it?"

"What was it about?"

"About heaven where nobody will cry any more. Tim cried awful big tearth."

"He suffered a great deal."

"Willie, my brother, did not cry many tearth."

"Not many. He was spared most of life's hurts."

"Do Tim and Willie play together in heaven?"

Mr. Lincoln had been turning the leaves. Interested in something he was watching for he did not answer Tad's question.

"Have you found it?" Tad asked as his father paused to read.

"Is this it? 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away'?"

"That'th it," Tad exclaimed.

"For the former things are passed away," Mr. Lincoln repeated slowly and to himself—"*have passed away.*"

Something in his voice caused Tad to look from the book to his father's face. The deep-set, dark, sad eyes were rimmed with tears, one across each cheek finding its way to a furrow to be lost.

"What'th the matter papa-day?" Tad asked.

"Nothing, little Tad, nothing."

"Yeth thomething ith the matter."

"People who have lived a long, *long* while, sometimes

feel a great hunger, an unutterable yearning for the touch of a hand that has gone, the sound of a voice that is still. It only comes at times."

"The Book made it come. I will take it away," and Tad put the Bible aside. He climbed onto his father's knee and with the palm of a warm hand patted Mr. Lincoln's furrowed cheeks until there was no mark to tell a tear had ever been there.

"Fine, Taddy, fine," Mr. Lincoln said smiling. "It is nice to read about tears being wiped away at some future time in some future heaven. But it is ten times better to feel the touch of a kind little hand like yours here and now," and Mr. Lincoln drew the child close to him.

XXV

The fourth year of her life at the White House was drawing to a close and uppermost in the mind of Mary Lincoln was the question whether or not Mr. Lincoln would be re-elected.

That there was a wide and aggressive movement to oust her husband she knew.

"Down with Lincoln! Out with Lincoln!" were demands heard on many sides.

"I've been telling you all this time," she said to Mr. Lincoln, "that men you have taken to your bosom will turn on you like asps. Now you see the turning. Chase—he wants to be president. McClellan—wants to be president. Seward—what kind of a friend is he? The whole lot of them—how many *friends* have you?"

"Did you forget to mention Sumner? He is involved with Greeley and Godwin in their embittered movement against me."

"You never counted Senator Sumner among your

friends, never expected anything from him. At least he is not a hypocrite."

"You have a right to think of Sumner as you please. You know what I think of him. He is one of the few men in whose faces I have felt like shutting the White House door."

"Which would be rather an embarrassing procedure since Senator Sumner is one of my best friends."

"I do not forget that."

"Just how big is your opposition?"

"As big as the Vindictive Coalition can make it."

"Several New York papers are against you."

"Most of them."

"The New York Herald says, 'The dissatisfaction which has long been felt by the great body of American citizens has spread even to his own supporters.' "

"Yes. Disaffection has spread until I do not know who —if any—remain my supporters. I saw a choice bit in another New York paper. Something like this; 'The whole country is going to hell and the scenes witnessed in the French Revolution were nothing in comparison to what we will see here.' I am, of course, to blame for the war with all its terrible consequences and those more terrible ones yet to come."

"Greeley says, 'Lincoln is already beaten.' "

"No doubt he thinks so and perhaps I am. The bolters are soon to have a convention in Cleveland. The strength they show will be more than a straw in the cross-current political winds that blow. Whatever happens I will be President five months more. In that five months the Union must be made safe for if another man takes my place he will not carry out my plans and in *no other* way can the Union be saved, all talk to the contrary. There has been a lot of wild talk about an armistice. Greeley

waxed hysterical on the subject and Democratic papers industriously advertised the movement."

"Perhaps something will come of it."

"The wind has already been taken out of its sails by Davis himself who in the plainest way possible has declared that Southerners are fighting for independence and nothing but the recognition of the Confederacy will induce them to put down their swords. Mr. Davis will accept nothing short of severance of the Union, precisely what we will not and cannot give. He does not attempt to deceive us. He affords us no excuse to deceive ourselves. He cannot voluntarily reaccept the Union. We cannot voluntarily yield it. Do you see any chance here for an armistice?"

"I wonder sometimes," said Mrs. Lincoln thoughtfully, "if your plan is the right one."

"My plan is the *only* one."

"God, father, I hope your plan *is* the right one—the one that will give you a second term. I can not imagine anything worse for us than your defeat."

"You mean anything worse for our country?"

"No, for ourselves."

"I do not see where defeat will be such a calamity for us. We can go back to Springfield, as the Scriptures say, 'Owing no man anything but to love one another.' Our home is there—a nice, comfortable home. Billie Herndon is there waiting in the old office and God knows to get out from under this burden would be like heaven for me."

A few days later Mr. Lincoln came into the sitting-room for a few moments to consult his little old Bible. Something he read amused him.

"What is it, father?" Mrs. Lincoln asked.

"The bolters have had their meeting to rescue the country from the incubus of Abraham Lincoln. Hay says

there were about four hundred present. It came to my mind that the bolters were referred to in the Scriptures. Sure enough. Here it is away over here in Samuel. 'And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him (Brown of Missouri in this case) and he became a captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

"What of it?"

"That's the nice point—nothing," Mr. Lincoln answered laughing. "They met and growled and the world went on just the same."

The growling against Mr. Lincoln continued, however, fierce, threatening, and far-reaching. Its climax came in the Grand Council of the Union League which met before the nominating convention.

Here the story of President Lincoln's malfeasance, his tyranny, his corruption, his illegal acts, his abuse of power, his favoritism, his frauds, his oppression, his stupid timidity, and his wilful neglect of suffering and stubborn refusal to listen to the cry of the downtrodden, was told in a formal resolution opposing his nomination for a second term.

It was an able speaker who used the rapier and subtly kept the President's frivolity and selfish ambition in the foreground. Another and another speaker followed the first. Had the President not one friend in this important gathering?

There was one. For a long minute after the last speaker had finished his count of charges, this man scanned the rows of benches. His eye was keen and his voice penetrating as he spoke.

"For a man to stir up sore and wounded hearts to bitterness requires no skill, no power of oratory. For a

man to address the minds of men sickened by disaster, wearied by long trial, heated by passion, bewildered by uncertainty, heavy with grief, and cunningly to turn them into one vindictive channel, into one blind rush of senseless fury, requires no great powers of oratory. It may be the mere trick of a charlatan.

"For a man to address himself to an assembly like this, goaded almost to madness by long-suffering, sorrow, disaster, humiliation, perplexity, and now aroused by venomous art to an all but unanimous condemnation of the innocent, and to turn them in their tracks and force them to go the other way, would indeed be a feat of transcendent oratorical power. I am no orator at all, but that is the very thing I am now about to do." [1]

Whether oratory or the power of faith, the man's speech struck home and when he reached his conclusions he carried his hearers with him.

"Any other nomination than that of Lincoln tomorrow," he said, "is equivalent to the nomination of McClellan by the Republican Convention and his election by the Republican party. Such would sunder the Union, make permanent the Confederacy, reshackle the slaves, dishonor the dead and disgrace the living."

While Mr. Lincoln's loyal friends were trying to turn back the tide of opposition politicians of New York and Chicago had worked up against him, other men were delivering power to fate—and in another way.

Through broken woodlands and over neglected fields, long lines of men in Blue were moving against the Grey legions defending Atlanta.

Like a gigantic scythe—like a colossal steel blade this on-coming army crept forward swinging around Atlanta from the West and South.

[1] Jim Lane.

When news reached the North that Atlanta was in possession of the Union Army, the effect was electrical. There was tumult and shouting and those who had the day before been the President's bitterest opponents were the first to plan demonstrations for him.

In some strange way Mr. Lincoln seemed to have detached himself from circumstances and events. The event of his re-nomination was now as certain as it had seemed uncertain a short time before. But neither the first had troubled him nor did the second now seem to elate him.

XXVI

WHATEVER personal interest Mr. Lincoln seemed to lack in the election was abundantly made up by Mrs. Lincoln.

"God, Lizzie!" she said to Keckley after the nomination, "What a relief! I haven't drawn a comfortable breath for weeks. Mr. Lincoln is so worn out with this war I honestly believe he would take it as a favor from the Almighty if he were retired from it all. But Lizzie—he does not know anything about the debts I owe. He talks about going back to our modest, quiet life in Springfield—back to Herndon and his old flat couch in that stuffy office, as if it were heaven. It is hell it would be if we were back there with the bills I owe hanging over our heads. And now I am going to add to them. I have worn black my full year. I intend to bloom out again if Mr. Lincoln is elected—and I am sure he will be. Aren't you, Lizzie?"

"I feel sure of it. I have felt all the time that Mr. Lincoln has been raised up of God to do a great work. God does not desert his faithful servants and if he ever had one it is Mr. Lincoln."

"God's faithful servant," Mrs. Lincoln repeated. Then

she laughed. "Mr. Lincoln *is* good, there's no getting around it. Still I never quite think of him as a faithful servant of God. And I am of the opinion the late representative of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, failed to get that opinion. Did you hear what Mr. Lincoln said to him?"

"No, madam."

"It was a shame. Still I have not been able to keep from laughing every time I think of it. Upon the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns and also to Mr. Lincoln—*President* Lincoln, announcing the fact.

"Great Britain's ambassador here at Washington, Lord Lyon, is a bachelor and hereby hangs the tale. Lord Lyon requested an audience with Mr. Lincoln that he might present the important document in person. Mr. Seward was with Mr. Lincoln when Lord Lyon arrived. He is pompous and proper and in due form said, 'May it please your Excellency, I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your Excellency.

"'In it she informs your Excellency that her son, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness the Princess of Denmark.'

"After continuing in this strain until I am sure Mr. Lincoln must have been sick of it, Lord Lyon handed his precious missive to the President and waited his reply.

"And what do you suppose Mr. Lincoln said? Only this, 'Lord Lyon, go thou and do likewise.'

"I am wondering yet how her Majesty's representative got this message into diplomatic language to be reported back," and again Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

Election night Mrs. Lincoln and Keckley waited to-

gether for news. Mr. Lincoln was at the War Department most of the evening.

"In Springfield," Mrs. Lincoln told her colored woman, "I got the news right away. In dozens of papers I read what Mr. Lincoln said about the little woman on Eighth Street who must be told at once. And he came first thing to me with his telegram. But now—well everything is different.

"When Mr. Lincoln gets the news of his election, as I am sure he will, if there is any kind of an important war message—and he is always looking for one—he will put aside election returns—like as not forget all about me."

As she surmised, Mr. Lincoln's first interest was in certain important messages from the front. Something was expected to happen soon—something of vastly more importance than the election of a president if it brought the time of peace nearer.

When assured of her husband's election, Mary Lincoln began to plan for the inaugural ball and the series of social functions to follow it.

"You have a large wardrobe already on hand and quite a store of fine laces and trimmings. Some of your finest gowns have been worn but once. Two have never been worn at all," Keckley said when the question of dress came up.

"Don't undertake to tell me to wear old clothes. I intend to have something new and something better than I have ever had—better material and newer styles."

"Yes, madam, but where will you find better material than what you have on hand? And where lovelier laces?"

"Who knows I want lace? I will go to New York and make my selections. You don't suppose they will refuse me credit do you? God, Lizzie, if they should I would be humiliated enough to die. But Lizzie, my bills have kept creeping up until they are nearly fifty thousand."

"I noticed the amount the last time I went over your bills."

Mrs. Lincoln drew a deep sigh.

"There's this to be thankful for anyway. The politicians did not find out about my indebtedness and use it against Mr. Lincoln. We are here for four years now and some way must be devised to get the bills paid. In some way Republican politicians must pay my debts. Hundreds of them are getting immensely rich off the patronage of my husband and it is but fair that they should help me out of my embarrassment. I will make a demand of them and when I tell them the facts they cannot refuse to advance whatever money I require. I haven't the plan yet but I will work it out some way."

Arrangements for the inaugural proceeded to suit Mrs. Lincoln. Her gown was all her heart desired and the compliments she paid Keckley as a modiste pleased the colored woman and perhaps encouraged her to ask a favor.

"What is it you want, Lizzie?"

"After the reception is over I would like to have the white kid glove from Mr. Lincoln's right hand."

"A funny thing to want. It will be so filthy it can only be handled with tongs."

"I shall cherish it as a precious memento of the second inauguration of the man who has done so much for my race. He had been a Jehovah to my people. I will keep the glove and hand it down to posterity."

"I have broken Mr. Lincoln from the custom of taking a lady to these big affairs," Mrs. Lincoln told Keckley as her hair was being dressed for the ball. "The President will be accompanied by Speaker Colfax. I think this a much better arrangement."

"And who will have the honor of escorting Mrs. President?"

"Senator Sumner, and I think this too is a better arrangement," and Mrs. Lincoln laughed merrily.

XXVII

Because of the cruel and insulting messages sent to Mrs. Lincoln, her mail had been taken charge of by Mr. Lincoln's secretaries and only letters from her sisters were delivered to her unopened together with such examined letters as she would be pleased to read.

There was no way of keeping newspaper comment from Mrs. Lincoln, however, her search for material for the White House scrap book bringing all sorts of stories to her attention.

Many newspapers criticized her unsparingly for different things especially for her seeming lack of interest in the war and sympathy with those whose loved ones were being lost as human life was being poured out for the preservation of the Union.

Even after the death of Willie she found a lengthy notice of herself following that of the death of the child. The article was especially critical and cutting and aroused Mrs. Lincoln's anger so greatly she sent for her husband.

"Father," she exclaimed, "is there no way this persecution can be stopped?"

"What's the matter now, mother?" he asked.

"Matter? Just read this? Here is the charge that I have never shown any interest any sympathy in the sons of other mothers who are dying by the tens of thousands while I have been shopping in New York, preparing for a visit to some watering place or planning some new reception gown. Why should I expect the sympathy of a Nation? It is horrid—*horrid!*"

Mr. Lincoln was silent a moment before answering. Then he said quietly, "Perhaps we have been selfish in

our sorrow. After all it is not so sad for a child to pass away surrounded by friends and with all the comforts of life, as to die suffering and alone on some battlefield. We have much to be thankful for, Mary, much even in the loss of our boy. And I have wondered if it is appreciating God's goodness to mourn as we have. Both boys were sick. One is well again—one dear, comforting child, one child to live for—to plan for."

"Tad's impediment of speech will make it impossible for him to reach the attainments of life Willie was born to accomplish."

"It is the heart and the brain that determines man's ability for service which is his measure of greatness. Imperfect powers of expression are a handicap. But our little Tad can make himself understood and he has a fine mind and heart."

"I hope Tad fulfills every hope. But this has nothing to do with the question. The question is, 'Why am I so cruelly criticized? What have I done to incur the hatred of the people?"

"Nothing, mother, nothing, and the people do not hate you."

"Don't tell me that when hundreds of stories like this have been printed about me. There's a reason. What is it?"

"In the Book over there," and Mr. Lincoln pointed to the stand by the couch, "there's a statement like this, 'He that hath friends must show himself friendly.' You have never done this, Mary. This is not a criticism. It is just saying you are not the kind to mix easily. You have never done it. After the passing of our boy, dozens of ladies wanted to call and console you. Not one of them but Mrs. Welles was admitted to your room."

"Console me? How could they? They wanted to get into the privacy of my life at a time when I hardly knew what

I was doing or saying. I know them. I wanted to be alone —*alone*."

"So did I, Mary—God knows how I wanted to be alone. But we cannot always follow our feelings. Duty has a stronger claim than our own selfish desires."

"It might have been duty for you to get war news and hold councils and give advice with a coffin in the house. But it wasn't any duty of mine to invite sightseers in to whisper news of the way I acted when my heart was broken. There are some things too sacred and private for publicity in newspapers and that is where I generally land. The few I have undertaken to be friendly with soon left me. What for? Why? Do you know?"

"Little woman, your stock of patience has never been enough to allow for the mistakes all human beings make. Quick to judge you are quick to condemn and tongues cut where whips never reach. I am not blaming you. The hot blood of a long line of Southern ancestry is in your veins and the exclusiveness of aristocracy is your heritage."

"People do not understand me."

"I do not think we always understand ourselves. Certain it is others cannot know us unless we show them by a friendly spirit that we want them to. But why worry about newspaper gossip for at best gossip is what nine tenths of it is. I don't see what you read all this stuff for anyway."

"In after years—when your days as President are over and my days as First Lady of the Land are only a dream, the scrap book I am making will be worth its weight in gold to us."

"Not if it is full of thorns."

"I'm not saving all the horrid things. But I cannot miss them in looking for the good."

"You will find enough of good, I am sure, to fill half a

dozen books. Don't worry about the other. Where is Tad? I have wonderful news for him."

"What news?"

"His friend 'Mith Rathberry' of Springfield is coming."

"Miss Betty Bradley—what is she coming to Washington for?"

"The same thing that has brought hundreds of God's noblewomen here, sick and wounded soldiers."

"Isn't she too old to nurse the sick?"

"She wasn't when we left Springfield. Never did a man have a better nurse than did her old father. And if she could not do much heavy work, her presence around a sick man—her dear old face is a benediction. I want Tad to know she is coming."

"I suppose Tad will want her to dine with us."

"I suppose likely he will."

"I never saw her you know."

"Use your own pleasure about inviting her here. You are mistress of affairs."

"It seems to me Tad runs things around here. You are spoiling him terribly, father."

"He is too big hearted a youngster to be spoiled if he's handled the right way. I must find him. How the little fellow will shout when he hears who is coming. And mother," and Mr. Lincoln put his arm around the little woman standing near him and whispered close to her ear, "take the advice of father, don't let what a few dyspeptic pen pushers say about you cause you any more worry. It's not worth it."

XXVIII

"Mith Rathberry ith coming!"

With great glee this announcement was made by little Tad to everybody about the White House from Matildy

in the kitchen to Jehu at the stables. Cabinet members were informed of the coming event and even the War Department heard of it.

It was with Thomas Pendel, however, Tad talked the most about the matter. Pendel, being door keeper, would be the first one to see her and it was important he should know the importance of the expected visitor.

"When will she be here?" Pendel asked.

"Before many dayth, and Tom Pen, you muth have a chair waiting for her right here by the door. And if Mith Rathberry cometh when I am not here, keep her thetting in the chair until I come. I want to take her up to papaday myself."

"But Tad," Pendel protested, "we never seat guests outside the door."

"Mith Rathberry thith outdoorth. She liketh it," and Tad brought a chair and placed it near Pendel's place in the portico. "Thit her here," he said.

"How am I going to know her?" Pendel asked.

"Thee ith a thweet lady."

"Sweet lady?" and Pendel laughed. "There's a lot of sweet ladies come through this entrance. Is she young?"

"Yeth—a young lady—young as my mamma."

"Oh—she is. Does she wear clothes like your mother—big skirts sticking out everywhere?"

"Not tho big."

The information Pendel was able to get from Tad concerned the character of Miss Betty Bradley more than her appearance and he was himself not without some curiosity to see what kind she was.

The morning of her arrival Tad was not there as Pendel explained when Miss Bradley asked for him.

"He has been looking for you for a week—has had this chair sitting here for you in case you should come, with him out somewhere."

"Bless his heart," Miss Betty said. "He knew I would be tired. May I sit down and wait for him?"

"Perhaps for a few minutes, ma'am."

She sat down, saying, "I shall be so glad to see—to see," her voice grew shaky. "There were two of them in Springfield you know—I cannot yet get two little boys out of my mind—two such playful, happy little boys as they were."

"Yes ma'am. There were two of them here and believe me, ma'am, they made things lively, especially after the goats came."

"Goats! Did Tad really get a goat?"

"Two of them and a red wagon. And Willie had a pony. The pony never broke into the house. But one day the goat team got loose and dashed into the house. Such a scene! Both boys after the runaway team—both shouting and flourishing whips. The goats ran down the hallway. Some ladies waiting in the Red Room screamed. It was a sight." And Thomas Pendel laughed heartily at the memory.

"No harm was done I hope."

"Not a bit except to the nerves of the ladies. One of them was from 'Bosting.' She nearly had a fit. Another time the whole White House was thrown into excitement by the ringing of bells all over the place and at the same time. The bell system runs by wires going into the attic. The boys found it and crossed the wires. Such a scurrying and running and shouting about here!" and again the door keeper laughed. Then he added somewhat sadly, "But there's not so much going on now. There were two of them then."

Miss Betty Bradley took her handkerchief from her reticule and fingered it nervously.

"It was hard on the President," Pendel said after an awkward silence.

"And on poor Mary Lincoln."

"Yes. Mrs. Lincoln nearly went crazy. You could have heard her screaming half a mile. It went all over a fellow."

"It is hard for a mother to give up a child—a sweet child like Willie Lincoln, and Mary Lincoln is a good mother."

"It's hard for a father too, a father like Mr. Lincoln. No mother ever loved two boys better than he loved his. He was bruised to the heart. But he didn't make any fuss. I've heard, 'Still water runs deep.' The President takes no interest in fine gowns and big parties. When a body can get their minds on such things it helps forget trouble. But you must be shown in."

"This is a nice place—here in the chair Tad set for me. Can't I wait here?"

"Mr. Lincoln would not like it. It is customary for guests to wait inside. Mrs. Lincoln is out of the city and you can wait in the Red Room. Tad will be coming soon. I will tell him where you are."

Alone in the Red Room Miss Betty Bradley looked around with amazed eyes. Was this splendid place with its gorgeous crimson draperies and furnishings the home of Mary Lincoln? It was too beautiful to seem real. The carpet under her feet was so soft, the cushions at her back so deep and comfortable, the vases and pictures so lovely.

She sank back and gave herself to the strangeness of it. Then came the thought of other rooms she had heard of—a Blue Room, a Green Room and the great East Room where the wonderful receptions were held. She would ask Tad to let her see all of them. She had not been long waiting when a servant came in and bowing said, "You wish to see the President?"

"I hope to."

"Have you a card?"

"What kind of a card?"

"Your card—a name to send up."

"My name is Betty Bradley—Miss Betty Bradley of Springfield."

"Springfield? Write it please," and from his pocket he took a card and pencil.

The servant had not been gone long before he returned. "The President will see you," he said. "Right this way."

Miss Betty Bradley followed him into the hall and down its length catching glimpses into other rooms with mirrors and tapestries and vases. Then up the stairs and into the President's reception room.

By a young man who met her at the door she was given a seat near a window and told the President would see her in a few minutes.

The first object the eyes of Betty Bradley looked for was the form of Mr. Lincoln. It was not hard to find. With his face to a wall map he stood at the far end of the room near his desk. A head higher than two men beside him he towered. The three were engaged in a consultation about some point on the map.

From the tall, dark figure Miss Betty Bradley looked about the room. On one side was a large white marble fireplace with big, old fashioned brass andirons and a large and high brass fender, behind which a cheerful wood fire burned. There was a long, green covered table and a shorter one near Mr. Lincoln's desk. Two hair covered sofas had places against opposite walls and a few chairs were placed about the room. It was all very plain, nothing half so grand as the guest from Springfield had expected to find in a President's office.

From the inside scene she looked out the window. Here the view was much more interesting. Just below was the south lawn which was beautifully kept. Beyond

was a view of the unfinished Washington monument, the Smithsonian Institute, the Potomac, Alexandria and a view down the river toward Mt. Vernon. Across the Potomac were Arlington Heights and Arlington House, late residence of Robert E. Lee.

Miss Betty Bradley did not know what the different buildings were. That they were a part of the national capitol and of importance made them interesting.

There was another sight which was of much more interest to her, however. On the hills around, the white tents of soldiers could be seen with field fortifications and camps and in every direction the brilliant and inspiring colors of "Old Glory."

From the contemplation of the near by evidences of war, Miss Betty Bradley was called by a touch on her arm. "The President will see you now," said the young man who had ushered her into the room.

Hardly had she started in his direction than Mr. Lincoln hastened to meet her his face beaming with pleasure and the handshake he gave her emphasized his joy.

"How good it is to see you Miss Bradley—how good. If it wasn't for seeing some of my old time friends now and then I don't believe I could stand it here. How is Springfield—how is everybody? And when have you seen some of the folks from down in the country? Sit down and let us have a good visit."

Seated by his desk Miss Betty Bradley said, "You are not looking so well, Mr. Lincoln."

"So Mrs. Lincoln is continually telling me and it is taxing the wisdom of the little woman to get me looking better. But you know Miss Bradley, good looks was never one of my strong points," and Mr. Lincoln laughed.

"But Mr. Lincoln, you are a good-looking man—one of the best looking I ever saw. I didn't mean that. I meant you look—well tired—so awful, awful tired."

"Aren't four years of Civil War enough to tire a man? Sometimes when news has come to me of some great battle that has cost the lives of thousands of our brave men, it seems I have suffered with them a thousand deaths. But there is an end to all things, and learning to wait is one of life's hardest lessons. If I live to see the end of war, I believe I will be twenty years younger the next day."

"And how are—how are——" Miss Betty Bradley lifted her handkerchief hurriedly to her eyes a moment. "Pardon me, Mr. Lincoln, but I cannot—*cannot* think of just one little boy."

Mr. Lincoln made no reply.

"I could not sleep the night the sad news came. And I prayed for you, Mr. Lincoln, prayed God that His grace would be sufficient for you in your great loss—your deep heart sorrow."

"I appreciate your thoughts of me—and your prayers."

"I saw the Greens a short time before I left Springfield. They spoke, as they always do, of 'Lincoln's Mary and the Babies' and told me to be sure and tell them news of you all. How is Mrs. Lincoln?"

"Quite well and almost like herself again. She was in mourning for a year. I hate mourning and think the custom of shrouding oneself in black is silly—almost heathenish. Why spread gloom? But it is the custom and the women folks would not consider they had shown honor to their dead without the black. Just now Mrs. Lincoln is in New York to get a new outfit for the inaugural ball. Would you like to attend the inaugural? It is a great show and will give you something to tell the folks about."

"I would love to see it—see Mrs. Lincoln in her beautiful dress. I am sure she will look grand—*grand*. And the Greens will be so pleased to hear about it."

"The Greens," Mr. Lincoln repeated. "Such dear good

friends—the kind of friends that stand by a man when his soul needs help as well as does his body."

"Springfield is full of friends—everybody is your friend."

"Not everybody. But the friendships I do possess are worth the having. There's Herndon. When did you see him?"

"The day before I left. He was in the drug store."

"Looking well, was he?"

"Just as he always looks."

"Good. When they get done with me here I'm going back to Springfield—back to the old office. Is the shingle hanging out yet?"

"Just as it always has been."

"Good—that's good. Have you seen anybody else from down in the country? You know I love the memory of the old circuit. The river—the smoothly flowing Sangamon. Many's the time I have stopped my horse in some quiet spot beside the water and breathed in—just breathed in the restfulness of water and woodland. There's something about it that speaks to a man's soul."

"The river is flowing on."

"Yes—flowing on. Well it was flowing a long time before we got here and will be flowing on a long time after we have gone. The only lesson I get out of all this change is that if we want to do any good we better do it as the days go by. We will not get back beside the waters that for us have passed."

"Mith Rathberry—Mith Rathberry!"

The words shouted with joy broke in upon the somewhat serious speech of Mr. Lincoln who said, "Here comes Tad."

The next moment the boy had his arms around the neck of Mith Rathberry and he was saying, "I want to kith you."

"Of course, you dear child, and I want to kiss you."

This performance brought hearty laughter from Mr. Lincoln who said, "Tadpole, you do a pretty good job for a youngster."

For the first few minutes after his arrival Tad did the talking. The glory of his team of goats was told and Miss Betty Bradley was assured that if the goat turnout was still at his command, Tad would take her riding all up and down the avenue. "Papa-day wanted to ride but hith legth wath too long. They wouldn't double up. But you could double up."

"You can take Miss Bradley driving in the carriage, Tadpole. She will enjoy this kind of a turnout better than even a goat cart."

"Ith Mith Rat-trap dead yet?" Tad asked.

"Why do you ask—did you hear she was dead?"

"I don't think so," Mr. Lincoln answered. "Taddie, you never heard of her death did you?"

"No thir. But I hope thee ith dead, thee wath tho nathty."

"Poor Miss Miry," said Miss Betty Bradley. "Yes, she is dead. She died over a year ago."

"Who killed her?"

"Nobody killed her—that is unless she killed herself and if she did so she did not mean to."

"Wath thee thick like Tim?"

"No, not like that. It was rather peculiar. Folks talked a lot about it. She went to Tuckers'—you remember the Tuckers don't you? She went there after dark one night to look in a window."

"What for?" asked Tad.

"There was a young man visitor there that night to see a girl. She was afraid—she thought—well you know Miry went too far trying to help people. She wanted to be sure the young man was the right kind for the girl to visit

with and the girl was the right kind for the boy to visit with. She meant well."

"I am sure she did," Mr. Lincoln said gravely.

"The window was too high for her to see in so she climbed on a nail keg. She did not know a pan of soft soap had been setting on it and in her efforts to see in the room her feet slipped on the soap that had spilled. The keg tipped over throwing Miss Miry down against a grind stone which broke her front plate—teeth you know.

"The family hearing the noise ran out and found poor Miry groaning on the ground. She told them she was trying to find a lost cat, stumped her toe and fell. She was assisted home and the kindly neighbors searched for the cat until they were told Miss Miry had not possessed a cat in five years. She died of complications of some kind. It was thought she swallowed some of her teeth as they were never found."

"Thwallowed her teeth?" Tad exclaimed. "Did they bite a hole in her inthides? How do teeth bite on the inthide when they have no mouth to work them? Do you know, papa-day?"

Mr. Lincoln regarded his small son for a moment then burst into laughter saying, "No, Tadpole, your papa-day does not know how teeth bite holes and the subject is really too sad and tragical for discussion, and I cannot give you any more time now. Suppose you take Miss Bradley to the greenhouses. I am sure she will enjoy the flowers. And tell Jehu to drive you out this afternoon and leave you at the Soldiers' Home. I will come out and eat dinner with you. Perhaps I will have time for a talk. I want to hear more about Springfield. You will excuse me now I am sure."

He extended his hand to Miss Betty Bradley. His grasp

made her think of words her father had spoken of Abe Lincoln's way of hand shaking.

XXIX

Miss Betty Bradley's inspection of the White House and its gardens with Tad as guide was hurriedly made for he was eager to be away for the drive.

There was so much of importance he wanted to show his guest such as the toy shop where tin soldiers were arrayed in marching order and the man with his jumping bugs on the avenue and the organ grinder with his monkey. He had pennies in his pocket for the monkey and a dollar to buy 'Mith Rathberry' any treat or gift she might choose.

It was with all the pride of possession Tad waited for the carriage and the shining horses. Once inside he said, "Lean back Mith Rathberry. They are tho thoft," and he patted the velvet cushion at her back.

Between the excitement of showing his guest around and the joy of being near her, Tad talked so fast that, even knowing his impediment of speech as well as she did, Miss Betty Bradley could not understand all his description and comment.

Jehu, the coachman, had no difficulty, however, and when, after having been ordered half a dozen times to slow up here and stop there, Tad decided to leave the carriage for a walk, Jehu was agreeable and drew a sigh of relief as they left the carriage.

The width of Pennsylvania Avenue was to Miss Betty Bradley impressive. The medley and variety of life that thronged it was bewildering. So many people—and such strange people. Light-haired Saxons—white people. Yellow people—Creoles with dreamy eyes; negroes of every shade from olive tinted to ebony black, with curls and

with kinks. People from France and Italy—a Chinaman now and then and occasionally an Indian who had come to the capitol to beg the Great Father not to move him any farther back. There were soldiers and officers in military uniforms; men of the sea in gold-laced habits and the gorgeous costumes of different Zouaves. Added to all this there were the elegant costumes of fashionably attired ladies parading in their wide-extended skirts.

Between watching the passing show and trying to give attention to the various sidewalk attractions Tad was interested in, Miss Betty Bradley found her senses fully taxed.

"Here ith the bug man," Tad said tugging at her sleeve. "I'm going to buy you one," and the next minute she found herself in possession of an artificial spider-like creature dangling from the end of an elastic cord.

The next place Tad stopped was at a candy stand where he seemed to be especially well acquainted with its owner. Here huge pieces of "rock candy" in different colors were piled in inviting array. Tad gave his order and while small bits were being chipped as demanded, he told the candy vendor about "Mith Rathberry," her home and cat, and garden where the berries grew.

There was a soap vendor on the corner advertising something new which would instantly remove grease spots. Miss Betty Bradley wanted to investigate but Tad took her hand and led the way to an Italian chestnut roaster where he made another purchase in her honor.

"They're good," he said taking his purchase. "We'll eat them while we ride around."

They passed a telescope operated by two men at so much a sight. Miss Betty Bradley was much interested in this but Tad headed for an attraction further down the street where a man called, "Take a blow to see wot kind of a chist you've got." He did not tarry here, however,

for the strains of the organ grinder reached his ear. This was the attraction of first importance and Miss Betty Bradley was hurried away to see a real live monkey.

Back in the carriage she took note of the passing traffic. The grand thoroughfare was alive with vehicles of various kind, government wagons, ambulances, private carriages with liveried coachmen and lackeys, and hacks by the score mostly driven by negroes.

Negro boot blacks scurried here and there and newsboys, mostly white, called their papers in shrill shouts. Mounted guards were stationed at street corners where they sat with drawn swords, motionless enough unless their services were needed to stop fast driving or other public offences.

The buildings that framed the Avenue were as varied as the people who walked the street. Sometimes new and fine buildings; sometimes old shacks. In front of one place a row of open coffins stood, inviting purchasers. And second hand furniture piled in disarray was a common sight.

It was not as Miss Betty Bradley had imagined the main street of the capitol of the United States would look even though, to her, it seemed the world had gathered there.

Soldiers' Home, the summer home of the President, was much to her liking. Situated a few miles from Washington on the Maryland side the winding road led up a wooded hill to two fine buildings. One was the President's country house. The other, known as "Rest," was for soldiers too old for further service.

It was in this quiet place Mr. Lincoln sought rest. Occasionally Mrs. Lincoln accompanied him. More often his visits were when she was away from Washington his only campanion one of his secretaries. Here under the shadows of the great trees he spent futile time in speculation re-

garding the movements of his two great armies, Grant in Virginia and Sherman in Georgia. What would be the end of it all—and when? From the unanswerable he turned to Macbeth and Hamlet—turned to Shakespeare to whom the mysteries of life seemed to present themselves as they did to him and whose masterful knowledge of human nature was in itself an inspiration.

Tad's pride of the earlier afternoon as it displayed itself in the company of Miss Betty Bradley had not waned when they were ushered into the Soldiers' Home. Here she was presented to everybody from parlor to kitchen, for Tad had right of way all over the place, and the keepers and servants seemed to enjoy his familiarity.

This was not hard for Miss Betty Bradley to understand. From the least to the greatest of these he greeted, Tad saluted them as his father was saluted. And for each he had a pleasant word—for the cook a huge compliment on her pies some of which he hoped she was baking for his dinner; for the gardener a package of seed he had picked up in his father's office.

"He's a chip off the old block," said the old soldier. "The President's little boy can have anything he wants around here."

They had made the rounds of the place and Tad was ready to rest and "talk about Tim" when he discovered his father coming up the long road.

"It'th my papa-day coming," he announced. "Leth go to meet him."

Miss Betty Bradley stopped on the piazza to watch the horsemen Tad had gone to meet. The President rode a large grey horse. Dressed in black and wearing the tall hat that was always a part of his outdoor dress, he made a conspicuous figure. At his left rode an officer and following him, two by two, came the cavalry-men in their

yellow striped jackets, their sabres and accoutrements clanking as they moved forward.

Tad was taken on his father's horse and the party came on toward the steps where they dismounted.

After dinner, while there was yet a little twilight left, President Lincoln with Miss Betty Bradley and Tad, went to the burying place at one side of "Rest." Here were graves yet too fresh for grass, little mounds of bare earth telling their own story of the last rest of volunteers.

Mr. Lincoln took a few steps among the graves and repeated in a low voice,

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest"—Then to Miss Bradley he said, "You are a Christian. You do not believe this is the end of it all," and he stretched his long arm out across a low mound.

"The Christian has a blessed hope Mr. Lincoln—a promised hope. You too as a Christian have this hope—have you not?"

"I do not call myself a Christian. Too much that I can not accept has been added to the simple teaching of the Founder of Christianity—too much that I do not believe is made obligatory for such a profession. But the Christian's hope I share. Indeed, the hope of a life hereafter is not alone the hope of the Christian. Its roots are planted in the heart of every human being. I have thought much on the subject. During these years of war and the death of thousands, the question has been pressed into my heart and mind with insistent force—'Is this all—this?' " and again the long arm over the grave. "I could not believe in a God which planted a universal hope only to destroy it thus."

"But you do believe in God?"

"In a Book I quite often read I find this; 'The fool hath

said in his heart there is no God.' My idea of what 'God' is may not be yours—may not be that of many another man. But in a Great Creator, a Supreme Ruler of the Universe I believe. My reason will not let me do otherwise."

"I was sure of it," Miss Betty Bradley said.

There was silence again in the grey light. And again Mr. Lincoln spoke.

"There is something particularly sad—mysteriously sad about a burying place when there are no leaves on the trees—when the branches give out a moaning sound and dead leaves rustle like voices of past hopes around the mounds. It always brings back to me the saddest experience of my early life—the death of hope—the crying of dead leaves around a grave—their rustling message of eternal earthly separation."

Tad's eyes were on his father's face. Leaving Miss Bradley's side he went to his father's side and said, "Papa-day, I want to hold your hand. You are tho tired."

"No, Tadpole, papa-day is not so tired tonight. I was only thinking how much nicer a graveyard is in summer than in winter. With grass on these graves, nice green branches hanging over them and birds singing and sunlight around instead of evening shadows gathering, the effect would be different. Don't you think so, Miss Bradley?"

"I feel sure it would be."

"Let's wait until the trees leaf out before we come back," Mr. Lincoln said. "Come on, Tad. I must go—am looking hourly for important news from the front. You and Miss Bradley can have a nice long visit."

"I want to talk about Tim," Tad said, "and I want to athk Mith Rathberry thomething—thomething you want to know, papa-day, becauth a Prethident ought to know."

"What is it I should know that Miss Bradley can tell us?"

"About the pearl gateth."

"Pearl gates—what pearl gates?"

"The gateth up at heaven what opened to let Tim in and my brother Willie. Do they keep them open all the while in war timeth? If they don't the hingeth muth be worn out tho many have been going to heaven. Have they all gone to heaven—all the tholdierth that have died? Were they good, papa-day? Good enough to go in the pearly gateth?"

"Ask Miss Bradley what she thinks about it."

" 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for a friend,' and Mr. Lincoln, it seems to me one's country should be even dearer than a friend."

"Such a splendid definition of pure and undefiled patriotism. Thank you, Miss Bradley, thank you—and now good-by. I must be going."

A moment she felt his hand grasp—big, strong, tender —then he was gone.

XXX

After four years of Civil conflict the tide of victory was turning toward the Union.

The firing of artillery in a public square in Washington, which was known to mean another defeat for the enemy, was heard more often and after a series of triumphs the thundering of cannon told the fall of Richmond.

This great fortune of war had long been hoped for by Union forces and great was the rejoicing in Washington when the capitol of the Confederacy fell.

Not many days later a visit to City Point was planned by President Lincoln. Tad was to accompany him. Mrs.

Lincoln, taking Keckley as her maid, was also to go, and there were others in the party, some by Mrs. Lincoln's invitation, among them Senator Sumner.

The *River Queen* in command of Captain Bradford with the Presidential party aboard, left the Seventh Street wharf in the afternoon. The day was raw and chilly but most of the party stayed on deck to watch the disappearance of Washington behind hills and river curves and it was not until after Alexandria had been passed Mr. Lincoln went inside.

Captain Bradford's years of service on the Potomac had made him acquainted with the history of the spies and blockade runners of early war days. He pointed out their landings and told many thrilling incidents all of which interested Mr. Lincoln as much as it did Tad.

It was after dark the next day when City Point was reached. The scene as viewed by the party on the *River Queen* was one not to be forgotten. Many colored lights from boats in the harbor cast long glimmering ribbons over the water, while other lights twinkled up the sides of the high bluffs over which the town straggled, crowned by the lights from Grant's headquarters on the top.

As soon as the *River Queen* had been made fast to the wharf, General Grant with members of his staff came aboard to consult Mr. Lincoln.

Tad wanted to go on shore and in company with his father's body guard, Captain Crook, was allowed to do so. He had not gone far, however, before he was halted by a sentinel. He made haste to explain that he was the President's little boy as Captain Crook was witness. But it was no use. No pass—no passing.

Quite disgusted at being thus treated Tad went back on the boat to listen, as long as he could keep his eyes open, to war talk.

When morning came the harbor presented a picture of

interest crowded as it was with craft of every kind—fishing boats, war boats, sail boats, transports, and passenger boats.

From higher ground in the vicinity could be seen the tents of Lee's army and just west of the Union troops, curved lines of Lee's entrenchments, stretching for thirty miles.

For several days Mr. Lincoln with Tad and sometimes Mrs. Lincoln, together with army officers, made visits to near by points of war interest.

The President knew that Grant was soon to make an attack upon Petersburg and he could not throw off the depression this knowledge caused him. Perhaps the fact that his own son was with Grant made him especially fearful at this time, although knowledge of the impending loss of human life always weighed heavily upon him.

Most of the first day of the battle Mr. Lincoln spent in the telegraph office receiving telegrams and sending them on to Washington.

Back at the boat toward evening his anxiety became more intense. There had been a slight reverse during the day. He feared the struggle might be prolonged.

The boom of the cannon could be heard as they pounded away at Drury's Bluff up the river. Not many miles away Grant was pouring fire into Lee's forces about Petersburg. When darkness had fallen the flash of the cannon could be seen.

One by one the party on the boat went to bed. But for Mr. Lincoln there was to be no sleep that night. As he had paced his floor at the White House through nights of blood-letting conflict, so now he walked the deck his face marked with intense anxiety and pain.

With morning came a message that Grant wanted to see him at his headquarters. It was Sunday. Mr. Lincoln rode out to the intrenchments close to the battleground and

watched the life and death struggle for some time before returning to City Point.

In the evening he received a dispatch from General Grant telling him he had pushed Lee to his last lines about Petersburg.

On Monday a message came to the President that Petersburg was in possession of the Union Army and that General Grant was waiting there to see him.

Over the battlefield Mr. Lincoln rode and through Fort Hell and Fort Damnation—as the men had named the out-posts of the two armies which faced each other not far apart—many dead and dying were still on the ground. One man, his white face upraised and a bullet hole through his forehead, lay in the President's pathway and another with both arms shot away near him. The pleasure, that had shown in Mr. Lincoln's face at news of the fall of Petersburg, had given away again to its habitual lines of sadness.

It was the 4th of April Admiral Porter asked the President to go to Richmond with him. Well knowing how dangerous the proposed trip would be and realizing he had no right to risk his life unnecessarily, Mr. Lincoln hesitated but was soon convinced by Admiral Porter's arguments. The Admiral's opinion was that the President should be in Richmond as soon after the surrender as possible. In this way he could gather up the reins of government most readily and give an impression of confidence in the South that would be helpful in the reorganization of the government.

Having decided to make the visit, Mr. Lincoln joined Admiral Porter's fleet when the question must be decided as to how best to get to Richmond.

The river was full of wreckage and torpedoes were floating everywhere. Nor could a large boat pass Drury's

Bluff where the main channel had been made impossible by the sinking of a ship.

It was decided to make the trip in the Captain's gig manned by twelve sailors and towed by a tug on which were a number of Marines.

The boat occupied by the President was kept at a safe distance from the tug by a long hawser so that if it struck a torpedo and was blown up, the President and his party would be safe. The trip was not without excitement for the boat made its way slowly between dead horses, broken ordnance, the wreckage of other boats and torpedoes so close they could have been touched by hand.

In some mysterious way news had gone ahead to Richmond that President Lincoln was coming and as the boat approached, those aboard saw the shore lined black with negroes. They seemed to be wild with excitement and yelled like mad men, "Heah come Massa Linkum—de sabior of de lan'! Massa Linkum! God bless Massa Linkum!"

The landing was made near Libby Prison. As he set his foot on shore, Mr. Lincoln found himself facing hundreds of negroes with hands outstretched. With a few he shook hands and all of them he thanked for their welcome to him.

Six sailors went in advance and six in the rear of the President and his party as the march uptown was made.

The streets were alive with spectators and every window was crowded with heads. Men were on roofs and hanging to telegraph poles.

But it was a silent crowd—there was neither cheer nor hiss—just an overwhelming death-like silence. What was to happen?

Mr. Lincoln moved on, in his face the calm expression of the man who is ready for whatever may come.

That the President walked the streets of Richmond unharmed within thirty-six hours of its evacuation by the Confederates has been called a miracle. That his good opinion of these people and his confidence in them was not misplaced, is to the everlasting credit and glory of the South.

Perhaps the most interesting place visited in Richmond was the Jefferson Davis home. It was a large house of grey stucco with a garden at the back. Although showing the wear and tear of the long seige, it was a fine place. It was still completely furnished, with an old negro house-servant in charge. He told the party that Mrs. Davis had ordered him to have the place in good condition for the Yankees. For a moment he held trembling black fingers against his eyes and his voice was husky as he said, "She done gone away widout no home—such a good, kin' missus."

"Nothing will be disturbed here," Mr. Lincoln said. "Perhaps she will return here to her home. I hope it may be so."

The room which had been occupied by Mr. Davis at the capitol presented an entirely different appearance from his home. Here the furniture had been destroyed and the coverings of desks and chairs stripped off by relic hunters.

Mr. Lincoln seemed entirely unafraid as he went about the city but officers and members of his party felt relief when he was safely back on shipboard.

Rumors floated around that there were designs against the President's life but to these he paid no attention and received many visitors nothing more unpleasant happening than an interview he had with Duff Green.

This gentleman was large in both physical stature and standing in the community. He was an able and uncom-

promising Confederate editor. Instead of the cane usually carried by Southern gentlemen, he carried a walking staff as tall as himself.

With this staff in hand and fire in his eye he called upon Mr. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln held out his hand. Mr. Green said with unmistakeable emphasis, "I did not come to shake hands."

However, he accepted a chair and when Mr. Lincoln had seated himself and was ready to hear what his visitor had to say, Mr. Green delivered himself of a tirade of abuse ending with this statement, "I do not know how God and your conscience will let you sleep at night after being guilty of the notorious crime of setting the niggers free."

Mr. Lincoln listened to his guest's abuse without any show of anger and when the last word had been said he asked Mr. Green what he wanted.

"I would like, sir, to go to my friends," he replied.

Turning to one of his officers Mr. Lincoln said, "General, please give Mr. Green a pass to go to his friends," which was done.

During his two days at Richmond Mr. Lincoln carefully studied the situation with a view of restoring Union authority on the most liberal terms. "Get them to plowing at once," he said of the farmers, "and gathering in their own little crops, eating at their own firesides. Grant will be wise to leave them their guns to shoot crows and their horses to plow with."

It was in Libby Prison an officer said to the President after recounting some of the horrors that had taken place there, "Jefferson Davis ought to be hung."

"Judge not that ye be not judged," Mr. Lincoln quoted as a reply with no further comment.

It was on the *River Queen* later Mr. Lincoln referred to his early day acquaintance with Jefferson Davis.

"It was during the Black Hawk War. Jefferson Davis and Robert Anderson, then both lieutenants, were there. Well I remember a discussion on 'states' rights' the two took part in one night in a tent, and the loyalty to the Union expressed by Anderson as against that of Davis. Anderson at Fort Sumter—Davis at the head of the Disunionists—according to their bent they grew. Their places in history will be a record—a summary of this divergent growth."

Tad, during the days of this trip, kept pretty close to his father. He made friends with everybody but, owing to the vast importance of moving events, much as the child liked it, little attention was paid to him.

He had the satisfaction, however, before the trip was ended, of having a whole train stopped for him.

It was while the slow-moving train was making its way from Petersburg to City Point, Tad saw a terrapin basking in the sunshine by the wayside. "Papa-day—leth get it to play with," Tad requested.

"A turtle," Mr. Lincoln said. "The turtle has a warm spot in my heart," and he asked the conductor to stop the train. One of the brakemen brought the terrapin to him. With it in his big hand, as Tad and several of the party waited for it to stick its legs and head out of its shell, Mr. Lincoln said, "The first fight I ever had was about a turtle. A heartless bully was putting live coals on its back. The smell of burnt shell—the suffering of the poor creature—nerved me up to an encounter. I was a skinny little chap. The tormentor of the turtle was larger. When I snatched the turtle from the fire and stood for its protection, he was ready to fight. So we went to it."

"Who whipped?" Tad shouted.

"He said I did," Mr. Lincoln replied laughing. "At any rate, by the time his nose was so bloody he could see

only red, he was ready to quit. I loathe fighting—but there's no way out of it sometimes."

Tad was much amused with the ungainly movements of the little animal and played with it until they were ready to go back on the *River Queen* when he gave it all the freedom of the James River.

For a week the party remained at and near City Point. General and Mrs. Grant were on the President's boat several times and many distinguished officers of the army were also entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

Mr. Lincoln's last day before returning to Washington was spent in the hard manual labor of shaking hands with six thousand soldiers in the hospitals at Center Point. The surgeon in charge advised him not to undertake so great a task. But from bed to bed he was asked for a handshake and from bed to bed he went until not one of the army of sick and wounded had been overlooked.

When he returned to the *River Queen* in the evening he was almost too tired to sit up.

"Mother," he said to Mrs. Lincoln, "I've shaken so many hands today my arms ache. I wish I could go to bed right now."

"It's our last night here, father," she said. "You can keep up a little while—you'll have a whole day's rest tomorrow."

As twilight fell over the river and woods and heights, the President's boat was illuminated and a military band on board gave a concert. Many officers came to say farewell to the President and his party and the scene was almost that of a brilliant reception.

About ten o'clock Mr. Lincoln was called on to make a speech.

"I am too tired to speak tonight," he said. "Next Tuesday night in Washington you can hear what I have to say. Instead of a speech, by way of parting from the brave sol-

diers of our gallant army, I will ask the band to play 'Dixie.' It has always been a favorite of mine."

Out over the water and the hills the music of the Southland sounded and when the music ceased there was fine applause.

At eleven o'clock the last good-bys were said. The lights were taken down. The *River Queen* turned her prow into the waterway toward Washington.

For a few moments after the others had gone in, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln stood together in the shadowy night. The musical sound of water plashing against the prow of the boat and the call of a night bird were the only sounds.

"Father," Mrs. Lincoln said, "hasn't this been a wonderful trip?"

"Have you enjoyed it?" he asked.

"So much—there can never be another like it—*never*."

"No—never another like this, please God. It has been a wonderful trip and I am glad you have enjoyed it. I am always glad, little woman, when you are happy."

XXXI

What does not happen in a decade happens over night. Between the time President Lincoln and party left City Point and arrived in Washington, the gallant Lee had tendered his sword to "Unconditional Surrender" Grant—a symbolism only, since, in appreciation of clean greatness, the sword was handed back.

The Presidential carriage was waiting at the wharf for the *River Queen* and the Lincolns had started on their way to the White House.

They had not gone far, however, when they became aware that something unusual was happening. The streets

were thronged with people, running, walking, talking, laughing and all excited. There were bonfires everywhere. A band was playing. There were shooting and singing and shouting.

"What'th the matter, papa-day?" asked Tad catching the excitement.

"What do you suppose it is?" Mrs. Lincoln asked.

"Easy enough to learn. Stop a minute, Jehu."

When the carriage stopped Mr. Lincoln asked a bystander, "What has happened?"

The man looked at him with surprised eyes before saying, "Where have you been? Lee has surrendered."

"Oh father!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln catching his hand in hers. *"Father!"* and she turned her eyes to his face.

For the momentary expression she saw, there could be no description. It was the reflection of an elemental grip on a naked soul—something too transcendent and detached for words. This was but for a moment. Then the deep-set, always sorrowful eyes filled with tears.

"Papa-day—papa-day," Tad began.

"Drive on, Jehu," Mr. Lincoln said as a man in a dream speaks.

To Mr. Lincoln the next day was a strange day—no wearisome trips to the War Department with a heart fearful of the news. Four years of this had become a habit. Now it had ended. But there was a flood of congratulations and of visitors and already the breath of the Vigilantes was in the air which meant for Mr. Lincoln another fight. A fight this time for the rights of the people of the Lost Cause.

Between receiving callers and finishing his speech for Tuesday night, Mr. Lincoln found enough to do.

Mrs. Lincoln was also deeply engaged in preparations for the Tuesday night affair. While her husband gave his address she would sit in one of the large front windows.

Here, in a frame of lights she would be seen by thousands. She must look her best.

But neither Tad's father or mother found the time half as exciting as did the boy himself. Together with every other public building in Washington, the White House was to be decorated from top to bottom. Putting the colored bunting on was no small job and took a goodly number of men. This was not so difficult, however, as framing the candle lights around the windows. This was Thomas Pendel's job and being his was also Tad's.

Frames were made for the windows in which were set candles—thousands of candles it took. With plenty of help Pendel and Tad supervised the job, Pendel himself to do the lighting.

Tuesday morning a great crowd had come into the White House grounds every man cheering until the noise of their brass band was drowned. Workmen at the navy-yard had started the procession and by the time it reached the White House over two thousand men marched and shouted.

A call was made for Mr. Lincoln. He stepped to the window from which he was to speak that night and when the cheering died down he spoke to them telling them he was to make a speech that night and wanted every one of them to be present. He then asked the band to play Dixie, saying as he had often said before, "I have always liked this tune. It is ours now—hard won I'll admit, but none the less ours. Come back tonight."

This excitement out of the way, preparations for the night continued.

After Pendel had put the light frame in place around the window from which Mr. Lincoln was to speak, Tad joined him bringing a Confederate flag.

"What are you going to do with that?" Pendel asked.

"Hang it up—right out here," and he designated a place directly in front of where his father would stand.

"But your father don't want *that* flag hanging out tonight."

"Why not? It ith pretty, my papa-day thaid tho."

"Yes, it's pretty enough as colors go. But it would never do to hang it out tonight. It's not ours."

"It'th mine. They gave it to me at the War Department."

"I mean it's not our flag—not the flag of the Union. It's the enemy flag."

"Therth not any enemy now, papa-day thaid tho."

"Maybe not. But you better hide that flag away. It's out of style."

Tad hesitated a moment and carried the flag back in the house.

The entire city of Washington was illuminated by Tuesday night and all public buildings gay with patriotic colors. From the Capitol to the Treasury the whole length of Pennsylvania Avenue was a blaze of lights and flags and a stream of people like a broad and animated river with criss-cross currents gave expression to their great joy that the long, long nightmare of war was over.

Before time for the President to address the people thousands were waiting his appearance. Well to the front stood two women, one whose gray hair around the rim of her bonnet told her to be no longer young. They had come early to get a place from which they could see and hear and while they waited they discussed the Lincolns.

"You live in Springfield don't you, Miss Bradley? I think I heard them say so when you came to the hospital."

"Yes—Springfield."

"You knew the Lincolns I suppose."

"A little."

"What kind of a woman is Mrs. Lincoln? Tell me about her."

"I never visited her. I only know she is a good wife—a good mother—a lovely lady."

"She didn't make much of a hit here for some reason."

"Perhaps because it was war times. Everything is harder to do in war times and maybe the people here do not know her very well."

"I don't think they do. Tell me this. Is Mr. Lincoln a rich man? I've heard he wasn't and then again I've heard he was."

"I never heard him called rich. The Lincolns owned a good home and he made a comfortable living."

"Must have had something salted down. If he didn't have, where is she getting the money to pay for her dresses and jewels and furs and laces. My land! She dresses like a princess—keeps a high price modiste at the White House all the time sewing new clothes. I know a girl that works for Modiste Keckley at her downtown place. She's been out to help on some of Mrs. Lincoln's sewing. She says Mrs. Lincoln must have a hundred dresses."

"A hundred dresses," and Miss Bradley laughed. "That does not sound sensible to me. Being the wife of a President she needs a good many dresses and I am sure the President is able to get them for her. That's all talk about a hundred dresses."

"I expect the number was stretched. Still she is a famous dresser. Mr. Lincoln is not so much for dress, however, but he's crazy about that boy—has him along wherever he goes—I heard ——"

An end to the conversation came with the appearance of Mr. Lincoln who was given an ovation. This had hardly subsided when Mrs. Lincoln appeared in one of the win-

dows and the outburst was renewed while she smiled and bowed in recognition.

Looking out upon the vast throng Mr. Lincoln was impressed with the almost unearthly appearance of it. Near the lighted White House the faces of the people were plainly discernible; but they faded into indistinctness as they stood away from the light and the outskirts of the assemblage were in the dark.

Hardly had the President begun his address which he read, than Tad was at his side and as the pages were dropped, the child picked them up watching his father until but a page remained. He then went into the house. A moment later—just as the President was repeating his opinion that the States that had gone out of the Union should, now that they were back, be treated so far as possible just as if they had never gone out—Tad appeared with a flag which he proceeded to unfurl in front of his father.

"Great goodness!" exclaimed the lady with Miss Bradley. "It's a Confederate flag. What *will* Mr. Lincoln do?"

As the flag swung in place there was applause which for the most part turned to laughter. The President paused long enough to see what Tad had done. He smiled and without comment finished his speech.

"I never saw anything to beat it," her companion nurse said to Miss Betty Bradley. "I expected to see the President get all nervous at sight of that flag and that it would start a row in the crowd."

"I don't believe Mr. Lincoln ever gets nervous, certainly not afraid. In the short time I have been here I have heard talk about danger to his life. But God has preserved him through it all. Now we have peace. I do not believe any kind of a flag could stir people up just now to fight. Their anger has all been fought out. There are just the

wounds to heal. I pray that the life of Abraham Lincoln may be spared to reunite the Union he has saved."

"I'm not looking for any trouble now. The danger for him has passed."

XXXII

Including the third day after Lee's surrender the City of Washington gave itself up to an intoxication of joyous celebration.

The days had been busy ones at the White House. On the morning of April 14th the President was to have a meeting with his Cabinet to discuss plans for the great work of reuniting a sorely rent Union.

Before the meeting Captain Robert Lincoln came in from Grant's camp bringing with him a photograph of General Lee which he presented to his father.

Mr. Lincoln studied the picture several minutes. He said, "Such a good face—such a splendid soldier. I am glad you brought me this. I will have the Cabinet members see it. It can but help me in my insistence that as conquerors we must be friends and prove our friendship in the kindliest way."

Before he went into the Cabinet meeting Mrs. Lincoln discussed with her husband her plans for the day.

"I want to take a nice long ride this afternoon," she said, "with you and nobody but you. It has been weeks and weeks since we have had any time together. The world, everything now is so beautiful and lovely—let us ride."

"Fine, mother, fine. As soon after luncheon as I get my program finished we will go."

"What's on your program for today?"

"A number of appointments and I promised an inter-

view to that little sculptor—Vinnie Ream,[1] her name is. She thinks she can make a statue of me."

"Can't you put her off until another time?"

"Not very well. She is a working girl and has little time at her command. I have promised to see her today."

"I think you are wasting your time. From what I have heard this girl—quite young—has had no education and no advantages. In fact she was born in a log cabin."

"Yes—born in a log cabin—a Wisconsin log cabin. The one I was born in was farther to the south. But a cabin is a cabin. Perhaps this girl may surprise us. At any rate I will not disappoint her."

"Make the interview as short as you can. Our ride must not keep us out too late. The Grants will be our theater guests tonight you know."

"Must we go to the theater?"

"Announcement has been made that we will and our guests will be there, and many people have bought tickets on this account."

"It wouldn't be fair to disappoint them—would it?"

"Not when a number of extras have been added in our honor. See—here is one," and Mrs. Lincoln took up a paper and read, "Ford's Theater. 'Honor to our Soldiers,' a new and patriotic song and chorus has been written by Mr. H. B. Phillips and will be sung this evening by the entire company to do honor to Lieutenant General Grant and President Lincoln and Lady who will visit the theater in compliment to Miss Laura Keene whose benefit and last performance is announced in the bills of the day."

"I guess there's no way getting out of it but for some reason I'd rather not go tonight."

[1] The contract for the great statue of Abraham Lincoln in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington was awarded by Congress to Vinnie Ream. She is the only sculptor for whom Lincoln ever posed and the last sitting was given in the White House the afternoon of April 14th, when the sculptor was sixteen years old.

"It's because you've seen the play once and do not expect to enjoy it so much again."

"Maybe so."

"You have not had a sign or premonition have you?" Mrs. Lincoln asked laughing.

"Not lately. But a couple of weeks ago I had a funny dream. I seemed to be wandering around this place at night. Every room was lighted but nobody was to be seen. The sound of weeping was heard. It sounded like water—tired water washing on some distant shore. When I came to the East Room I discovered the mystery. There was a catafalque, the pomp of a military funeral, crowds of people in tears. I told Lamont about this dream and he immediately took it for a text on the necessity for precautions against assassination. I do not know what it meant if indeed it had any meaning. But I did have a dream last night I know the meaning of—the time-worn vision of the ship. I'll tell my ministers about it," and with a smile on his face Mr. Lincoln went to meet his Cabinet.

The question of most interest at this meeting related to Sherman who was yet in the South. "We will get the news in time," Mr. Lincoln said, "and it will be good news. I had my dream again last night—I saw the ship, that singular, indescribable vessel which always moves with rapidity toward a dark and definite shore—as I have seen it preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, and Vicksburg. Victory has not always followed this dream, gentlemen, but events and results of importance have. The decisive events of the war are over. I know of no other important event that is likely to occur at this time than something that has to do with Sherman. Whatever it is, we will know it in a day or two."

There was a brief discussion of dreams and their meaning which was ended with laughter and then Mr. Lincoln

talked of the one matter which in his mind overshadowed all others.

"Gentlemen, Ministers of the Cabinet," he said, "let us put aside all thoughts of hatred and revenge. We must extinguish our resentment if we expect harmony and union. Let there be no persecution—no bloody work. Enough lives have been sacrificed. None need expect me to take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. I have no sympathy with the desire on the part of some of our very good," and he emphasized the two words, "very good friends, to treat these conquered people, not as fellow citizens, but as slaves whose affairs they would dictate."

This reference was understood. The Vigilantes, even as the Cabinet sat in council, were planning an organization to defeat the President's policy.

XXXIII

Rather impatiently Mrs. Lincoln had been waiting some time before the President was ready for their drive. Just before they started Tad presented himself dressed to accompany them.

"Taddie," Mrs. Lincoln said, "you cannot go with us today. Mamma has not had a visit and a ride with papa in a long time. This is our way of celebrating the end of the war."

"Then I'm going to Graverth tonight," he stated with emphasis.

"What's going on at Graver's, Tadpole?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"Thomething fine. I'm going."

"All right. Stay here and be a good boy and somebody will take you tonight."

"I want papa-day to take me."

"Your papa has another engagement," Mrs. Lincoln told him, "but somebody will take you."

"At last we are off," Mrs. Lincoln said as her husband seated himself beside her in the carriage. "Where do you want to go, father?"

"If it is all the same to you I would like to drive in some quiet place out where the dogwoods are in bloom—some place unscarred by war and where there is not much travel—a restful place."

"There's a nice quiet road over on the Virginia side. It goes past a little stream and an old burying ground. There are hills back of it where there should be dogwood and Judas buds."

For a time they drove in silence taking in the fresh bloom and beauty of springtime which seemed indeed the springtime of a new life.

"Mary," Mr. Lincoln said thoughtfully, "the Union has been saved. Slavery is done for. Now I want to heal the wounds these victories have cost—heal them, Mary."

"You are a good nurse, father. Your hands are large and strong but the touch of your fingers is gentle as that of a woman. And you have patience—God, father, I never have seen anybody with your patience."

"I've never had more than was necessary and I'm going to need plenty more before I get done with the Vigilantes. Someway my patience runs at a low ebb when I think of them and their policy. They know and I know—every sane man knows the reason the Northern states had no slavery was a question of dollars and cents—not morals. The negro was not profitable in the North, and don't forget they tried to make him so. It was a matter of geography. If these Vigilantes could remember that the North was the first to import slaves and cotton grows south, they might get their bearings unless they are arrant hypocrites."

"Whatever fight you have with them will be bloodless I hope," and Mrs. Lincoln laughed.

"Let us hope so. There's been enough of the other kind to last a life time. I can never find words for my thankfulness that it is over."

"You don't need words if what I heard about you is true."

"What was it?"

"I heard—got it pretty straight, father, that when you and Stanton met after Lee's surrender, you hugged him—actually *hugged him.*"

"That's not so far wrong."

"Father, I cannot to save my life understand you. Can you *never* remember Cincinnati—remember what that man did to you?"

Mr. Lincoln was silent a moment before saying, "Mary, you belong to the church. The church claims to be founded on the teaching of One who said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor.' I sometimes wonder if all your church members really know what the founder of your religion did teach. Anyway Stanton is my neighbor—so are most men. I hate none of them. Returning good for evil is a thoroughly sound policy."

"I'm a long way from your viewpoint. But maybe things will be easier for both of us the rest of our time in Washington, nearly four years of it."

"And then Springfield again. Back to Springfield and Billie Herndon."

"I wonder, and I am sure others have questioned, why with your friendship for Mr. Herndon so devoted, you never gave him a good job. Everybody else you ever knew laid claim to something."

"I mentioned this, Billie Herndon was too good a friend of mine to accept a job of importance. I offered him a position, no mean one either. His refusal was based on

the fact of his weakness for strong drink. 'There's a chance I might disgrace you,' he told me. 'Leave me out of it. I'll be waiting for you when you come back home.' It will be good to hear his voice again—to hear the many familiar voices back home."

"Father," and Mrs. Lincoln's voice trembled. "We will not hear our darling Willie's voice when we go back."

"It is no use to mourn. Our boy has been spared much of pain and disappointment that life brings. And it is not as if we had no hope."

"You think he lives—somewhere?'

"Don't you, mother?"

"If I could only know—only get some message from him."

"You tried it and it wasn't good for you."

"Nettie Coleman told me things. But how can I know what she said came from our boy?"

"I don't think you can. The girl has a wonderful gift. She says her messages come from spirits. I do not know where she gets these things, some of them strange enough."

"Like the ship on the mirror. Some of the strange things that have come to me have frightened me at times. I have been afraid something would happen to you."

"At least a thousand threats have been made against my life. Yet here I am safe and sound."

"A man followed you one night to the War Department. Crook told me about it."

"Did he tell you about the time I was shot at?"

"Shot at?" Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed. "Shot at?"

"It was out near the Soldiers' Home. Some fellow took bad aim. He only shot my hat off. The horse took fright and never did I have such a time holding on to a racing beast. He brought me safely to the Home."

"Why didn't you tell me about this?"

"What for? Haven't you had enough to worry about? None of these things have disturbed me."

"What that old priest told you disturbed you."

"That was different. The Secret Power that has been for years trying to disrupt and destroy this young Democracy of ours is of the 'divine rights' breed—foreign, autocratic. It comes from farther and strikes deeper than the quarrel between states about slavery. The message the old priest conveyed to me was of a kind to cause concern—not to a man—to a Republic. But look, mother, yonder on the hill is the dogwood."

"And yonder in the hollow is the graveyard. It must be full of lilacs. I smell them."

By the side of the old burying ground the carriage stopped.

"Isn't this the loveliest place you ever saw?" Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed. "These lilacs are gorgeous and look at the spring beauties and the star flowers."

"Let's take a look at it," Mr. Lincoln said and together they entered the quiet spot and walked amid the low mounds. Beside one old grey stone he stopped and with his hands on its mossy head, repeated, as if to himself, familiar words,

'Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.'"

It was very quiet after Mr. Lincoln had spoken until Mrs. Lincoln said, "Father, you had better leave instructions to have Shakespeare placed in your coffin. You'll not be happy in heaven unless you can read Hamlet and Macbeth."

"Do as you please with my Shakespeare but put me to rest in a place like this. You are younger than I, Mary.

You will be here after I have gone on. To sleep the long sleep in such serenity and calm of Nature as is here—ah this is rest."

"Don't begin giving such dismal instructions at this late day. After all you have escaped I have no fear of violence and without this you will live your three score years and ten. And don't ever say anything about going and leaving me. I couldn't live, father—I wouldn't even *try* to live if anything should happen to you. Let's get out of this graveyard anyway. We need to get back early. I must dress and have my hair done fresh. There will be a great crowd at the theater tonight and I want to look my best."

"Whatever you say, mother. After I get a few flowers for Tad. The little fellow will appreciate them."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lincoln laughing, "Taddie would appreciate a bundle of sticks if 'papa-day' presented them."

XXXIV

When Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln returned from their drive they found messages.

For Mr. Lincoln there awaited a father who, with anxious face sought pardon for a son sentenced to be shot for desertion. Over his head the death penalty still hung.

There was no hesitation on the part of the President. "This boy will do the world much more good above ground than he will under it," he said, and the father, with tears of joy shining as he thanked the President, left with his pardon.

And there was another demand before Mr. Lincoln could get away. Somebody wanted passes. "No pass is necessary now," he was happy to say. "People go and return just as they did before the war." This he wrote

above his signature, "A. Lincoln," that the man might have no difficulty making his journey.

Mrs. Lincoln's message was from the Grants.

"Father," she said in great disappointment, "here are regrets from the Grants. He took a notion at the eleventh hour to leave town. Funny."

"I do not know what changed his plans. But it is all right. I'll tell you now how to arrange your party. Get a couple of friends in place of the Grants and take Robert in my place. I will go with Taddie."

"And disappoint all the people who expect to see you tonight?"

"It was Grant they wanted to see. These people have seen me scores of times."

"Your arrangement will not work. In the first place Robert is not feeling well and is staying home. And if it were otherwise, he is not the President of the United States. In my new gown I want to appear as 'Mrs. President.' I have already arranged company for Tad and know who I can have here in a few minutes as our guests."

"All right, mother, have your way about it. I always feel more comfortable when I know you are pleased."

When Tad, who was to leave first, was ready to go, he bade his mother and her guests good-night. Then, stopping before his father he saluted, much to the amusement of those in the room and lifting his face said, "Good-night, papa-day."

The President kissed the child and said, "Have a good time, Taddie, and tell papa about it in the morning."

A few moments later, Thomas Pendel at the East door, saw the President's carriage with its theater party roll away.

All grew still about the White House. From his inside

post Pendel caught glimpses now and then of the outside watch, walking up and down the pathway.

Drowsy, without sleeping, Pendel was keeping a comfortable watch when, about ten o'clock, the ringing of the bell brought him to the door. It was the outside watch evidently excited, who said, "They have tried to cut the throat of Secretary Stanton."

"You must be mistaken. Secretary Stanton has been confined to his bed for several days. He was hurt by a fall from his carriage. Somebody has mixed stories."

In a few minutes the guard was back. "I tell you," he said, now greatly excited, "it is a fact. They tried to cut Seward's throat. There's a plot—some terrible plot!"

Pendel now became uneasy. A plot! If it were true would the President escape?

Another fifteen minutes passed when a crowd of men followed by some half grown boys, all in a great hurry, came through the East gate. As they neared the house Pendel recognized Senator Sumner. He came with hurried step to the door to inquire about the President.

"I have heard nothing," said Pendel who was now thoroughly alarmed. "Mr. Senator, please go down to the theater and see if anything has happened to the President."

Together with Senator Sumner the crowd hurried away as it had come.

The next to arrive at the White House was Commissioner Newton, a warm friend of Mr. Lincoln.

Inside the door he exclaimed in husky voice, "They have shot the President. Notify his son."

Hastening upstairs, Pendel, trying to keep his voice steady said to Robert Lincoln, "Captain, something has happened to the President. Better go down to the theater and see what it is."

Again quiet prevailed but it was now the quiet of acute

suspense. Inside the White House Pendel walked the corridor and outside the guards paced restlessly—looking and listening for what was to come next.

The quiet was not for long. There was a sound of carriage wheels at the door. Then a child's voice crying, "Tom Pen—Oh, Tom Pen—they have killed my papa-day—*they have killed my papa-day.*"

Over and over the pitiful childish wail sounded on the stillness echoing down the long corridors and seeming to come back from every empty room as little Tad made his way to the doorkeeper.

Taking the child in his arms Thomas Pendel sought to comfort him. Another took his place at the doorway and Pendel carried little Tad upstairs, took off his clothes and shoes, bathed his tear-stained face and sought to calm him.

It was well toward morning before he fell asleep. Pendel lying beside him also fell into a dose from which he was awakened by screams that cut like the piercing of a knife—wild screams of such agonized pain as had escaped all control.

"Father—oh father—*father—father!*"

It was Mary Lincoln following the body of her dead husband up the stairs.

XXXV

Between the paroxysms of grief that tormented Mrs. Lincoln during the first days after the assassination, she talked with Keckley who with one friend was the only person allowed in the darkened room.

"Lizzie," she said, "see everything, hear everything. It would kill me to attend the funeral. But I want to know about it. And I want every letter and telegram and condolence of every kind that comes in saved. When I am able

I will see them all and the newspaper notices—don't miss any of them."

As time for the funeral services drew near she ordered her door locked. "Somebody might open it just as they are carrying him out. The sound of it would drive me mad." The door was kept closed but the removal of the flag-draped black catafalque from the White House was announced by numerous bells tolling out a dirge, by the firing of guns at the fortifications and the plaint and measured music of muffled drums.

At the sound Mary Lincoln again gave herself over to hysterical grief and before she had been quieted all sounds of the funeral march were silent and the body of a Nation's chief was on its way home to Springfield.

There was much to be done before Mrs. Lincoln could leave the White House and it was no longer her home for Andrew Johnson was now President.

"Lizzie," Mrs. Lincoln asked. "Did Mr. Johnson send any message of any kind?"

"I am sure he did not. Captain Robert said as much. Even more, he never mentioned Mr. Lincoln's name either before or after he took the oath of office. It was noticeable."

"Lizzie, I am going to tell you something. Andrew Johnson was in the plot to kill my husband. He was—and *I know it*. He dogged him with a weapon. Mr. Lincoln was going over to the War Department. He started out alone. Crook overtook him—Crook saw Andrew Johnson—nobody else, hiding in a deep shadow waiting. Yes, he was in the plot—his part that of protector for the one who did the shooting. As President he has power to save any villain's life."

"But what would he want to have the President out of the way for?"

"A silly question, Lizzie. The Vice-President has no

power. Andrew Johnson wanted power—the power to do exactly what Mr. Lincoln would never do. A cunning, low-lived fellow with an unbridled appetite for drink—the type of man my husband never had any respect for. I will always hate him."

"I hope you are mistaken in your suspicions—such an awful suspicion."

"Suspicion? What was he lying in wait for Mr. Lincoln for? But let's not talk about it. I must get out of here now as soon as possible."

"Will you go back to Springfield?"

"Back to Springfield without any husband to take care of me or any money? Mr. Lincoln was so generous he never saved anything. It was his wish that Robert go back to school and study law. And Tad must have a tutor. I am sure Congress will give me something and it should be a large and generous amount since my husband practically gave his life for his country. Lizzie—God, Lizzie—you have never told anybody about the bills have you?"

"No, madam."

"They are enormous. When I added to them for my wardrobe for this second term as First Lady, I told the different merchants and jewelers Mr. Lincoln would make them a handsome payment after his inauguration. I knew he was not going to—could not. But I had to have the things. We must have some way to keep these bills covered. If the public should find out it is not likely Congress would give me a cent, and if they deny my claim God only knows what I will do. For the petted—the idolized wife of President Lincoln to be cast on the world penniless would be a disgrace forever."

"I am glad Mr. Lincoln never learned of your indebtedness."

"That's the only bright spot in the whole tragedy. I can-

not imagine how he would have been effected had he been presented with these terrible bills."

"You have loads—literally loads of fine garments that I am sure you will never need. Perhaps some of these could be returned on the bills."

"No. If worse comes to worst I will send some of my beautiful things to New York and have them sold. Anybody should be glad to buy a garment that once belonged to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. For the present, however, we will pack them. How many boxes do you think it will take?"

"A great many—several wagon loads."

"I have twenty trunks."

"Twenty? I guess it is not too many. You have almost enough shawls and furs to fill them. I have already listed two large camel hair shawls with white centers and one solid white one. Then there are your Paisley shawls and all the other kinds. Your furs—they should be well packed. Russian sable capes and chinchilla cost money, Madam."

"Don't you think I can sell them at a good price?"

"It seems to me it would be embarrassing to try anything like a public sale."

"I will not need to if Congress does its duty."

During the process of the sorting of garments and packing of feminine apparel Robert Lincoln told his mother he could see no use whatever in taking a thousand hats and bonnets away from the White House. Quite promptly the young man's mother advised him he knew nothing about values and the packing continued until in addition to twenty trunks, fifty boxes were ready for shipment.

During the few weeks that the Lincolns remained at the White House, Keckley had saved newspaper notices for Mrs. Lincoln. The reading and sorting of these occu-

pied time not unpleasantly especially when Keckley ran across some item she knew Mrs. Lincoln would enjoy.

"Here is one I found in an old paper," Keckley said. "I believe you would like it in your scrap book."

"What's it about?"

"A purple velvet dress."

"Yes—yes—read it."

" 'It is a general remark that Mrs. Lincoln at her receptions and parties is always dressed with the most perfect taste—always richly and elegantly, and never overdressed. Today she was robed in purple velvet; she wears a postillion basque of the same, made high at the throat and relieved by an elegant point lace collar, fastened by a knot of some dainty white material in the center of which glistens a single diamond. The seams of the basque and skirt are corded with white and the skirt, basque and full open sleeves are all richly trimmed with a heavy fringe of white chenille. The delicate head dress is of purple and white to match the dress. It is all very becoming.' "

This note brought a smile.

"That purple gown—how gorgeous it was—how the diamond sparkled! From the time I was a little girl I dreamed of being a princess and wearing a purple velvet dress. The dream came true. And instead of being happy the night I wore it I was miserable. Kate Chase Sprague was at the party—such a hateful sort of a person. She tried to draw all my admirers from me."

"Here is something else you may like. I cannot read it," and Keckley handed Mrs. Lincoln a bit of paper.

"My own French," she exclaimed and she read, "J'ai voulu vous dire tout simplement, que Madame Lincoln s'est bein habilleé, selon mon gout, malgré ce que disent les gobe-mouches. Mais le marie voilá un homme endimanché."

"Like Greek to me," Keckley said.

"It says that in spite of the simplicity of my attire I was well dressed and Mr. Lincoln was extremely well dressed. It sounds nice but that is all gone now. Get some of the late notices."

"I will read you a notice I saved from the *Evening Star* one day and the next. 'Last night Washington was a blaze of glory. The heavens seemed to have come down and the stars twinkled in a sort of faded way as if the solar system were out of order and earth had become the great luminary. Everybody illuminated. Every flag was hung out, windows were gay with devices and gorgeous lanterns danced on their ropes along the walls in a fantastic way as if the fairies were holding holiday.' "

"I will never forget the wild joy and bright lights of Washington as it celebrated. What is the other one?"

" 'Now everything is black. During the night and day —men—silent men, sometimes tearful men, worked steadily to remove the last vestige of joy and hang over it the pall of death. Black—black! Every public building in Washington hung with black. Homes draped in black and flags at half mast. President Lincoln is dead!' and here is a description with a picture."

Mrs. Lincoln took the *Frank Leslie's* Keckley had saved and read under an illustration, "Every window, housetop, balcony and every inch of the sidewalks on either side was densely crowded to pay homage to departed worth. Despite the enormous crowd the silence was profound. It seemed akin to the death it commemorated. If any conversation was indulged in, it was in suppressed tones and only audible to the one spoken to. A solemn sadness reigned everywhere. Presently the monotonous thump of the funeral drums sounded in the street and the military escort of the funeral car began to march past with funeral tread, muffled drum and arms reversed."

"Don't read any more like that, Lizzie."

"I have an opinion by General Robert E. Lee."

"Really? Let's have it."

"General Robert E. Lee, the same day of the death upon hearing the report at once said, 'When I dispossessed myself of the command of the Confederate forces I kept in mind President Lincoln's benignity and surrendered as much to his goodness as to General Grant's artillery. I regret Mr. Lincoln's death as much as any man in the North and I believe him to be the epitome of magnanimity and good faith.' "

"Such gentlemanly—such kind words and so different from the dumbness of Andrew Johnson. Lizzie," and Mrs. Lincoln's voice was a bit unsteady, "Lizzie, don't you believe Mr. Lincoln knows? How pleased he would be with these kind words of General Lee."

"One of the Richmond papers has a notice also. It speaks most kindly of Mr. Lincoln and says no matter what his political principles he was a friend to the Southern people and that his liberal course, already commenced in the hour of triumph, would have entirely restored that fraternal feeling and harmony which heretofore characterized the American Union."

"That was what he wanted to do—restore fraternal feeling. Now he has gone and Johnson will show the Southern people who's who. The most rabid Vigilante now has occasion for rejoicing."

"I have a collection of poems, not all fine ones. There are many for you to look over when you have time. I picked out two I think are grand—simply splendid. I am sure you will want both. One is by an American writer. The other comes from England. Shall I read them?"

"If they are not too long."

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring

But, O brave heart!—heart—heart—
Oh, the bleeding drops of red
Where on the deck my Captain lies
Fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain, rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain—dear father
This arm beneath your head
Is it some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead?

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck, my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

The voice of the mulatto had grown husky as she read. With the last words she dropped her head into her hands and sobbed. A moment and another voice mingled with the first and Mrs. Lincoln sobbed "Oh, father—father—father!"

It was only for a moment. Keckley said, "This is the American poem."

"I have never heard anything so grand. Who wrote it?"

"Walt Whitman."

"Who?" and the question was sharply asked.

"Walt Whitman."

"Let me see it," and Mrs. Lincoln took the paper and examined the signature.

"Walt Whitman," she repeated. "Walt Whitman—and I would not let my husband bring him to the house. Lizzie—why is it that Mr. Lincoln could discover a great soul when I saw only a common body?"

"Perhaps big souls have their own way of recognition."

"What is the other about?"

"Look—see this," and Keckley unfolded a paper and spread it before Mrs. Lincoln.

It was a double page illustration of a bier almost gigantic on which a shrouded body lay. At the head sat Columbia overwhelmed with grief. At the foot a negro with downcast head clasping his knees with both hands and at his feet manacles, the ring of which was broken. At the side of this impressive bier stood Britannia casting a wreath of *immortelles*.

"God, Lizzie," Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, "God—isn't it wonderful!" Tears flooded her eyes and for a moment blotted the picture. Then she cleared them and looked at it again.

"The *London Punch,* how strange. In this paper I have seen some of the most unkind cartoons ever printed against my husband. Read the verses," and Mrs. Lincoln rested her head against the back of her chair and with closed eyes listened.

Abraham Lincoln
Foully Assassinated April 14th, 1865

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's brow,
  You who with mocking pencil wont to trace
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
  His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair.
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh
  Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless so it could point its paragraph
  On chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he loved to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet
Say, scurril jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes, he has lived to shame me from my sneer—
To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this kind of princes peer
This rail splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment now has learned to rue
Noting how to occasion's height he arose
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true
How, iron like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how faithful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success nor boastful he
Thirsty for gold nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows where there's a task to do
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow
That God makes instruments to work his will
If but that will we can arrive to know
Nor temper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken sod
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid that o'erbears the boatman's toils,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks.

The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train;
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long suffering years—

Ill fate, ill feeling, ill retort lived through—
And then he heard the hisses turn to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood,
Till, as he came on light from darkening days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were lain to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accursed! Strokes have been struck before
By assassin's hand; whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out—

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife
What e'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life.
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

Mrs. Lincoln had not lifted her head during the reading. When the end had come tears were running down her cheeks. "Little to be forgiven." She repeated the words as if to herself.

Keckley watched her. The doctor had said she could not go through many more of her dreadful paroxysms and hope to keep her mind.

She was quiet now. Gently pushing the picture away she said, "It is the whole story—all of it. I once went with Mr. Lincoln on a trip to Chicago. We rode on the back end of the train for a time. The way one scene ran

into another and then another, all to disappear almost as soon as they came, made me dizzy. I wanted to go inside away from it. I seem to be on a train again, some strange fated train. The scenes of my entire life come and pass away with such rapidity I can not count them. It seems ages since I saw Mr. Lincoln. I have lost all sense of time—even of space. I want to get away into the quiet—all alone in some dark place. All is changing—all is gone. But this," and she touched the shrouded bier pictured at her side, "this alone must forever remain true. *I was this man's Mary—his wife.*"

XXXVI

Before Miss Betty Bradley left Springfield, the Greens had been to see her and she had promised to send them a letter from Washington containing news, especially of "Lincoln's Mary and the babies," although, Mrs. Green had said sadly, "There is only one now."

Writing was, however, a task for one who did little of it and every minute of time after her arrival in Washington Miss Betty Bradley was so busy it was weeks before she wrote the letter she had promised Mr. Lincoln's old-time friends.

In the message she at last sent she said,

I have been to the White House several times since the cruel murder of Mr. Lincoln to see little Tad. The first time I went, the poor, dear child sent for me—and how glad he was when I found him. Mrs. Lincoln has all but lost her mind over the death of her husband. She sees nobody except a mulatto servant woman, and refuses to be comforted.

And the babies? The little blue-eyed one is with his blessed father in God's heaven. The other, poor little Tad who was his father's constant companion, is utterly heartbroken. God grant his mother may be spared to keep him from the tragedy of

orphanage. As yet she does not seem to realize that he needs her though she does stop her loudest screams when he begs her to—tells her they make him sick—as indeed they must.

Poor Mary Lincoln! My heart aches for her. It does not seem possible that our good Mr. Lincoln is gone—that the whole world is mourning for a man of Springfield. But we must not forget to thank God, even in our mourning, that the war is over and that he, our own Abraham Lincoln, is the savior of the Union.

You need not look for Mrs. Lincoln back to Springfield. It seems natural she should want to return there. But her faithful servant told me when I asked, that Mary Lincoln says it is the one place she never wants to see again. She wants to live in some strange, secluded spot.

Of all that has happened—all that I have seen and heard, my first visit with little Tad after his father's death, stays with me clearest. Turning his tear-stained face up to mine he said in his peculiar way, "Miss Raspberry, has my father gone to heaven?"

"Of course he has," I did not hesitate to answer.

"But he didn't have time to say his prayers—"

"Little Tad," I said, "your father's life was a better prayer than ever tongue could utter."

Before I left the White House the mulatto woman asked me if I would like to look at the body of our martyred Lincoln. With Tad holding my hand we went to the door of the room. Catching sight of the catafalque the child drew back exclaiming, "Is he in that? He is not alive. I do not want to see my papa-day dead under all that black," and he began to cry.

"It is not all black," I said. "The flag he loved—the flag he lived for and died for is spread over him."

A moment the child hesitated. Then stepping in the doorway he saluted. Never shall I forget the picture of that child, his face wet with tears, as he bent low in honor of that flag-draped casket.

. . . . . .

On a balmy May morning in 1865, a young man in Union blue, a woman heavily draped in mourning, a child with jaunty hat pushed well back from a bright and smiling face and a slender, serious mulatto, passed down the steps of the Presidential Mansion in Washington.

Having left the last step the feet of the veiled woman stopped. She turned to look back and from the gloom of her veil the sobbed-out words were heard, "Good-by—good-by! Father—*good-by!*"

The smile on the child's face gave way to a shadow of concern.

"Mamma—my thweet mamma," he said catching both her hands in his. "Don't cry—*pleath* don't. I am here yet."

"You precious child," she answered.

"Thometime—thometime if we are good, God will take uth where Tim ith and Willie and my papa-day."

"Sometime—sometime."

"Yeth—we are on the way. Let uth go on," and he pulled gently until the White House lay behind.

THE END

BOOKS

In addition to the standard works of Ida M. Tarbell, William E. Barton, Nicolay and Hay, Herndon and Weeks, and other authorities on Lincoln, the following will be found to contain much information.

Inside the White House in War Times—William O. Stoddard, one of the President's Private Secretaries

Behind the Scenes—Elizabeth Keckley, a modiste and friend to Mrs. Abraham Lincoln

Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln—F. B. Carpenter, six months in the White House

Through Five Administrations—Colonel William H. Crook, Body Guard to President Lincoln

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?—Nettie Coleman Maynard, center of many séances attended by the Lincolns

Abraham Lincoln in the National Capital—Allen C. Clark

Thirty Six Years in the White House—Thomas F. Pendel, Doorkeeper

Life of Lincoln—Herndon

Lincoln and Whitman—Dr. Barton

Lincoln—Nathaniel W. Stephenson

War Letters of a Disabled Volunteer

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln—Henry B. Rankin

Intimate Character Sketches of Abraham Lincoln—Henry B. Rankin

The Real Lincoln—Jesse W. Weik

Early Settlers of Sangamon—J. C. Power